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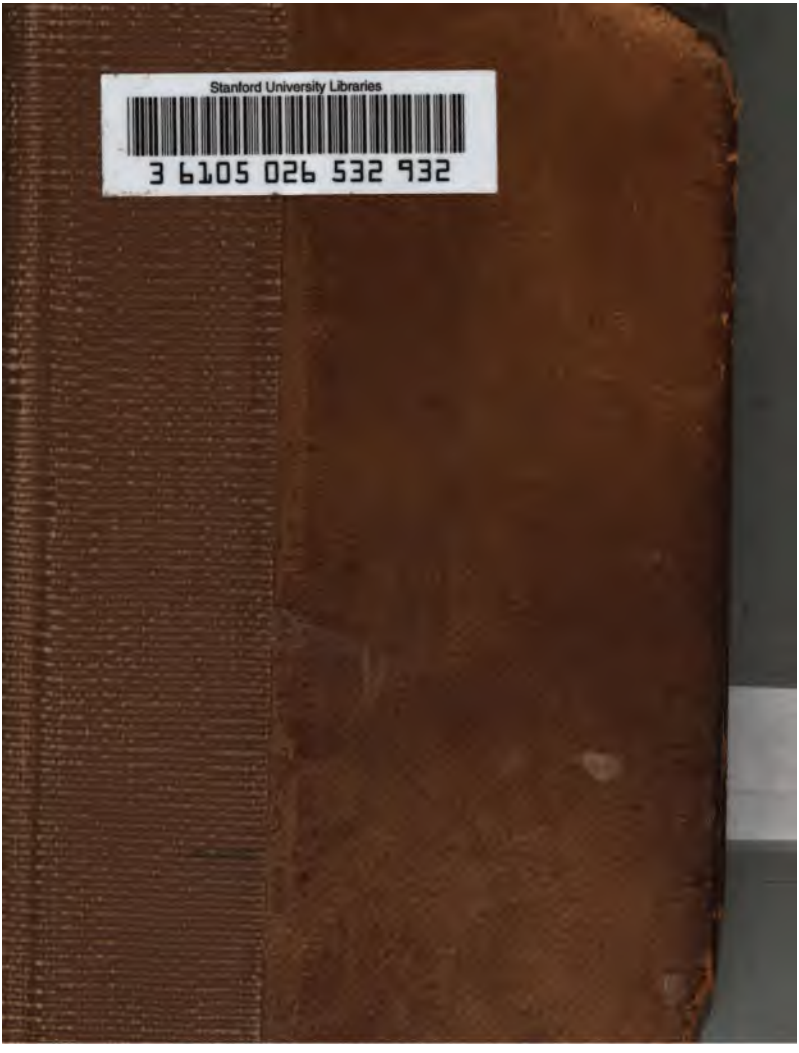
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KING CHARLES I. . . . . — HAVARD.

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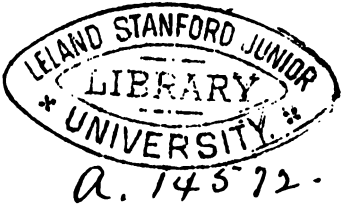
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Mrs POPE as ZARA.

but when I feel
These bonds, I look with loathing on myself.

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MOURNING BRIDE.

THE MOURNING BRIDE.

A

TRAGEDY.

BY Mr. CONGREVE.

ADAPTED FOR

THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRES-ROYAL

DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOKS,

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M DCC XCI.

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS,
THE PRINCESS.

MADAM,

THAT high station, which, by your birth, you hold above the people, exacts from every one, as a duty, whatever honours they are capable of paying to your Royal Highness; but that more exalted place to which your virtues have raised you, above the rest of princes, makes the tribute of our admiration and praise rather a choice, more immediately preventing that duty. The public gratitude is ever founded on a public benefit; and what is universally blessed is always an universal blessing. Thus, from yourself we derive the offerings which we bring; and that incense which arises to your name, only returns to its original, and but naturally requires the parent of its being.

From hence it is, that this Poem, constituted on a moral, whose end it is to recommend, and to encourage virtue, of consequence, has recourse to your Royal Highness's patronage; aspiring to cast itself beneath your feet, and declining approbation, 'till you shall condescend to own it, and vouchsafe to shine upon it, as on a creature of your influence.

THE MOURNING BRIDE.

THIS splendid error of a man of genius has b
pular among such as either knew not, or did r
the chaster ornaments of composition—but
extravagance of sentiment and improbab
situation what is due only to propriety and na

AS the language and the sentiments of this
exemplify very forcibly every fault in dramat
position, it may not be disserviceable to Le
extend the brevity of our mentions for this art

CONGREVE'S imagination was naturally vivi
riant, and rapid.—He heaps up, when the *in*
upon him, an accumulation of glitter and ga
travagant and mistimed.—For passion his c
substitute is splendor; yet so unequal are his
that he has frequently scenes of alternate inar
bombast—of creeping imbecility and soaring
vagance.

OF his use of unmeaning *expletive*, take the
ing sample:—

Almeria. *But I did* promise I would tell thee—Wha
My miseries? Thou *dost* already know th

And, when I told thee thou *didst* nothing know,
It was because thou *didst* not know Alphonso.

Surely this is NOTHING.

Of the *inane* take the following delectable dose:

Osmyn. I hate her not, nor can dissemble love—
But as I may, I'll do.

This reminds us of Corporal *Nym* and ancient *Pistol*—one of which tatterdemalions says—

I cannot tell,
Things must be *as they may*.

Of *miserable* extravagance, and misplaced metaphor, read this rant:

Osmyn. What brightness breaks upon me thus thro' shades,
And promises a day to this dark dwelling?

A Prince imprisoned is not thus superlative in expression.—Observe also the lady is veiled.

The grand model for tender intercourse, the exact etiquette of dress, and colloquial communicativeness, here follows, extracted from a scene between Almeria and Leonora:

Leon. Husband! O Heav'ns!
Alm. Alas! what have I said?
My grief has hurried me beyond all thought.
I would have kept that secret; though I know
Thy love and faith to me deserve all confidence.

The reason why she would conceal it, is extremely curious.

But 'tis the wretch's comfort still to have,
Some small reserve of *near* and inward woe,
Some unsuspected hoard of darling grief,
Which THEY (who are *they?*) unseen may wail, and
and mourn,
And, glutton-like, *alone* devour.

Leon. Indeed!
I knew not this.
Alm. O no, thou know'st not *half*,
Know'st *nothing* of my sorrows—if thou did'st—
If I should tell thee, wouldst thou pity me?
Tell me: I know thou wouldst, thou art compassi
Leon. Witness these tears——
Alm. I thank thee, &c.

But it is necessary we should remark, ALL is no
these *notitia*—the Play has sentiments, now and
that are natural, and description that both Feelin
Fancy may delight in—but it excites no inter
the personages are out of *drawing*—the modest
line of nature is bloated by extravagance, and
mented by an injudicious fancy with jewels that g
only in the sooty ear of an *Ethiop*.

PROLOGUE.

THE time has been when plays were not so plenty,
And a less number, new, would well content ye.
New plays did then like almanacks appear,
And one was thought sufficient for a year:
Though they are more like almanacks of late;
For in one year, I think, they're out of date.
Nor were they, without reason, join'd together;
For just as one prognosticates the weather,
How plentiful the crop, or scarce the grain,
What peals of thunder, or what showers of rain;
So t' other can foretel, by certain rules,
What crops of coxcombs, or what floods of fools.
In such like prophecies were poets skill'd,
Which now they find in their own tribe fulfill'd.
The dearth of wit they did so long presage,
Is fallen on us, and almost starves the stage.
Were you not griev'd, as often as you saw
Poor actors thresh such empty sheafs of straw?
Toiling and lab'ring at their lungs' expence,
To start a jest, or force a little sense?
Hard fate for us, still harder in th' event:
Our authors sin, but we alone repent.
Still they proceed, and, at our charge, write worse;
'Twere some amends, if they could reimburse;

Dramatis Personæ.

DRURY-LANE.

Men.

MANUEL, *the king of* Granada -	Mr. Aickin.
GONSALEZ, *his favourite* -	Mr. Packer.
GARCIA, *son to* Gonsalez - -	Mr. Barrymore.
PEREZ, *captain of the guards* -	Mr. Wilson.
ALONZO, *an officer, creature to* Gonsalez	Mr. Phillimore.
OSMYN, *a noble prisoner* - -	Mr. Kemble.
HELI, *a prisoner, his friend* -	Mr. Benson.
SELIM, *an eunuch,* - - -	Mr. Fawcett.

Women.

ALMERIA, *the princess of* Granada	Mrs. Ward.
ZARA, *a captive queen* - -	Mrs. Siddons.
LEONORA, *chief attendant on the princess*	Miss Tidswell.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Men.

MANUEL, *the king of* Granada -	Mr. Hull.
GONSALEZ, *his favourite* - -	Mr. Gardner.
GARCIA, *son to* Gonsalez -	Mr. Powell.
PEREZ, *captain of the guards* -	Mr. Thompson.
ALONZO, *an officer, creature to* Gonsalez	Mr. Fearon.
OSMYN, *a noble prisoner* - -	Mr. Holman.
HELI, *a prisoner, his friend* -	Mr. Cubit.
SELIM, *an eunuch* - - -	Mr. Macready.

Women.

ALMERIA, *the princess of* Granada	Miss Brunton.
ZARA, *a captive queen* - -	Mrs. Pope.
LEONORA, *chief attendant on the princess*	Mrs. Platt.

Women, eunuchs, and mutes attending Zara, *guards, &c.*

SCENE, Granada.

THE

MOURNING BRIDE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A room of state. The curtain rising slowly to soft music, discovers ALMERIA *in mourning,* LEONORA *waiting in mourning.*

After the music, ALMERIA *rises from her chair, and comes forward.*

Almeria.

MUSIC has charms to sooth a savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.
I've read, that things inanimate have mov'd,
And, as with living souls, have been inform'd
By magic numbers and persuasive sound.
What then am I? Am I more senseless grown
Than trees or flint? O, force of constant woe!
'Tis not in harmony to calm my griefs.
Anselmo sleeps, and is at peace; last night
The silent tomb receiv'd the good old king;
He and his sorrows now are safely lodg'd
Within its cold, but hospitable, bosom.
Why am not I at peace?

Leon. Dear Madam, cease,
Or moderate your grief; there is no cause——

Alm. No cause! Peace, peace; there is eternal caus
And misery eternal will succeed.
Thou canst not tell—thou hast indeed no cause.

Leon. Believe me, Madam, I lament Anselmo,
And always did compassionate his fortune;
Have often wept, to see how cruelly
Your father kept in chains his fellow-king:
And oft, at night, when all have been retir'd,
Have stol'n from bed, and to his prison crept;
Where, while his gaoler slept, I thro' the grate
Have softly whisper'd, and enquir'd his health;
Sent in my sighs and pray'rs for his deliv'rance;
For sighs and pray'rs were all that I could offer.

Alm. Indeed thou hast a soft and gentle nature;
That thus could melt to see a stranger's wrongs.
Oh, Leonora, hadst thou known Anselmo
How wou'd thy heart have bled to see his sufferings
Thou hadst no cause, but general compassion.

Leon. Love of my royal mistress gave me cause;
My love of you begot my grief for him;
For I had heard, that when the chance of war
Had bless'd Anselmo's arms with victory,
And the rich spoil of all the field, and you,
The glory of the whole, were made the prey
Of his success; " that then, in spite of hate,
" Revenge, and that hereditary feud
" Between Valentia's and Granada's kings,"
He did endear himself to your affection,
By all the worthy and indulgent ways
His most industrious goodness could invent;

Proposing, by a match between Alphonso
His son, the brave Valentian prince, and you,
To end the long dissention, and unite
The jarring crowns.

" *Alm.* Alphonso! O, Alphonso!
" Thou too art quiet—long hast been at peace—
" Both, both—father and son are now no more.
" Then why am I? Oh, when shall I have rest?
" Why do I live to say you are no more?
" Why are all these things thus?—Is it of force?
" Is there necessity I must be miserable?
" Is it of moment to the peace of Heav'n,
" That I should be afflicted thus?—If not,
" Why is it thus contriv'd? Why are things laid
" By some unseen hand, so, as of sure consequence,
" They must to me bring curses, grief of heart,
" The last distress of life, and sure despair? 62

" *Leon.* Alas! you search too far, and think too deeply."

Alm. Why was I carried to Anselmo's court?
Or there, why was I us'd so tenderly?
Why not ill-treated, like an enemy?
For so my father would have us'd his child.
Oh, Alphonso, Alphonso!
Devouring seas have wash'd thee from my sight.
No time shall raze thee from my memory;
No, I will live to be thy monument:
The cruel ocean is no more thy tomb:
But in my heart thou art interr'd; there, there,

Thy dear resemblance is for ever fix'd;
My love, my lord, my husband still, tho' lost.
Leon. Husband! Oh, Heav'ns!
Alm. Alas! what have I said?
My grief has hurry'd me beyond all thought.
I would have kept that secret; though I know
Thy love, and faith to me deserve all confidence.
" But 'tis the wretch's comfort still to have
" Some small reserve of near and inward woe,
" Some unsuspected hoard of darling grief,
" Which they unseen may wail, and weep, and mourn,
" And, glutton-like, alone devour.
Leon. Indeed,
" I knew not this.
" *Alm.* Oh, no, thou know'st not half,
" Know'st nothing of my sorrows—if thou didst—
" If I should tell thee, would'st thou pity me?
" Tell me; I know thou would'st; thou art compassionate."
Leon. Witness these tears——
" *Alm.* I thank thee, Leonora——
" Indeed I do, for pitying thy sad mistress:
" For 'tis, alas! the poor prerogative
" Of greatness to be wretched, and unpitied——
" But I did promise I would tell thee—What?
" My miseries! Thou dost already know 'em:
" And when I told thee thou didst nothing know,
" It was because thou didst not know Alphonso:
" *For to have* known my loss, thou must have known
" *His worth*, his truth, and tenderness of love."

ı. The memory of that brave prince stands
fair
report—
have heard imperfectly his loss;
:arful to renew your troubles past,
r did presume to ask the story.
. If for my swelling heart I can, I'll tell thee.
ı welcome captive in Valentia,
n the day when Manuel, my father,
ı his conqu'ring troops high as the gates
g Anselmo's palace; which, in rage,
eat of war, and dire revenge, he fir'd.
›od king, flying to avoid the flames,
l amidst his foes, and made captivity
al refuge—Would that I had fall'n
t those flames—but 'twas not so decreed.
ıso, who foresaw my father's cruelty,
›rne the queen and me on board a ship
to sail; and when this news was brought
t to sea; but being betray'd by some
new our flight, we closely were pursu'd,
most taken; when a sudden storm
us, and those that follow'd, on the coast
ic: There our vessel struck the shore
ılging 'gainst a rock, was dash'd in pieces;
av'n spar'd me for yet much more affliction!
:ting them who follow'd us, to shun
ore, and save me floating on the waves,
the good queen and my Alphonso perish'd.
Alas! were you then wedded to Alphonso?

Alm. That day, that fatal day, our hands were join'd
For when my lord beheld the ship pursuing,
And saw her rate so far exceeding ours,
He came to me, and begg'd me by my love,
I would consent the priest should make us one;
That whether death or victory ensu'd
I might be his, beyond the power of fate;
The queen too did assist his suit—I granted;
And in one day was wedded and a widow.
Leon. Indeed 'twas mournful——
Alm. 'Twas as I have told thee——
For which I mourn, and will for ever mourn;
Nor will I change these black and dismal robes,
Or ever dry these swoln and watery eyes;
Or ever taste content, or peace of heart,
While I have life, and thought of my Alphonso.
" *Leon.* Look down, good Heav'n, with pity on he
sorrows,
" And grant that time may bring her some relief.
" *Alm.* Oh, no! time gives increase to my afflictions
" The circling hours, that gather all the woes
" Which are diffus'd thro' the revolving year,
" Come heavy laden with th' oppressing weight
" To me; with me, successively, they leave
" The sighs, the tears, the groans, the restless care
" And all the damps of grief, that did retard their flight
" They shake their downy wings, and scatter all
" The dire collected dews on my poor head:
" Then fly with joy and swiftness from me."
[*Shouts at a distance*

Leon. Hark!
The distant shouts proclaim your father's triumph.
O cease, for Heaven's sake, assuage a little
This torrent of your grief, for, this I fear,
'Twill urge his wrath, to see you drown'd in tears,
When joy appears in every other face.

Alm. And joy he brings to ev'ry other heart,
But double, double weight of woe to mine:
For with him Garcia comes—Garcia, to whom
I must be sacrific'd, and all the vows
I gave my dear Alphonso basely broken.
No, it shall never be; for I will die
First, die ten thousand deaths—Look down, look down,
Alphonso, hear the sacred vow I make; [*Kneels.*
" One moment, cease to gaze on perfect bliss,
" And bend thy glorious eyes to earth and me."
And thou, Anselmo, if yet thou art arriv'd
Thro' all impediments of purging fire,
To that bright Heav'n, where my Alphonso reigns,
Behold thou also, and attend my vow.
If ever I do yield, or give consent,
By any action, word, or thought, to wed
Another lord; may then just Heav'n show'r down
Unheard of curses on me, greater far
(If such there be in angry Heaven's vengeance)
Than any I have yet endur'd—And now [*Rising.*
My heart has some relief; having so well
Discharg'd this debt, incumbent on my love.
Yet, one thing *more I* wou'd engage from thee.

Leon. My heart, my life, and will, are only yours.

Alm. I thank thee. 'Tis but this: anon, when all
Are wrapp'd and busied in the general joy,
Thou wilt withdraw, and privately with me
Steal forth, to visit good Anselmo's tomb.

Leon. Alas! I fear some fatal resolution.

Alm. No, on my life, my faith, I mean no ill,
Nor violence—I feel myself more light,
And more at large, since I have made this vow.
Perhaps I would repeat it there more solemnly.
'Tis that, or some such melancholy thought,
Upon my word, no more.

Leon. I will attend you.

Enter ALONZO.

Alon. The lord Gonsalez comes to tell your highness
The king is just arriv'd.

Alm. Conduct him in. [*Exit* Alon.
That's his pretence; his errand is, I know,
To fill my ears with Garcia's valiant deeds;
And gild and magnify his son's exploits.
But I am arm'd with ice around my heart,
Not to be warm'd with words, or idle eloquence.

Enter GONSALEZ.

Gon. Be ev'ry day of your long life like this.
The sun, bright conquest, and your brighter eyes,
[illegible] all conspir'd to blaze promiscuous light,
less this day with most unequal'd lustre.

Your royal father, my victorious lord,
Loaden with spoils, and ever-living laurel,
Is ent'ring now, in martial pomp, the palace.
Five hundred mules precede his solemn march,
Which groan beneath the weight of Moorish wealth.
Chariots of war, adorn'd with glitt'ring gems,
Succeed; and next, a hundred neighing steeds,
White as the fleecy rain on Alpine hills,
That bound and foam, and champ the golden bit,
As they disdain'd the victory they grace.
Prisoners of war in shining fetters follow:
And captains of the noblest blood of Afric
Sweat by his chariot wheel, " and lick and grind,
" With gnashing teeth, the dust his triumphs raise."
The swarming populace spread every wall,
" And cling, as if with claws they did enforce
" Their hold; thro' clifted stones stretching and
" staring,
" As if they were all eyes, and every limb
" Would feed its faculty of admiration:"
While you alone retire, and shun this sight;
This sight, which is indeed not seen (tho' twice
The multitude should gaze) in absence of your eyes.

Alm. My lord, my eyes ungratefully behold
The gilded trophies of exterior honours.
Nor will my ears be charm'd with sounding words,
Or pompous phrase, the pageantry of souls.
But that my father is return'd in safety,
I bend to Heav'n *with thanks.*

Gon. Excellent princess!

[illegible]

Enter [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] *Funerals*

[illegible] *Exeunt.*

Flourish of martial music. Enter the KING, *attended by* EVADNE *and other lords. After the ceremonies in state, the* KING *enters his chair, and the* QUEEN *takes her place. Then enter* ALMERIA *and her train: she kneels to the* KING, *and then to the* QUEEN, *who embraces her, and then the* KING'S *hand, while* EVADNE *kisses the hand of the princess.*

King. A martial rise—My dear Grenadier, rise.
Brother, prithee, my good old friend—
Queen. Dear sir, stay.
Leave me, sir, to see you thus, has filled
Mine eyes with more delight than they can hold.
King. By Heav'n, thou lov'st me, and I'm pleas'd thou dost;
Take it for thanks, old man, that I rejoice
To see thee weep on this occasion—Some
Here are, who seem to mourn at our success!
Why so, Almeria, that you meet our eyes,
Upon this solemn day, in these sad weeds?
In opposition to my brightness, you

And yours are all like daughters of affliction.

Alm. Forgive me, Sir, if I in this offend.
The year, which I have vow'd to pay to Heav'n,
In mourning and strict life, for my deliv'rance
From wreck and death, wants yet to be expir'd.

King. Your zeal to Heav'n is great, so is your debt:
Yet something too is due to me, who gave
That life, which Heav'n preserv'd. A day bestow'd
In filial duty, had atton'd and given
A dispensation to your vow—No more!
'Twas weak and wilful—and a woman's error.
Yet, upon thought, it doubly wounds my sight,
To see that sable worn upon the day,
Succeeding that, in which our deadliest foe,
Hated Anselmo, was interr'd—By Heav'n,
It looks as thou didst mourn for him: just so
Thy senseless vow appear'd to bear its date,
Not from that hour wherein thou wert preserv'd,
But that wherein the curs'd Alphonso perish'd.
Ha! What? thou dost not weep to think of that!

Gon. Have patience, royal Sir; the princess weeps
To have offended you. If fate decreed,
One pointed hour should be Alphonso's loss,
And her deliverance, is she to blame?

King. I tell thee she's to blame, not to have feasted
When my first foe was laid in earth, such enmity,
Such detestation bears my blood to his;
My daughter should have revell'd at his death,
She should have *made these palace* walls to shake,
And all this high and ample roof to ring

With her rejoicings. What, to mourn and weep!
Then, then to weep, and pray, and grieve! by Heav'n,
There's not a slave, a shackled slave of mine,
But should have smil'd that hour, through all his care,
And shook his chains in transport and rude harmony.

Gon. What she has done, was in excess of goodness;
Betray'd by too much piety, to seem
As if she had offended.——Sure, no more.

King. To seem is to commit, at this conjuncture.
I wo'not have a seeming sorrow seen
To-day.—Retire; divest yourself with speed
Of that offensive black; on me be all
The violation of your vow; for you
It shall be your excuse, that I command it.

Gar. [*Kneeling.*] Your pardon, Sir, if I presume so far,
As to remind you of your gracious promise.

King. Rise, Garcia—I forgot. Yet stay, Almeria.

Alm. My boding heart!—What is your pleasure, Sir?

King. Draw near, and give your hand, and, Garcia, yours:
Receive this lord, as one whom I have found
Worthy to be your husband, and my son.

Gar. Thus let me kneel to take—O not to take—
But to devote, and yield myself for ever
The slave and creature of my royal mistress.

Gon. O let me prostrate pay my worthless thanks—

King. No more; my promise long since pass'd, thy services,
And Garcia's well-try'd valour, all oblige me.
This day we triumph; but to-morrow's sun,
Garcia, shall shine to grace thy nuptials———

Alm. Oh! [*Faints.*

Gar. She faints! help to support her.

" *Gon.* She recovers."

King. " A fit of bridal fear." How is't, Almeria?

Alm. A sudden chillness seizes on my spirits.
Your leave, Sir, to retire.

King. Garcia, conduct her.

[Garcia *leads* Almeria *to the door, and returns.*
This idle vow hangs on her woman's fears,
" I'll have a priest shall preach her from her faith,
" And make it sin, not to renounce that vow
" Which I'd have broken." Now, what would Alonzo?

Enter ALONZO.

Alon. Your beauteous captive, Zara, is arriv'd,
And with a train as if she still were wife
To Albucacim, and the Moor had conquer'd.

King. It is our will she should be so attended.
" Bear hence these prisoners." Garcia, which is he,
Of whose mute valour you relate such wonders?
[*Prisoners led off.*

Gar. Osmyn, who led the Moorish horse; but he,
Great Sir, at her *request, attends* on Zara.

King. He is your prisoner; as you please dispose him.

Gar. I would oblige him, but he shuns my kindness;
And with a haughty mien, and stern civility,
Dumbly declines all offers. If he speak,
'Tis scarce above a word; as he were born
Alone to do, and did disdain to talk;
At least to talk where he must not command.

King. Such sullenness, and in a man so brave,
Must have some other cause than his captivity.
Did Zara, then, request he might attend her?

Gar. My lord, she did.

King. That, join'd with his behaviour,
Begets a doubt. I'd have 'em watch'd; perhaps
Her chains hang heavier on him than his own.

Enter ALONZO, ZARA, *and* OSMYN *bound, conducted by* PEREZ *and a guard, and attended by* SELIM *and several mutes and eunuchs in a train.*

King. What welcome, and what honours, beauteous Zara,
A king and conqueror can give, are yours.
A conqueror indeed, where you are won;
Who with such lustre strike admiring eyes,
That had our pomp been with your presence grac'd,
Th' expecting crowd had been deceiv'd; and seen
The monarch enter not triumphant, but
In pleasing triumph led; your beauty's slave.

Zar. If I on any terms could condescend
To like captivity, or think those honours,
*Which con*querors in courtesy bestow,

Of equal value with unborrow'd rule
And native right to arbitrary sway,
I might be pleas'd, when I behold this train
With usual homage wait: but when I feel
These bonds, I look with loathing on myself,
And scorn vile slavery, though doubly hid
Beneath mock-praises, and dissembled state.

King. Those bonds! 'Twas my command you should be free.
How durst you, Perez, disobey?

Perez. Great Sir,
Your order was she should not wait your triumph;
But at some distance follow, thus attended.

King. 'Tis false; 'twas more; I bid she should be free;
If not in words, I bid it by my eyes.
Her eyes did more than bid——Free her and hers
With speed—yet stay—my hands alone can make
Fit restitution here——Thus I release you,
And by releasing you, enslave myself.

Zar. Such favours, so conferr'd, tho' when unsought;
Deserve acknowledgment from noble minds.
Such thanks, as one hating to be oblig'd——
Yet hating more ingratitude, can pay,
I offer.

King. Born to excel, and to command!
As by transcendent beauty to attract
All eyes, so by pre-eminence of soul
To rule all hearts.
Garcia, what's *he, who with* contracted brow,
(Beholding Osmyn *as they unbind him*

And sullen port, glooms downwards with his eyes;
At once regardless of his chains, or liberty?

Gar. That, Sir, is he of whom I spoke; that's Osmyn.

King. He answers well the character you gave him.
Whence comes it, valiant Osmyn, that a man
So great in arms, as thou art said to be,
So hardly can endure captivity,
The common chance of war?

Osm. Because captivity
Has robb'd me of a dear and just revenge.

King. I understand not that.

Osm. I would not have you.

Zar. That gallant Moor in battle lost a friend,
Whom more than life he lov'd; and the regret,
Of not revenging on his foes that loss,
Has caus'd this melancholy and despair.

King. She does excuse him; 'tis as I suspected.
[*To* Gons.

Gon. That friend might be herself; seem not to heed
His arrogant reply: she looks concern'd.

King. I'll have enquiry made; perhaps his friend
Yet lives, and is a prisoner. His name?

Zar. Heli.

King. Garcia, that search shall be your care:
It shall be mine to pay devotion here;
At this fair shrine to lay my laurels down,
And raise love's altar on the spoils of war.
Conquest and triumph, now, are mine no more;
Nor will I victory in camps adore:
" For, ling'ring there, in long suspence she stands,

" Shifting the prize in unresolving hands;
" Unus'd to wait, I broke through her delay,
" Fix'd her by force, and snatch'd the doubtful day.
" Now late I find that war is but her sport;
" In love the goddess keeps her awful court;"
Fickle in fields, unsteadily she flies,
But rules with settled sway in Zara's eyes. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Representing the Aisle of a Temple. " GARCIA, HELI, PEREZ.

" *Garcia.*

" THIS way we're told, Osmyn was seen to walk;
" Choosing this lonely mansion of the dead,
" To mourn, brave Heli, thy mistaken fate.
" *Heli.* Let Heav'n with thunder to the centre strike me,
" If to arise in very deed from death,
" And to revisit, with my long-clos'd eyes,
" This living light, could to my soul or sense
" Afford a thought, or shew a glimpse of joy,
" In least proportion to the vast delight
" I feel, to hear of Osmyn's name; to hear
" That Osmyn lives, and I again shall see him.
" *Garcia.* I've heard, with admiration, of your friendship.
" *Per. Yonder, my lord,* behold the noble Moor.

" *Hel.* Where? Where?
" *Gar.* I saw him not, nor any like him——
" *Per.* I saw him when I spoke, thwarting my view,
" And striding with distemper'd haste; his eyes
" Seem'd flame, and flash'd upon me with a glance;
" Then forward shot their fires which he pursu'd,
" As to some object frightful, yet not fear'd.
" *Gar.* Let's haste to follow him, and know the cause.
" *Hel.* My lord, let me intreat you to forbear:
" Leave me alone, to find and cure the cause.
" I know his melancholy, and such starts
" Are usual to his temper. It might raise him
" To act some violence upon himself,
" So to be caught in an unguarded hour,
" And when his soul gives all her passion way,
" Secure and loose in friendly solitude.
" I know his noble heart would burst with shame,
" To be surpris'd by strangers in its frailty.
" *Gar.* Go, generous Heli, and relieve your friend.
" Far be it from me officiously to pry
" Or press upon the privacies of others. [*Exit* Heli.
" Perez, the king expects from our return
" To have his jealousy confirm'd, or clear'd,
" Of that appearing love which Zara bears
" To Osmyn; but some other opportunity
" Must make that plain.
" *Per.* To me 'twas long since plain,
" *And ev'ry* look from him and her confirms it.
" *Gar.* If so, unhappiness attends their love,

" And I could pity 'em. I hear some coming.
" The friends, perhaps, are met; let us avoid 'em.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter ALMERIA *and* LEONORA.

Alm. It was a fancy'd noise, for all is hush'd.
Leon. It bore the accent of a human voice.
Alm. It was thy fear, or else some transient wind
Whistling through hollows of this vaulted aisle.
We'll listen——
Leon. Hark!
Alm. No, all is hush'd, and still as death—'tis dreadful!
How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,
To bear aloft its arch'd and pond'rous roof,
By its own weight made stedfast and immoveable,
Looking tranquility. It strikes an awe
And terror on my aking sight; the tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart.
Give me thy hand, and let me hear thy voice;
Nay, quickly speak to me, and let me hear
Thy voice—my own affrights me with its echoes.
Leon. Let us return; the horror of this place
And silence will encrease your melancholy.
Alm. It may my fears, but cannot add to that.
No, I will on; shew me Anselmo's tomb,
Lead me o'er *bones and sculls,* and mould'ring earth,
Of human bodies; for I'll mix with them,

Or wind me in the shroud of some pale corse
Yet green in earth, rather than be the bride
Of Garcia's more detested bed: that thought
Exerts my spirits; and my present fears
Are lost in dread of greater ill. Then shew me,
Lead me, for I am bolder grown: lead on
Where I may kneel, and pay my vows again
To him, to Heav'n, and my Alphonso's soul.

" *Leon.* I go; but Heav'n can tell with what regret.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter HELI.

I wander thro' this maze of monuments,
Yet cannot find him—Hark! sure tis the voice
Of one complaining—There it sounds—I'll follow it.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Opening, discovers a Place of Tombs: one Monument fronting the view greater than the rest.

Enter ALMERIA *and* LEONORA.

Leon. Behold the sacred vault, within whose womb
The poor remains of good Anselmo rest,
Yet fresh and unconsum'd by time or worms.
What do I see? Oh, Heav'n! either my eyes
Are false, or still the marble door remains
Unclos'd; the iron gates, that lead to death

ıth, are still wide stretch'd upon their hinge,
staring on us with unfolded leaves.
ı. Sure 'tis the friendly yawn of death for me;
that dumb mouth, significant in show,
:s me to the bed, where I alone
rest; shews me the grave, where nature, weary
long oppress'd with woes and bending cares,
lay the burden down, and sink in slumbers
ace eternal. "Death, grim death, will fold
e in his leaden arms, and press me close
) his cold clayey breast:" my father then
cease his tyranny; and Garcia too
fly my pale deformity with loathing.
oul, enlarg'd from its vile bonds, will mount,
range the starry orbs, and milky ways,
that refulgent world, where I shall swim
liquid light, and float on seas of bliss
ıy Alphonso's soul. Oh, joy too great!
:cstasy of thought! Help me, Anselmo;
me, Alphonso; take me, reach thy hand;
ıee, to thee I call, to thee, Alphonso:
Alphonso!

OSMYN *ascending from the tomb.*

ı. Who calls that wretched thing that was Alphonso?

ı. Angels, and all the host of Heav'n, support me?

ı. Whence *is that voice,* whose shrillness from *the grave,*

And growing to his father's shroud, roots up
Alphonso?

Alm. Mercy! Providence! Oh, speak,
Speak to it quickly, quickly; speak to me,
Comfort me, help me, hold me, hide me, hide
Leonora, in thy bosom, from the light,
And from my eyes.

Osm. Amazement and illusion!
Rivet and nail me where I stand, ye pow'rs,
[*Coming for*
That, motionless, I may be still deceiv'd.
Let me not stir, nor breathe, lest I dissolve
That tender, lovely form of painted air,
So like Almeria. Ha! it sinks, it falls;
I'll catch it ere it goes, and grasp her shade.
'Tis life! 'tis warm! 'tis she, 'tis she herself!
Nor dead, nor shade, but breathing and alive!
It is Almeria, 'tis my wife!

Enter HELI.

Leon. Alas! she stirs not yet, nor lifts her eye
He too is fainting——Help me, help me, strange
Whoe'er thou art, and lend thy hand to raise
These bodies.

Hel. Ha! 'tis he! and with——Almeria!
Oh, miracle of happiness! Oh, joy
Unhop'd for! does Almeria live?

Osm. Where is she?
Let me behold, and touch her, and be sure

'Tis she; "shew me her face, and let me feel
"Her lips with mine——'Tis she, I'm not deceiv'd;
"I taste her breath, I warm'd her and am warm'd."
Look up, Almeria, bless me with thy eyes;
Look on thy love, thy lover, and thy husband.
Alm. I've sworn I'll not wed Garcia: why d'ye force me.
Is this a father?
Osm. Look on thy Alphonso.
Thy father is not here, my love, nor Garcia:
Nor am I what I seem, but thy Alphonso.
"Wilt thou not know me?" Hast thou then forgot me?
"Hast thou thy eyes, yet canst not see Alphonso?"
Am I so alter'd, or art thou so chang'd,
That seeing my disguise thou seest not me?
Alm. It is, it is Alphonso; 'tis his face,
His voice, I know him now, I know him all.
"Oh, take me to thy arms, and bear me hence,
"Back to the bottom of the boundless deep,
"To seas beneath, where thou so long hast dwelt.
Oh, how hast thou return'd? How hast thou charm'd
The wildness of the waves and rocks to this?
That thus relenting they have giv'n thee back
To earth, to light and life, to love and me.
Osm. Oh, I'll not ask, nor answer, how or why
We both have backward trod the paths of fate,
To meet again in life; to know I have thee,
Is knowing more than any circumstance,
Or means, *by which I have thee*——

To fold thee thus, to press thy balmy lips,
And gaze upon thy eyes, is so much joy,
I have not leisure to reflect, or know,
Or trifle time in thinking.

Alm. Stay a while———
Let me look on thee yet a little more.

" *Osm.* What wouldst thou? thou dost put me from
thee.

" *Alm.* Yes.

" *Osm.* And why? What dost thou mean? Why
dost thou gaze so?

" *Alm.* I know not; 'tis to see thy face, I think—'
It is too much! too much to bear and live!
To see thee thus again is such profusion
Of joy, of bliss——I cannot bear——I must
Be mad——I cannot be transported thus.

Osm. Thou excellence, thou joy, thou Heav'n o
love! 18

Alm. Where hast thou been? and how art thou alive
" How is all this? All-pow'rful Heav'n, what are we
" Oh, my strain'd heart——let me again behold thee
" For I weep to see thee——Art thou not paler?
" Much, much; how thou art chang'd!

" *Osm.* Not in my love.

" *Alm.* No, no, thy griefs, I know, have done th
to thee.

" Thou has wept much, Alphonso; and, I fear,
" Too much, too tenderly, lamented me.

" *Osm.* Wrong not my love, to say too tenderly.
" *No more*, my life; talk not of tears or grief,

" Affliction is no more, now thou art found.
" Why dost thou weep, and hold thee from my arms,
" My arms which ake to hold thee fast, and grow
" To thee with twining? Come, come to my heart.
" *Alm.* I will, for I should never look enough.
" They would have marry'd me; but I had sworn
" To Heav'n and thee, and sooner would have dy'd—
" *Osm.* Perfection of all faithfulness and love!
" *Alm.* Indeed I would—Nay, I would tell thee all,
" If I could speak; how I have mourn'd and pray'd:
" For I have pray'd to thee, as to a saint;
" And thou hast heard my pray'r; for thou art come
" To my distress, to my despair, which Heav'n
" Could only, by restoring thee, have cur'd.
" *Osm.* Grant me but life, good Heav'n, but length of days,
" To pay some part, some little of this debt,
" This countless sum of tenderness and love,
" For which I stand engag'd to this all-excellence:
" Then bear me in a whirlwind to my fate,
" Snatch me from life, and cut me short unwarn'd:
" Then, then, 'twill be enough—I shall be old,
" I shall have pass'd all æras then
" Of yet unmeasur'd time; when I have made
" This exquisite, this most amazing goodness,
" Some recompence of love and matchless truth.
" *Alm.* 'Tis more than recompence to see thy face:
" If Heav'n is greater joy it is no happiness,
" For 'tis *not to be borne*—What shall I say?
" *I have a thousand things* to know and ask,

[illegible] all hope,
[illegible] me,
[illegible] sight,
[illegible] sense.
[illegible]
Ant. I [illegible] must call me;
[illegible]
Alm. [illegible] Wert
[illegible]
Ant. I was [illegible] my father's head,
When [illegible] voice
[illegible] vault,
[illegible] I rose and listen'd,
And thought I heard my sister call Alphonso;
I thought I saw [illegible] I thought not
That I should [illegible] to see thee——
Alm. But [illegible] How thus?
——Ha!
What's he, who, like thy self, is started here
Ere seen?
Ant. Where? Ha! What do I see, Antonio!
I'm fortunate indeed——my friend too, safe!
Heli. Most happily, in finding you thus bless'd.
Alm. More miracles! Antonio too, escap'd!
Ant. And twice escap'd; both from the rage of seas
And war: for in the fight I saw him fall.
Heli. *But fell* unhurt, a pris'ner as yourself,
And as *yourself* made free; hither I came,

Impatiently to seek you, where I knew
Your grief would lead you to lament Anselmo.
" *Osm.* There are no wonders, or else all is wonder.
" *Heli.* I saw you on the ground, and rais'd you up.
" When with astonishment I saw Almeria.
" *Osm.* I saw her too, and therefore saw not thee.
" *Alm.* Nor I; nor could I, for my eyes were
" yours."
Osm. What means the bounty of all-gracious
Heav'n,
That preserving still, with open hand,
It scatters good, as in a waste of mercy!
Where will this end? But Heav'n is infinite
In all, and can continue to bestow,
When scanty number shall be spent in telling.
Leon. Or I'm deceiv'd, or I beheld the glimpse
Of two in shining habits cross the aisle; 261
Who by their pointing, seem to mark this place.
Alm. Sure I have dreamt, if we must part so soon.
Osm. I wish at least our parting were a dream.
Or we could sleep 'till we again were met.
Heli. Zara with Selim, Sir, I saw and know 'em:
You must be quick, for love will lend her wings.
Alm. What love? Who is she? Why are you
alarm'd?
Osm. She's the reverse of thee; she's my unhap-
piness.
Harbour no thought that may disturb thy peace;
" But gently take thyself away, lest she
" Should come, and see the straining of my eyes

" To follow thee."
Retire, my love, I'll think how we may meet
To part no more; my friend will tell thee all;
How I escap'd, how I am here, and thus;
How I'm not call'd Alphonso now, but Osmyn;
And he Heli. All, all he will unfold,
Ere next we meet——

Alm. Sure we shall meet again———

Osm. We shall; we part not but to meet again.
Gladness and warmth of ever-kindling love
Dwell with thee, and revive thy heart in absence.
[*Exeunt* Alm. Leon. *and* Heli.
Yet I behold her—yet—and now no more.
Turn your lights inward, eyes, and view my thoughts,
So shall you still behold her—" 'twill not be.
" Oh, impotence of sight! Mechanic sense!
" Which to exterior objects ow'st thy faculty,
" Not seeing of election, but necessity.
" Thus do our eyes, as do all common mirrors,
" Successively reflect succeeding images:
" Not what they would, but must; a star, or toad;
" Just as the hand of chance administers.
" Not so the mind, whose undetermin'd view
" Revolves, and to the present adds the past:
" Essaying farther to futurity;
" But that in vain. I have Almeria here
" At once, as I before have seen her often—

Enter ZARA *and* SELIM.

Zar. See where he stands, folded and fix'd to earth,

iff'ning in thought, a statue among statues.
hy, cruel Osmyn, dost thou fly me thus?
Is it well done? Is this then the return
For fame, for honour, and for empire lost?
But what is loss of hononr, fame, and empire?
Is this the recompence reserv'd for love?
Why, dost thou leave my eyes, and fly my arms,
To find this place of horror and obscurity?"
m I more loathsome to thee than the grave,
iat thou dost seek to shield thee there, and shun
y love? But to the grave I'll follow thee—
: looks not, minds not, hears not? barb'rous man!
n I neglected thus? Am I despis'd
it hear'd! Ungrateful Osmyn!
Osm. Ha, 'tis Zara!
Zar. Yes, traitor; Zara, lost, abandon'd Zara,
a regardless suppliant now, to Osmyn.
ie slave, the wretch that she redeem'd from death,
idains to listen now, or look on Zara.
Osm. Far be the guilt of such reproaches from me;
it in myself, and blinded by my thoughts,
iw you not till now.
Zar. Now then you see me—
t with such dumb and thankless eyes you look,
ter I was unseen, than seen thus coldly.
Osm. What would you from a wretch who came to mourn,
d only for his sorrows chose this solitude?
ok *round; joy is not here, nor* chearfulness.
have pursu'd misfortune to its dwelling,

Yet look for gaiety and gladness there.

Zar. Inhuman! Why, why dost thou rack thus?

And, with perverseness, from the purpose, answer
What is't to me, this house of misery?
What joy do I require? if thou dost mourn,
I come to mourn with thee, to share thy griefs,
And give thee, for 'em, in exchange, my love.

Osm. Oh, that's the greatest grief—I am so poor
I have not wherewithal to give again.

Zar. Thou hast a heart, tho' 'tis a savage one?
Give it me as it is; I ask no more
For all I've done, and all I have endur'd:
For saving thee, when I beheld thee first,
Driv'n by the tide upon my country's coast,
Pale and expiring, drench'd in briny waves,
Thou and thy friend, 'till my compassion found th
Compassion! scarce will't own that name, so soo
So quickly, was it love; for thou wert godlike
E'en then. Kneeling on earth, I loos'd my hair,
And with it dry'd thy watery cheeks, then chaf'd
Thy temples, till reviving blood arose,
And, like the morn, vermilion'd o'er thy face.
Oh, Heav'n! how did my heart rejoice and ake,
When I beheld the day-break of thy eyes,
And felt the balm of thy respiring lips!

" *Osm.* Oh, call not to my mind what you h
" done;
" *It sets a debt of* that account before me,
" *Which shews* me poor and bankrupt even inh

" *Zar.* The faithful Selim, and my women, know
" The danger which I tempted to conceal you.
" You know how I abus'd the cred'lous king;
" What arts I us'd to make you pass on him,
" When he receiv'd you as the prince of Fez;
" And as my kinsman, honour'd and advanc'd you."
Oh! why do I relate what I have done?
What did I not? Was't not for you this war
Commenc'd? Not knowing who you were, nor why
You hated Manuel, I urg'd my husband
To this invasion; where he late was lost,
Where all is lost, and I am made a slave.

* Osm. *You pierce my soul—I own it all—But while*
The power is wanting to repay such benefits,
'Tis treble anguish to a generous heart.

Zara. *Repay me with thy heart—What! dost thou start?*
Make no reply! Is this thy gratitude?
Look on me now, from empire fall'n to slavery;
Think on my suff'rings first, then look on me;
Think on the cause of all, then view thyself:
Reflect on Osmyn, and then look on Zara,
The fall'n, the lost, and now the captive Zara,
And now abandon'd——Say, what then is Osmyn?

Osm. A fatal wretch—A huge, stupendous ruin,
That tumbling on its prop, crush'd all beneath,
And bore contiguous palaces to earth.

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* The lines printed in Italics are not in the original, but are now given to the reader as delivered in the representation at Drury-lane Theatre.

Zar. Yet thus, thus fall'n, thus levell'd with the vilest
If I have gain'd thy love, 'tis glorious ruin;
Ruin! 'tis still to reign, and to be more
A queen; for what are riches, empire, power,
But larger means to gratify the will?
The steps on which we tread, to rise and reach
Our wish; and that obtain'd, down with the scaf-
folding
Of sceptres, crowns, and thrones; they've serv'd thei-
end,
And are, like lumber, to be left and scorn'd.
Osm. Why was I made the instrument to throw
In bonds the frame of this exalted mind?
Zara. We may be free; the conqueror is mine;
In chains unseen I hold him by the heart,
And can unwind or strain him as I please.
Give me thy love, I'll give thee liberty.
Osm. In vain you offer, and in vain require
What neither can bestow. Set free yourself,
And leave a slave the wretch that would be so.
Zar. Thou canst not mean so poorly as thou talk'st
Osm. Alas! you know me not.
Zar. Not who thou art:
But what this last ingratitude declares,
This groveling baseness—Thou say'st true, I know
Thee not; for what thou art yet wants a name;
But something so unworthy and so vile,
That to have lov'd thee makes me yet more lost,
Than all the malice of my other fate.
Traitor, monster, cold, and perfidious slave;

A slave not daring to be free; nor dares
To love above him; for 'tis dangerous.
" 'Tis that, I know; for thou dost look, with eyes
" Sparkling desire, and trembling to possess.
" I know my charms have reach'd thy very soul,
" And thrill'd thee through with darted fires; but
" thou
" Dost fear so much, thou dar'st not wish." The
king!
There, there's the dreadful sound, the king's thy rival!

Sel. Madam, the king is here, and entering now.

Zar. As I could wish; by Heav'n I'll be reveng'd.

Enter the KING, PEREZ, *and Attendants.*

King. Why does the fairest of her kind withdraw
Her shining from the day, to gild this scene
Of death and night? Ha! what disorder's this?
Somewhat I heard of king and rival mention'd.
What's he that dares be rival to the king,
Or lift his eyes to like where I adore?

Zar. There, he, your prisoner, and that was my slave.

King. How? better than my hopes! Does she accuse him? [*Aside.*

Zar. Am I become so low by my captivity,
And do your arms so lessen what they conquer,
That Zara must be made the sport of slaves?
And shall the wretch, whom yester sun beheld
Waiting my nod, the creature of my pow'r,
Presume to-day to plead audacious love,

And build bold hopes on my dejected fate?

King. Better for him to tempt the rage of Heav'n,
And wrench the bolt red-hissing from the hand
Of him that thunders, than but to think that insolence.
" 'Tis daring for a god." Hence to the wheel
With that Ixion, who aspires to hold
Divinity embrac'd; to whips and prisons
Drag him with speed, and rid me of his face.

[*Guards seize* Osmyn, *and exeunt.*

Zar. Compassion led me to bemoan his state,
Whose former faith had merited much more:
And, through my hopes in you, I undertook
He should be set at large! thence sprung his insolence,
And what was charity, he constru'd love.

King. Enough; his punishment be what you please.
But let me lead you from this place of sorrow,
To one where young delights attend, " and joys,
" Yet new, unborn, and blooming in the bud,
" Which wait to be full-blown at your approach,
" And spread, like roses, to the morning sun:"
Where ev'ry hour shall roll in circling joys,
And love shall wing the tedious-wasting day.
Life, without love, is load; and time stands still:
What we refuse to him, to death we give;
And then, then only, when we love, we live.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Prison. OSMYN *with a Paper.*

now, and I was clos'd within the tomb
holds my father's ashes; and but now,
e he was pris'ner, I am too imprison'd.
tis the hand of Heav'n that leads me thus,
or some purpose points out these remembrances.
lark corner of my cell I found
paper; what it is this light will shew,
y Alphonso'——Ha! [*Reading.*
y Alphonso live, restore him, Heav'n;
e me more weight, crush my declining years
h bolts, with chains, imprisonment and want;
bless my son, visit not him for me.
is hand; this was his pray'r——yet more:
ev'ry hair, which sorrow by the roots [*Reading.*
rs from my hoary and devoted head,
oubled in thy mercies to my son:
for myself, but him, hear me, all-gracious—
anting what should follow—Heav'n should follow,
s torn off—Why shou'd that word alone
n from this petition? 'Twas to Heav'n,
eav'n was deaf, Heav'n heard him not; but thus,
is *the name of Heav'n* from this is torn,
't *tear the ears of* mercy from

His voice, shutting the gates of pray'r against
If piety be thus debarr'd access
On high, and of good men the very best
Is singled out to bleed, and bear the scourge,
What is reward? Or what is punishment?
But who shall dare to tax eternal justice!
Yet I may think——I may, I must; for thou
Precedes the will to think, and error lives
Ere reason can be born. " Reason, the pow
" To guess at right and wrong, the twinklin
" Of wand'ring life, that winks and wakes b
" Fooling the follower, betwixt shade and sl
What noise! Who's there? My friend? Hov
thou hither?

Enter HELI.

Heli. The time's too precious to be spent in
The captain influenc'd by Almeria's power,
Gave order to the guards for my admittance.
Osm. How does Almeria? But I know she
As I am. Tell me, may I hope to see her?
Heli. You may. Anon, at midnight, wh
king
Is gone to rest, and Garcia is retir'd,
" (Who takes the privilege to visit late,
" Presuming on a bridegroom's right)" she'
Osm. She'll come; 'tis what I wish, yet wha
She'll come; but whither, and to whom
Heav'n!
le prison, and a captiv'd wretch;

To one, whom, had she never known, she had
Been happy. Why, why was that heav'nly creature
Abandon'd o'er to love what Heav'n forsakes?
Why does she follow, with unwearied steps,
One, who has tir'd misfortune with pursuing?
" One driven about the world, like blasted leaves
" And chaff, the sport of adverse winds; 'till late,
" At length imprison'd in some cleft of rock,
" On earth it rests, and rots to silent dust."

Heli. Have hopes, and hear the voice of better fate.
I've learn'd there are disorders ripe for mutiny
Among the troops, who thought to share the plunder,
Which Manuel to his own use and avarice
Converts. This news has reach'd Valentia's frontiers,
Where many of your subjects, long oppress'd
With tyranny, and grievous impositions,
Are risen in arms, and call for chiefs to head
And lead them to regain their rights and liberty.

Osm. By Heav'n thou'ast rous'd me from my lethargy,
The spirit which was deaf to my own wrongs,
And the loud cries of my dead father's blood,
" Deaf to revenge—nay, which refus'd to hear
" The piercing sighs and murmurs of my love
" Yet unenjoy'd; what not Almeria could
" Revive or raise," my people's voice has waken'd.

Heli. Our posture of affairs, and scanty time
My lord, require you should compose yourself.

Osm. Oh, *my Antonio!* I am all on fire;
My soul is up in arms, ready to charge

And bear amidst the foe with conqu'ring troops.
I hear 'em call to lead 'em on to liberty,
To victory; their shouts and clamours rend
My ears, and reach the Heav'ns. Where is the king?
Where is Alphonso? Ha! where? where indeed?
Oh, I could tear and burst the strings of life,
To break these chains. Off, off, ye stains of royalty;
Off, slavery. Oh, curse! that I alone
Can beat and flutter in my cage, when I
Would soar and stoop at victory beneath.

Heli. *Abate this ardour, Sir, or we are lost.*
" Our posture of affairs and scanty time,
" My lord, require you should compose yourself,
" And think on what we may reduce to practice."
Zara, the cause of your restraint, may be
The means of liberty restor'd. That gain'd,
Occasion will not fail to point out ways
For your escape. Mean time, I've thought already
With speed and safety to convey myself,
Where not far off some malcontents hold council
Nightly, who hate this tyrant; some, who love
Anselmo's memory, and will, for certain,
When they shall know you live, assist your cause.

Osm. My friend and counsellor, as thou think'st fit,
So do. I will, with patience, wait my fortune.

Heli. When Zara comes, abate of your aversion.

Osm. I hate her not, nor can dissemble love:
But as I may I'll do. " I have a paper
" *Which I* would shew thee, friend, but that the
" *sight*

" Would hold thee here, and clog thy expedition.
" Within I found it, by my father's hand
" 'Twas writ; a pray'r for me, wherein appears
" Paternal love prevailing o'er his sorrows;
" Such sanctity, such tenderness, so mix'd
" With grief, as would draw tears from inhumanity.
" *Heli.* The care of Providence sure left it there,
" To arm your mind with hope. Such piety
" Was never heard in vain. Heav'n has in store
" For you those blessings it withheld from him.
" In that assurance live; which time, I hope,
" And our next meeting will confirm."
Osm. Farewel,
My friend; the good thou dost deserve, attend thee.
[*Exit* Heli.
I've been to blame, and question'd with impiety
The care of Heav'n. Not so my father bore
More anxious grief. This should have better taught me;
" This lesson, in some hour of inspiration
" By him set down, when his pure thoughts were
" borne,
" Like fumes of sacred incense o'er the clouds,
" And wafted thence, on angel's wings, thro' ways
" Of light, to the bright Source of all. For there
" He in the book of prescience saw this day;
" And waking to the world and mortal sense,
" Left this example of his resignation,"
This his last legacy to me: which, here,
I'll treasure as more worth than diadems,

Or all extended rule of regal pow'r.

Enter ZARA, *veiled.*

Osm. What brightness breaks upon me thus through shades,
And promises a day to this dark dwelling?
Is it my love?—

Zar. Oh, that thy heart had taught
[*Lifting her veil.*
Thy tongue that saying!

Osm. Zara! I am betray'd
By my surprize.

Zar. What! does my face displease thee?
That, having seen it, thou dost turn thy eyes
Away, as from deformity and horror?
If so, this sable curtain shall again
Be drawn, and I will stand before thee, seeing,
And unseen. Is it my love? Ask again
That question; speak again in that soft voice?
And look again with wishes in thy eyes.
Oh, no! thou canst not, for thou seest me now,
As she whose savage breast hath been the cause
Of these thy wrongs; as she whose barb'rous rage
Has loaded thee with chains and galling irons.
" Well dost thou scorn me, and upbraid my false-
" ness;
" Could one who lov'd, thus torture whom she lov'd?
" No, no, it must be hatred, dire revenge,
" *And detestation*, that could use thee thus.
" *So dost thou think*; then do but tell me so;

" Tell me, and thou shalt see how I'll revenge
" Thee on this false one, how I'll stab and tear
" This heart of flint, 'till it shall bleed; and thou
" Shalt weep for mine, forgetting thy own miseries."

Osm. You wrong me, beauteous Zara, to believe
I bear my fortunes with so low a mind,
" As still to meditate revenge on all
" Whom chance, or fate, working by secret causes,
" Has made, per-force, subservient to that end
" The heav'nly pow'rs allot me;" no, not you,
But destiny and inauspicious stars
Have cast me down to this low being. Or
Granting you had, from you I have deserv'd it.

Zar. Canst thou forgive me then? wilt thou believe
So kindly of my fault, to call it madness?
Oh, give that madness yet a milder name,
And call it passion! then, be still more kind,
And call that passion love.

Osm. Give it a name,
Or being, as you please, such I will think it.

Zar. Oh, thou dost wound me more with this thy goodness,
Than e'er thou couldst with bitterest reproaches;
Thy anger could not pierce thus to my heart.

Osm. Yet I could wish———

Zar. Haste me to know it; what?

Osm. That at this time I had not been this thing.

Zar. What thing?

Osm. This slave.

Zar. Oh Heav'n! my fears interpret
This thy silence; somewhat of high concern,
Long fashioning within thy labouring mind,
And now just ripe for birth, my rage has ruin
Have I done this? Tell me, am I so curs'd?

Osm. Time may have still one fated hour to
Which, wing'd with liberty, might overtake
Occasion past.

Zar. Swift as occasion, I
Myself will fly; and earlier than the morn,
Wake thee to freedom. "Now 'tis late; an
"Some news few minutes past, arriv'd, which
"To shake the temper of the king—Who k
"What racking cares disease a monarch's be
"Or love, that late at night still lights his la
"And strikes his rays thro' dusk and folded
"Forbidding rest, may stretch his eyes awak
"And force their balls abroad at this dead h
"I'll try."

Osm. I have not merited this grace;
Nor, should my secret purpose take effect,
Can I repay, as you require, such benefits.

Zar. Thou canst not owe me more, nor hav
To give, than I've already lost. But now,
So does the form of our engagements rest,
Thou hast the wrong till I redeem thee henc
That done, I leave thy justice to return
My love. Adieu.

Osm. This woman has a soul
Of godlike mould, intrepid and commandin

And challenges, in spite of me, my best
Esteem; "to this, she's fair, few more can boast
"Of personal charms, or with less vanity
"Might hope to captivate the hearts of kings;"
But she has passions which outstrip the wind,
And tear her virtues up, as tempests root
The sea. I fear, when she shall know the truth,
Some swift and dire event of her blind rage
Will make all fatal. But behold, she comes
For whom I fear, to shield me from my fears,
The cause and comfort of my boding heart.

Enter ALMERIA.

My life, my health, my liberty, my all!
How shall I welcome thee to this sad place?
How speak to thee the words of joy and transport?
How run into thy arms, withheld by fetters;
Or take thee into mine, while I'm thus manacled
And pinion'd like a thief or murderer?
Shall I not hurt and bruise thy tender body,
And stain thy bosom with the rust of these
Rude irons? Must I meet thee thus, Almeria?

Alm. Thus, thus; we parted, thus to meet again.
Thou told'st me thou would'st think how we might meet
To part no more——Now we will part no more;
For these thy chains, or death, shall join us ever.

Osm. Hard means to ratify that word!—Oh, cruelty!
"That ever I should think beholding thee
"A torture!—Yet such is the bleeding anguish

" Of my heart, to see thy sufferings——Oh, Heav'n!
" That I could almost turn my eyes away,
" Or wish thee from my sight.
" *Alm.* Oh, say not so!
" Tho' 'tis because thou lov'st me. Do not say,
" On any terms, that thou dost wish me from thee.
" No, no, 'tis better thus, that we together
" Feed on each other's heart, devour our woes
" With mutual appetite; and mingling in
" One cup the common stream of both our eyes,
" Drink bitter draughts, with never-slaking thirst;
" Thus better, than for any cause to part.
" What dost thou think? Look not so tenderly
" Upon me—speak, and take me in thy arms——
" Thou canst not; thy poor arms are bound, and
" strive
" In vain with the remorseless chains, which gnaw
" And eat into thy flesh, fest'ring thy limbs
" With rankling rust."

Osm. Oh! O——

Alm. Give me that sigh.
Why dost thou heave, and stifle in thy griefs?
Thy heart will burst, thy eyes look red, and start;
Give thy soul way, and tell me thy dark thought.

Osm. For this world's rule, I would not wound thy breast
With such a dagger as then stuck my heart.

Alm. Why? why? To know it, cannot wound me more
Than knowing thou hast felt it. Tell it me,
—*Thou giv'st* me pain with too much tenderness.

thy excessive love distracts my sense.
thou be less killing, soft, or kind,
not double thus his darts against me.
ı dost me wrong, and grief too robs my
rt,
hoot not every other shaft;
ıelf should feel each other wound,
ıuld be in equal portions dealt.
:—
thou hast search'd too deep:
I bleed; there pull the cruel cords,
ıy cracking nerves; engines and wheels;
ıeal grind, are beds of down and balm
-racking thought.
ı I am curs'd
ıt be so! if I'm thy torment,
ı, kill me, dash me with thy chains,
: "What, am I the bosom-snake
s thy warm life-blood, and gnaws thy
eart;
ıy words had force to break those bonds,
ıve strength to tear this heart in sunder;
st thou be at large from all oppression."
ɔf all thy woes the worst?
ll of bliss, my everlasting life,
ɔul, and end of all my wishes,
ɔu thus unman me with thy words,
me down to mingle with thy weepings?
thou *ask?* Why dost thou talk thus
ercingly?"

Thy sorrows have disturb'd thy peace of
And thou dost speak of miseries impossil
Alm. Didst not thou say that racks and
balm
And beds of ease, to thinking me thy wif
Osm. No, no; nor should the subtles
hell
Or hell-born malice can invent, extort
A wish or thought from me to have thee
But thou wilt know what harrows up my
Thou art my wife——nay, thou art yet r
The sacred union of connubial love
Yet unaccomplish'd: " his mysterious ri
" Delay'd; nor has our hymeneal torch
" Yet lighted up his last most grateful s
" But dash'd with rain from eyes, and
" sighs,
" Burns dim, and glimmers with expirir
Is this dark cell a temple for that god?
Or this vile earth an altar for such offerir
This den for slaves, this dungeon damp'd
" Is this our marriage bed? are these ou
Is this to call thee mine? Oh, hold, my h
To call thee mine? Yes; thus even thu
Thee mine, were comfort, joy, extremes
But, Oh, thou art not mine, not e'en in r
And 'tis deny'd to me to be so bless'd,
As to be wretched with thee.
Alm. *No*; not that
Th' extremest malice of our fate can hu

That still is left us, and on that we'll feed,
As on the leavings of calamity.
There we will feast and smile on past distress,
And hug, in scorn of it, our mutual ruin.
Osm. Oh, thou dost talk, my love, as one resolv'd,
Because not knowing danger. But look forward;
Think of to-morrow, when thou shalt be torn
From these weak, struggling, unextended arms:
Think how my heart will heave, and eyes will strain,
To grasp and reach what is deny'd my hands:
" Think how the blood will start, and tears will gush,
" To follow thee, my separating soul."
Think how I am, when thou shalt wed with Garcia!
Then will I smear these walls with blood, disfigure
And dash my face, and rive my clotted hair,
Break on the flinty floor my throbbing breast,
And grovel with gash'd hands to scratch a grave,
" Stripping my nails to tear this pavement up."
And bury me alive.
" *Alm.* Heart-breaking horror?
Osm. Then Garcia shall lie panting on thy bosom,
Luxurious, revelling amidst thy charms;
" And thou per-force must yield, and aid his transport."
Hell! Hell! have I not cause to rage and rave?
What are all racks, and wheels, and whips to this?
" Are they not soothing softness, sinking ease,
" And wafting air to this?" Oh, my Almeria!
What do the damn'd *endure*, but to despair,
But knowing Heav'n, to know it lost for ever!

Alm. Oh, I am struck; thy words ar
Which shot into my breast, now melt
" I chatter, shake, and faint with thril
" No, hold me not——Oh, let us not
" But sink each other, deeper yet, do
" Where levell'd low, no more we'll
" But prone, and dumb, rot the firm
" With rivers of incessant scalding ra

Enter ZARA, PEREZ, SELI

Zar. Somewhat of weight to me req
dom.
Dare you dispute the king's command
The royal signet.

Per. I obey; yet beg
Your majesty one moment to defer
Your ent'ring, 'till the princess is retur
From visiting the noble prisoner.

Zar. Ha!
What say'st thou?

Osm. We are lost! undone! discove
" Retire, my life, with speed——Alas,
Speak of compassion, let her hear you
Of interceding for me with the king;
Say somewhat quickly to conceal our l
If possible——

Alm.——I cannot speak.

Osm. Let me
Conduct you forth, as not perceiving h
But till she's gone; then bless me thus

Zar. Trembling and weeping as he leads her forth!
Confusion in his face, and grief in hers!
'Tis plain I've been abus'd—" Death and destruction!
" How shall I search into this mystery?
" The bluest blast of pestilential air
" Strike, damp, deaden her charms, and kill his eyes;"
Perdition catch 'em both, and ruin part 'em.

Osm. This charity to one unknown, and thus
[*Aloud to* Almeria *as she goes out.*
Distress'd, Heav'n will repay; all thanks are poor.
[*Exit* Almeria.

Zar. Damn'd, damn'd dissembler! Yet I will be calm,
Choak in my rage, and know the utmost depth
Of this deceiver——You seem much surpris'd.

Osm. At your return so soon and unexpected!

Zar. And so unwish'd, unwanted too it seems.
Confusion! Yet I will contain myself.
You're grown a favourite since last we parted;
Perhaps I'm saucy and intruding——

Osm.———Madam!

Zar. I did not know the princess' favourite.
Your pardon, sir——mistake me not; you think
I'm angry; you're deceiv'd. I came to set
You free; but shall return much better pleas'd,
To find you have an interest superior.

Osm. You do not come to mock my miseries?

Zar. I do.

Osm. I could at this time spare your mirth.

Zar. I know thou couldst; but I'm not often pleas'd.
And will indulge it now. What miseries?
Who would not be thus happily confin'd,
To be the care of weeping majesty;
To have contending queens at dead of night,
Forsake their down, to wake with wat'ry eyes,
And watch like tapers o'er your hours of rest?
Oh, curse! I cannot hold——

Osm. Come, 'tis too much.

Zar. Villain!

Osm. How, madam!

Zar. Thou shalt die.

Osm. I thank you.

Zar. Thou ly'st, for now I know for whom thou'dst live.

Osm. Then you may know for whom I'd die.

Zar. Hell! Hell!
Yet I'll be calm——Dark and unknown betrayer!
But now the dawn begins, and the slow hand
Of Fate is stretch'd to draw the veil, and leave
Thee bare, the naked mark of public view.

Osm. You may be still deceiv'd, 'tis in my pow'r—
Chain'd as I am, to fly from all my wrongs
And free myself, at once, from misery,
And you of me.

Zar. Ha! say'st thou—but I'll prevent it——
Who waits there? As you will answer it, look this slave [*To the guard.*
Attempt no means to make himself away.
I've been deceiv'd. The public safety now

Requires he should be more confin'd, and none,
No, not the princess; suffer'd or to see
Or speak with him. I'll quit you to the king.
Vile and ingrate! too late thou shalt repent
The base injustice thou hast done my love:
Yes, thou shalt know, spite of thy past distress,
And all those ills which thou so long hast mourn'd;
Heav'n has no rage like love to hatred turn'd,
Nor hell a fury like a woman scorn'd. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Room of State. ZARA, SELIM.

Zara.

THOU hast already rack'd me with thy stay;
Therefore require me not to ask thee twice:
Reply at once to all. What is concluded?

Sel. Your accusation highly has incens'd
The king, and were alone enough to urge
The fate of Osmyn; but to that, fresh news
Is since arriv'd, of more revolted troops.
'Tis certain Heli, too, is fled, and with him
(Which breeds amazement and distraction) some
Who bore high offices of weight and trust,
Both in the state and army. This confirms
The king in full belief of all you told him
Concerning Osmyn, and his correspondence
With them who first began the mutiny.

Wherefore a warrant for his dea
And order giv'n for public exe
Zar. Ha! haste thee! fly, prev
Find out the king, tell him I ha
More than his crown t' impart e
Sel. It needs not, for the king
And, as to your revenge, not hi
Pretend to sacrifice the life of O
Zar. What shall I say, invent,
Somewhat to blind the king, and
In whom I live. " Spite of my
" I am a woman, and a lover sti
" Oh! 'tis more grief but to su
" Than still to meet the rigour
" From my despair my anger h
" When he is dead I must desp
" For ever! that's despair——i
" Before; distrust will ever be i
" And anger in distrust; both s
" But in despair, and ever-duri
" No term, no bound, but infini
" Oh, torment, but to think! wh
" Not to be borne"——Devise
Quick; or, by Heav'n, this dagg
Sel. My life is yours, nor wish
But to serve you. I have alread
Zar. Forgive my rage; I kno
But say, what's to be done, or w
Shall I prevent or stop th' appro
Sel. *You* must still seem mor

On Osmyn's death; too quick a change of mercy
Might breed suspicion of the cause. Advise
That execution may be done in private.

Zar. On what pretence?

Sel. Your own request's enough.
However, for a colour, tell him, you
Have cause to fear his guards may be corrupted,
And some of them bought off to Osmyn's interest,
Who at the place of execution will
Attempt to force his way for an escape;
The state of things will countenance all suspicions.
Then offer to the king to have him strangled
In secret by your mutes; and get an order,
That none but mutes may have admittance to him.
I can no more, the king is here. Obtain
This grant, and I'll acquaint you with the rest.

Enter King, GONSALEZ, *and* PEREZ.

King. Bear to the dungeon those rebellious slaves,
" Th' ignoble curs that yelp to fill the cry,
" And spend their mouths in barking tyranny."
But for their leaders, Sancho and Ramirez,
Let 'em be lead away to present death.
Perez, see it perform'd.

Gons. Might I presume,
Their execution better were deferred,
'Till Osmyn die. Mean time we may learn more
Of this conspiracy.

King. Then be it so.
Stay, soldier; they shall suffer with the Moor.

Are none return'd of those who follow'd Heli?

Gons. None, sir. Some papers have been since d
cover'd
In Roderigo's house, who fled with him,
Which seem'd to intimate, as if Alphonso
Were still alive, and arming in Valentia:
Which wears indeed this colour of a truth,
They who are fled have that way bent their course.
Of the same nature divers notes have been
Dispers'd t' amuse the people; whereupon
Some, ready of belief, have rais'd this rumour:
That, being sav'd upon the coast of Afric,
He there disclos'd himself to Albucacim,
And, by a secret compact made with him,
Open'd and urg'd the way to this invasion;
While he himself, returning to Valentia
In private, undertook to raise this tumult.

Zar. Ha! hear'st thou that? Is Osmyn then Alphons
" Oh, heav'n! a thousand things occur at once
" To my remembrance now, that make it plain."
Oh, certain death for him, as sure despair
For me, if it be known——If not, what hope
Have I? Yet 'twere the lowest baseness now,
To yield him up—No, I will conceal him,
And try the force of yet more obligations.

Gons. 'Tis not impossible. Yet it may be
That some impostor has usurp'd his name.
Your beauteous captive Zara can inform,
If such a one, so 'scaping, was receiv'd,
At any time in Albucacim's court.

King. Pardon, fair excellence, this long neglect:
An unforeseen, unwelcome hour of business,
Has thrust between us and our while of love;
But wearing now apace with ebbing sand,
Will quickly waste and give again the day.

Zar. You're too secure: the danger is more imminent
Than your high courage suffers you to see;
While Osmyn lives, you are not safe.

King. His doom
Is pass'd, if you revoke it not, he dies.

Zar. 'Tis well. By what I heard upon your entrance,
I find I can unfold what yet concerns
You more. One, who did call himself Alphonso,
Was cast upon my coast, as 'tis reported,
And oft had private conference with the king;
To what effect I knew not then: but he,
Alphonso, secretly departed, just
About the time our arms embark'd for Spain.
What I know more is, that a triple league
Of strictest friendship was profest between
Alphonso, Heli, and the traitor Osmyn.

King. Public report is ratify'd in this.

Zar. And Osmyn's death requir'd of strong necessity.

King. Give order strait, that all the pris'ners die.

Zar. Forbear a moment, somewhat more I have
Worthy your private ear, and this your minister.

King. Let all, except Gonsalez, leave the room.

[*Exit* Perez, *&c.*

Zar. I am *your captive,* and you've us'd me nobly;
And, in return of that, tho' otherwise

Your enemy, " I have discover'd Osmyn,
" His private practice and conspiracy
" Against your state: and, fully to discharge
" Myself of what I've undertaken," now
I think it fit to tell you, that your guards
Are tainted; some among 'em have resolv'd
To rescue Osmyn at the place of death.

King. Is treason then so near us as our guards?

Zar. Most certain; tho' my knowledge is not yet
So ripe, to point at the particular men.

King. What's to be done?

Zar. That too I will advise.
I have remaining in my train some mutes,
A present once from the sultana queen,
In the grand signior's court. These from their infancy
Are practis'd in the trade of death; and shall
(As there the custom is) in private strangle
Osmyn.

Gons. My lord, the queen advises well.

King. What off'ring, or what recompence remains
In me, that can be worthy so great services?
To cast beneath your feet the crown you've sav'd,
Tho' on the head that wears it, were too little.

Zar. Of that hereafter: but, mean time, 'tis fit
You give strict charge that none may be admitted
To see the pris'ner, but such mutes as I
Shall send.

King. Who waits there?

Enter PEREZ.

King. On your life, take heed

That only Zara's mutes, or such who bring
Her warrant, have admittance to the Moor.
Zar. They, and no other, not the princess' self.
Per. Your Majesty shall be obey'd.
King. Retire. [*Exit* Perez.
Gons. That interdiction so particular
Pronounc'd with vehemence against the princess,
Should have more meaning than appears barefac'd.
This king is blinded by his love, and heeds
It not. [*Aside.*]—Your majesty sure might have spar'd
The last restraint: you hardly can suspect
The princess is confed'rate with the Moor.
Zar. I've heard her charity did once extend
So far, to visit him at his request.
Gons. Ha!
King. How! She visit Osmyn! What, my daughter?
Sel. Madam, take heed; or you have ruin'd all.
Zar. And after did solicit you on his
Behalf.——
King. Never. You have been misinform'd.
Zar. Indeed! Then 'twas a whisper spread by some
Who wish'd it so; a common art in courts,
I will retire and instantly prepare
Instruction for my ministers of death.
[*Exit* Zara *and* Selim.
Gons. There's somewhat yet of mystery in this;
Her words and actions are obscure and double,
Sometimes concur, and sometimes disagree:
I like it not. [*Aside.*
King. What dost thou think, Gonsalez?

Are we not much indebted to this fair one?

Gons. I am a little slow of credit, sir,
In the sincerity of women's actions.
Methinks this lady's hatred to the Moor
Disquiets her too much; which makes it seem
As if she'd rather that she did not hate him.
I wish her mutes are meant to be employ'd
As she pretends—I doubt it now—Your guards
Corrupted! How? By whom? Who told her so?
I' th' evening Osmyn was to die; at midnight
She begg'd the royal signet to release him;
I' th' morning he must die again; ere noon
Her mutes alone must strangle him, or he'll
Escape. This put together suits not well.

King. Yet that there's truth in what she has discover'd
Is manifest from every circumstance.
This tumult, and the lords who fled with Heli,
Are confirmation;——that Alphonso lives,
Agrees expressly too, with her report.

Gons. I grant it, sir; and doubt not, but in rage
Of jealousy, she has discover'd what
She now repents. It may be I'm deceiv'd.
But why that needless caution of the princess?
What if she had seen Osmyn? Tho' t'were strange;
But if she had, what was't to her? Unless
She fear'd her stronger charms might cause the Moor's
Affection to revolt.

King. I thank thee, friend.
There's reason in thy doubt, and I am warn'd.—
But think'st thou that my daughter saw this Moor?

If Osmyn be, as Zara has related,
o's friend, 'tis not impossible
might wish, on his account, to see him.
Say'st thou? By Heav'n, thou hast rous'd a
thought,
: a sudden earthquake shakes my frame.
n! then my daughter's an accomplice,
ts in private with this hellish Moor.
That were too hard a thought——but see,
she comes—
ıot amiss to question her a little,
, how'er, if I've divin'd aright.
I fear be true, she'll be concern'd
ıyn's death, as he's Alphonso's friend:
ıt, to try if she'll solicit for him.

Enter ALMERIA *and* LEONORA.

Your coming has prevented me, Almeria;
termined to have sent for you.
· attendant be dismiss'd; I have
[Leonora *retires.*
with you. Come near; why dost thou shake?
ean those swoll'n and red-fleck'd eyes, that look
had wept in blood, and worn the night
ıg anguish? Why this on the day
vas design'd to celebrate thy nuptials;
: the beams of light are to be stain'd
eking gore, from traitors on the rack?
ɔre I have deferr'd the marriage-rites;
ll the *guilty horrors of this* day
: *that jubilee.*

Alm. All days to me
Henceforth are equal: this, the day of death,
To-morrow, and the next, and each that follows
Will undistinguish'd roll, and but prolong
One hated line of more extended woe.

King. Whence is thy grief? Give me to know the cause;
And look thou answer me with truth; for know
I am not unacquainted with thy falshood.
Why art thou mute? Base and degen'rate maid!

Gons. Dear madam, speak, or you'll incense the king.

Alm. What is't to speak? Or wherefore should I speak?
What mean these tears but grief unutterable?

King. They are the dumb confessions of thy mind;
They mean thy guilt, and say thou wert confed'rate
With damn'd conspirators to take my life.
Oh, impious parricide! Now canst thou speak?

Alm. O earth, behold, I kneel upon thy bosom,
And bend my flowing eyes to stream upon
Thy face, imploring thee that thou wilt yield;
Open thy bowels of compassion, take
Into thy womb the last and most forlorn
Of all thy race. Hear me, thou common parent
——I have no parent else—be thou a mother,
And step between me and the curse of him
Who was—who was, but is no more a father;
But brands my innocence with horrid crimes;
And, for the tender names of child and daughter,

Now calls me murderer and parricide.

King. Rise, I command thee, rise—and if thou wouldst
Acquit thyself of these detested names,
Swear thou hast never seen that foreign dog,
Now doom'd to die, that most accursed Osmyn.

Alm. Never, but as with innocence I might,
And free of all bad purposes. So Heaven's
My witness.

King. Vile equivocating wretch! 280
With innocence! Oh, patience! hear—she owns it!
Confesses it! By Heav'n, I'll have him rack'd,
Torn, mangled, flay'd, impal'd—all pains and tortures
That wit of man, or dire revenge can think,
Shall he, accumulated, underbear.

Alm. Oh, I am lost.——There fate begins to wound.

King. Hear me, then; if thou canst reply; know, traitress,
I'm not to learn that curs'd Alphonso lives;
Nor am I ignorant what Osmyn is——

Alm. Then all is ended, and we both must die.
Since thou'rt reveal'd, alone thou shalt not die.
And yet alone would I have dy'd, Heav'n knows,
Repeated deaths, rather than have reveal'd thee.
" Yes, all my father's wounding wrath, tho' each
" Reproach cuts deeper than the keenest sword,
" And cleaves my heart, I would have borne it all,
" Nay all the pains that are prepar'd for thee;
" To the *remorseless rack I* wou'd have giv'n
" *This weak and tender* flesh, to have been bruis'd

" And torn, rather than have reveal'd thy being
King. Hell, hell! Do I hear this, and yet end
What, dar'st thou to my face avow thy guilt?
Hence, ere I curse—fly my just rage with speed
Lest I forget us both, and spurn thee from me.
Alm. And yet a father! Think, I am your ch
Turn not your eyes away—look on me kneeling;
Now curse me if you can, now spurn me off.
Did ever father curse his kneeling child?
Never; for always blessings crown that posture.
" Nature inclines, and half way meets that duty
" Stooping to raise from earth the filial reveren
" For bended knees returning folding arms,
" With pray'rs, and blessings, and paternal love
Oh, hear me then, thus crawling on the earth—
King. Be thou advis'd, and let me go, while y
The light impression thou hast made remains.
Alm. No, never will I rise, nor lose this hold.
'Till you are mov'd, and grant that he may live.
King. Ha! Who may live? Take heed! No
of that;
For on my soul he dies, tho' thou and I,
And all should follow to partake his doom.
Away, off, let me go——Call her attendants.
[Leonora *and women r*
Alm. Drag me; and harrow the earth with my
bosom;
I will not go 'till you have spar'd my husband.
King. Ha! " What say'st thou?" Husba
" Husband! damnation!

' What husband!" Which? Who?

Alm. He, he is my husband.

King. " Poison and daggers!" Who?

Alm. Oh——— [*Faints.*

" *Gons.* Help, support her."

Alm. Let me go, let me fall, sink deep—I'll dig,
'll dig a grave, and tear up death; " I will;
' I'll scrape, 'till I collect his rotten bones,
' And cloath their nakedness with my own flesh;"
es, I will strip off life, and we will change:
will be death? then, tho' you kill my husband,
e shall be mine still, and for ever mine.

King. What husband? Whom dost thou mean?

Gons. She raves!

Alm. " Oh, that I did." Osmyn, he is my husband.

King. Osmyn!

Alm. Not Osmyn, but Alphonso, is my dear
nd wedded husband——Heav'n, and air, and seas,
e winds and waves, I call ye all to witness.

King. Wilder than winds or waves thyself dost rave.
ould I hear more, I too should catch thy madness.
Yet somewhat she must mean of dire import,
Which I'll not hear, 'till I am more at peace."
atch her returning sense, and bring me word;
nd look that she attempt not on her life.

[*Exit* King.

Alm. Oh, *stay, yet stay;* hear me, I am not mad.
ould to Heav'n I were——He's gone.

Gons. Have comfort.

Alm. Curs'd be that tongue that bids
comfort;
Curs'd my own tongue, that could not mo
Curs'd these weak hands, that could no
here?
For he is gone to doom Alphonso's death
Gons. Your too excessive grief work
fancy,
And deludes your sense. Alphonso, if li
Is far from hence, beyond your father's p
Alm. Hence, thou detested, ill-tim'd fl
Source of my woes: thou and thy race b
But doubly thou, who couldst alone have
And fraud to find the fatal secret out,
And know that Osmyn was Alphonso.
Gons. Ha!
Alm. Why dost thou start? What dost
hear?
Was it the doleful bell, tolling for death
Or dying groans from my Alphonso's bre
See, see, look yonder! where a grizzled,
And ghastly head glares by, all smear'd
Gasping as it would speak; and after, se
Behold, a damp, dead hand has dropp'd
I'll catch it—Hark! a voice cries murder
My father's voice! hollow it sounds, and
Me from the tomb—I'll follow it; for th
I shall again behold my dear Alphonso.
[Exeunt Almeria

Gons. She's greatly griev'd; nor am I less surpriz'd.
Osmyn, Alphonso! No; she over-rates
My policy; I ne'er suspected it;
Nor now had known it, but from her mistake.
Her husband too! Ha! Where is Garcia then?
And where the crown that should descend on him,
To grace the line of my posterity?
Hold, let me think—if I should tell the king—
Things come to this extremity: his daughter
Wedded already—what if he should yield?
Knowing no remedy for what is past,
And urg'd by nature pleading for his child,
With which he seems to be already shaken.
And tho' I know he hates beyond the grave
Anselmo's race; yet if——that If concludes me.
To doubt, when I may be assur'd, is folly.
But how prevent the captive queen, who means
To set him free? Ay, now 'tis plain. O well
Invented tale! He was Alphonso's friend.
This subtle woman will amuse the king.
If I delay——'twill do——or better so.
One to my wish. Alonzo thou art welcome.

Enter ALONZO.

Alon. The king expects your lordship.
Gons. 'Tis no matter.
I'm not i' the way at present, good Alonzo.
Alon. If *'t please your lordship*, I'll return, and say *I have not seen you.*

Gons. Do, my best Alonzo,
Yet stay, I would——but go; anon will serv
Yet I have that requires thy speedy help.
I think thou would'st not stop to do me serv
Alon. I am your creature.
Gons. Say thou art my friend.
I've seen thy sword do noble execution.
Alon. All that it can your lordship shall c
Gons. Thanks; and I take thee at thy word.
seen,
Amongst the followers of the captive queen,
Dumb men, who make their meaning known
Alon. I have, my lord.
Gons. Could'st thou procure, with speed
And privacy, the wearing garb of one
Of those, tho' purchas'd by his death, I'd gi
Thee such reward, as should exceed thy wis
Alon. Conclude it done. Where shall I
lordship?
Gons. At my apartment. Use thy utmost d
And say I've not been seen—Haste, good Al
[*Exit*
So, this can hardly fail. Alphonso slain,
The greatest obstacle is then remov'd.
Almeria widow'd, yet again may wed;
And I yet fix the crown on Garcia's head.

ACT V. SCENE I.

A room of State. Enter KING, PEREZ, *and* ALONZO.

King.

NOT to be found! In an ill hour he's absent.
None, say you? none! What, not the fav'rite eunuch?
Nor she herself, nor any of her mutes,
Have yet requir'd admittance?

Per. None, my lord.

King. Is Osmyn so dispos'd as I commanded?

Per. Fast bound in double chains, and at full length
He lies supine on earth; with as much ease
She might remove the centre of this earth,
As loose the rivets of his bonds,

King. 'Tis well.

[*A mute appears, and seeing the king, retires.*

Ha! stop, and seize that mute; Alonzo, follow him.
Ent'ring he met my eyes, and starting back,
Frighted, and fumbling, one hand in his bosom,
As to conceal th' importance of his errand.

[Alonzo *follows him and returns with a paper.*

Alon. A bloody proof of obstinate fidelity!

King. What dost thou mean?

Alon. Soon as I seiz'd the man,
He snatch'd from out his bosom this—and strove
With rash *and greedy* haste, at once, to cram
The morsel down his throat. I caught his arm,

And hardly wrench'd his hand to wring it from h
Which done, he drew a poignard from his side,
And on the instant plung'd it in his breast.
King. Remove the body thence, ere Zara see it.
Alon. I'll be so bold to borrow his attire;
'Twill quit me of my promise to Gonzales. [*Aside*.
" *Per*. Whate'er it is, the king's complexion tur
King. How's this? My mortal foe beneath my r
[*Having read the le*
Oh, give me patience, all ye powers! No, rather
Give me new rage, implacable revenge,
And trebled fury—Ha! who's there?
Per. My lord.
King. Hence, slave! how dar'st thou bide to w
and pry
Into how poor a thing a king descends,
How like thyself, when passion treads him down!
Ha! stir not, on thy life; for thou wert fix'd,
And planted here, to see me gorge this bait,
And lash against the hook—By Heav'n, you're al
Rank traitors! thou art with the rest combin'd:
Thou knew'st that Osmyn was Alphonso; knew'
My daughter privately with him conferr'd;
And wert the spy and pander to their meeting.
Per. By all that's holy, I'm amaz'd——
King. Thou ly'st,
Thou art accomplice too with Zara; here
Where she sets down—*Still will I set thee free*—[Read
where is repeated—I have power
t are thy guards—Mark that, thou tr

Per. It was your majesty's command I should
)bey her order.———
King. [Reading.]———*And still will I set*
hee free, Alphonso——Hell! curs'd, curs'd Alphonso
alse and perfidious Zara! Strumpet daughter!
.way, begone, thou feeble boy, fond love;
ll nature, softness, pity and compassion,
his hour I throw ye off, and entertain
ll hate within my breast, revenge and gall.
y Heav'n, I'll meet, and counterwork this treachery.
ark thee, villain, traitor—answer me, slave. 60
Per. My service has not merited those titles.
King. Dar'st thou reply? "Take that"—thy service! thine! "[*Strikes him.*
'hat's thy whole life, thy soul, thy all, to my
ne moment's ease? Hear my command; and look
hat thou obey, or horror on thy head:
rench me thy dagger in Alphonso's heart.
'hy dost thou start? Resolve, or——
Per. Sir, I will.
King. 'Tis well—that when she comes to set him free,
is teeth may grin, and mock at her remorse.
[Perez *going.*
Stay thee—I've farther thought—I'll add to this,
nd give her eyes yet greater disappointment:
'hen thou hast ended him, bring me his robe;
nd let the cell where she'll expect to see him
darken'd, *so as to amuse* the sight.
I be conducted thither——mark me well——

There with his turban, and his robe array'
And laid along, as he now lies, supine,
I shall convict her, to her face, of falshoo
When for Alphonso's she shall take my ha
And breathe her sighs upon my lips for his
Sudden I'll start and dash her with her gu
But see, she comes. I'll shun th' encount
Follow me, and give heed to my direction

Enter ZARA *and* SELIM.

Zar. "The mute not yet return'd!" ha
king,
The king that parted hence! frowning he
" His eyes like meteors roll'd, then darted
" Their red and angry beams; as if his s
" Would, like the raging dog-star, scorch
" And kindle ruin in its course:" Dost
He saw me?

Sel. Yes: but then, as if he thought
His eyes had err'd, he hastily recall'd
Th' imperfect look, and sternly turn'd aw

Zar. Shun me when seen! I fear thou l
me.
" Thy shallow artifice begets suspicion,
" And like a cobweb veil, but thinly shad
" The face of thy design! alone disguisin
" What should have ne'er been seen;
" mischief!
" *Thou*, like the adder, venomous and de
" *Hast* stung the traveller, and after hea

" Not his pursuing voice; e'en when thou think'st
" To hide, the rustling leaves and bended grass
" Confess and point the path which thou hast crept.
" Oh, fate of fools! officious in contriving;
' In executing, puzzled, lame, and lost."

Sel. Avert it Heav'n, that you should ever suffer
'or my defect; or that the means which I
)evis'd to serve, should ruin your design.
'rescience is Heav'n's alone, not giv'n to man,
f I have fail'd, in what, as being man,
needs must fail; impute not as a crime
ly nature's want, but punish nature in me;
plead not for a pardon, and to live,
ut to be punish'd and forgiven. Here, strike;
bare my breast to meet your just revenge.

Zar. I have not leisure now to take so poor
forfeit as thy life; somewhat of high
nd more important fate requires my thought.
When I've concluded on myself, if I
Think fit, I'll leave thee my command to die."
egard me well; and dare not to reply
o what I give in charge; for I'm resolv'd.
ive order that the two remaining mutes
ttend me instantly, with each a bowl
: such ingredients mix'd, as will with speed
numb the living faculties, and give
ost easy and inevitable death.
:s, Osmyn, yes; be Osmyn or Alphonso,
l give thee freedom, *if thou* dar'st be free:
ch liberty as I embrace myself,

Thou shalt partake. Since fates no more afford
I can but die with thee, to keep my word. [E

SCENE II.

Opening, shews the Prison. Enter GONSALEZ *dis*
like a Mute, with a Dagger.

Gons. Nor centinel, nor guard! the doors unba
And all as still, as at the noon of night!
Sure death already has been busy here.
There lies my way; that door too is unlock'd.
[*Looki*
Ha! sure he sleeps—all's dark within, save wh
A lamp, that feebly lifts a sickly flame,
By fits reveals—his face seems turn'd, to favou
Th' attempt: I'll steal and do it unperceiv'd.
What noise! somebody coming? i'st Alonzo?
Nobody. Sure he'll wait without———I woul
'Twere done—I'll crawl, and sting him to the h
Then cast my skin, and leave it there to answe
[G

Enter GARCIA *and* ALONZO.

Gar. Where, where, Alonzo, where's my fa
where
The king? Confusion! all is on the rout!
All's lost, all ruin'd by surprize and treachery.
Where, where is he! Why dost thou mislead m
lon. My lord, he enter'd but a moment

And could not pass me unperceiv'd—What hoa!
My lord, my lord! What hoa! my lord Gonsalez!

Enter GONSALEZ *bloody.*

Gons. Perdition choak your clamours—whence this rudeness?
Garcia!

Gar. Perdition, slavery, and death,
Are entering now our doors. Where is the king?
What means this blood; and why this face of horror?

Gons. No matter—give me first to know the cause
Of these your rash, and ill-tim'd exclamations.

Gar. The eastern gate is to the foe betray'd,
Who, but for heaps of slain that choak the passage,
Had enter'd long ere now, and borne down all
Before 'em, to the palace walls. Unless
The king in person animate our men,
Granada's lost; and to confirm this fear,
The traitor Perez, and the captive Moor,
Are through a postern fled, and join'd the foe.

Gons. Would all were false as that; for whom you call
The Moor, is dead. That Osmyn was Alphonso;
In whose heart's blood this poignard yet is warm.

Gar. Impossible; for Osmyn was, while flying,
Pronounc'd aloud by Perez for Alphonso.

Gons. Enter that chamber, and convince your eyes,
How much report has wrong'd your easy faith.

[Garcia goes in.

Alon. *My lord, for certain truth,* Perez is fled;

And has declar'd, the cause of his revolt
Was to revenge a blow the king had given him.

Gar. [*Returning.*] Ruin and horror! Oh, heart-wounding sight!

Gons. What says my son? What ruin? Ha! what horror?

Gar. Blasted my eyes, and speechless be my tongue,
Rather than or to see, or to relate
This deed—Oh, dire mistake! Oh, fatal blow!
The king———

Gons. Alon. The king!

Gar. Dead, welt'ring, drown'd in blood.
See, see, attir'd like Osmyn, where he lies.

[*They look in.*

Oh, whence, or how, or wherefore was this done?
But what imports the manner or the cause?
Nothing remains to do, or to require,
But that we all should turn our swords against
Ourselves, and expiate with our own, his blood.

Gons. Oh, wretch! Oh, cursed rash deluded fool!
On me, on me turn your avenging swords.
I, who have spilt my royal master's blood,
Should make atonement by a death as horrid,
And fall beneath the hand of my own son.

Gar. Ha! what! atone this murder with a greater!
The horror of that thought has damp'd my rage.
" The earth already groans to bear this deed;
" Oppress her not, nor think to stain her face
" With more unnatural blood. Murder my father!
" Better with this to rip up my own bowels,

And bathe it to the hilt, in far less damnable
Self-murder."

Ons. Oh, my son! from the blind dotage
a father's fondness these ills arose.
thee I've been ambitious, base, and bloody:
thee I've plung'd into this sea of sin;
nming the tide with only one weak hand,
ile t'other bore the crown (to wreathe thy brow)
ose weight has sunk me, ere I reach'd the shore.

ar. Fatal ambition! Hark! the foe is enter'd:
[*Shout.*
shrillness of that shout speaks them at hand.
Ve have no time to search into the cause
f this surprising and most fatal error.
Vhat's to be done? the king's death known, would strike
he few remaining soldiers with despair,
nd make them yield to mercy of the conqueror."

on. My lord, I've thought how to conceal the body.
uire me not to tell the means, till done,
you forbid what you may then approve.
[*Goes in. Shout.*

ms. They shout again! Whate'er he means to do,
ere fit the soldiers were amus'd with hopes;
in the mean time fed with expectation
ee the king in person at their head.

ar. Were it a truth, I fear 'tis now too late.
I'll *omit no care, nor haste!* and try,
repel their force, or bravely die. [Exit Garcia.

Re-enter ALONZO.

Gons. What hast thou done, Alonzo?

Alon. Such a deed,
As but an hour ago I'd not have done,
Though for the crown of universal empire.
But what are kings reduc'd to common clay?
Or who can wound the dead?—I've from the body
Sever'd the head, and in an obscure corner
Dispos'd it, muffled in the mute's attire,
Leaving to view of them who enter next,
Alone the undistinguishable trunk:
Which may be still mistaken by the guards
For Osmyn, if in seeking for the king,
They chance to find it.

Gons. 'Twas an act of horror;
And of a piece with this day's dire misdeeds.
But 'tis no time to ponder or repent.
Haste thee, Alonzo, haste thee hence with speed,
To aid my son. I'll follow with the last
Reserve, to reinforce his arms: at least,
I shall make good and shelter his retreat.

[*Exeunt severally.*

Enter ZARA, *followed by* SELIM, *and two Mutes bearing the bowls.*

Zar. Silence and solitude are every where.
Through all the gloomy ways and iron doors
That hither lead, nor human face nor voice
Is seen or heard. " A dreadful din was wont

To grate the sense, when enter'd here, from groans
And howls of slaves condemn'd; from clink of chains,
And crash of rusty bars and creeking hinges:
And ever and anon the sight was dash'd
With frightful faces, and the meagre looks
Of grim and ghastly executioners.
Yet more this stillness terrifies my soul,
Than did that scene of complicated horrors.
It may be that the cause of this my errand
And purpose, being changed from life to death,
Had also wrought this chilling change of temper.
Or does my heart bode more? What can it more
Than death?"
t 'em set down the bowls, and warn Alphonso
ıat I am here—so. You return and find
[*Mutes going in.*
ıe king; tell him, what he requir'd, I've done,
ıd wait his coming to approve the deed.
[*Exit* Selim.

Enter Mutes.

Zar. What have you seen? Ha! wherefore stare you thus [*The mutes return and look affrighted.*
th haggard eyes? Why are your arms across?
ur heavy and desponding heads hung down?
ıy is't you more than speak in these sad signs?
ve me more ample knowledge of this mourning.
[*They go to the scene, which opening, she perceives the body.*

Ha! prostrate! bloody! headless! Oh——I'm lost.
Oh, Osmyn! Oh, Alphonso! Cruel fate!
Cruel, cruel, Oh, more than killing object!
I came prepar'd to die, and see thee die—
Nay, came prepar'd myself to give thee death—
But cannot bear to find thee thus, my Osmyn——
Oh, this accurs'd, this base, this treach'rous king!

Enter SELIM.

Sel. I've sought in vain, for no where can the king
Be found———

Zar. Get thee to hell, and seek him there.
[*Stabs him.*
His hellish rage had wanted means to act,
But for thy fatal and pernicious counsel.

Sel. You thought it better then—but I'm rewarded.
The mute you sent, by some mischance was seen,
And forc'd to yield your letter with his life;
I found the dead and bloody body stripp'd———
My tongue faulters, and my voice fails—I sink——
Drink not the poison—for Alphonso is—— [*Dies.*

Zar. As thou art now—and I shall quickly be.
'Tis not that he is dead: for 'twas decreed
We both should die. Nor is't that I survive;
I have a certain remedy for that.
But, Oh, he dy'd unknowing in my heart.
He knew I lov'd, but knew not to what height:
Nor that I meant to fall before his eyes,
martyr and a victim to my vows.
nsible of this last proof he's gone;

" Yet fate alone can rob his mortal part
" Of sense? his soul still sees and knows each purpose,
" And fix'd event, of my persisting faith."
Then wherefore do I pause? Give me the bowl.
[*A mute kneels and gives one of the bowls.*
Hover a moment, yet, thou gentle spirit,
Soul of my love, and I will wait thy flight.
This to our mutual bliss, when join'd above. [*Drinks.*
Oh, friendly draught, already in my heart.
Cold, cold; my veins are icicles and frost.
I'll creep into his bosom, lay me there;
Cover us close—or I shall chill his breast,
And fright him from my arms—See, see, he slides
Still farther from me; look, he hides his face,
I cannot feel it—quite beyond my reach,—
Oh, now he's gone, and all is dark—— [*Dies.*
[*The mutes kneel and mourn over her.*

Enter ALMERIA *and* LEONORA.

Alm. Oh, let me seek him in this horrid cell;
For in the tomb, or prison, I alone
Must hope to find him.

Leon. Heavens! what dismal scene
Of death is this? The eunuch Selim slain!

Alm. Shew me, for I am come in search of death;
But want a guide; for tears have dimm'd my sight.

Leon. Alas, a little farther, and behold
Zara all pale and dead! two frightful men,
Who seem *the murderers*, kneel weeping by;
feeling remorse too late for what they've done.

But, Oh, forbear—lift up your eyes no more ;
But haste away, fly from this fatal place,
Where miseries are multiply'd; return,
Return, and look not on; for there's a dagger
Ready to stab the sight, and make your eyes
Rain blood———

Alm. Oh, I foreknow, foresee that object.
Is it at last then so? Is he then dead?
" What, dead at last? quite, quite, for ever de
" There, there, I see him; there he lies, the bl
" Yet bubbling from his wounds—Oh, more th
vage!
" Had they or hearts or eyes that did this deed
" Could eyes endure to guide such cruel hand
" Are not my eyes guilty alike with theirs,
" That thus can gaze, and yet not turn to ston
——I do not weep! The springs of tears are d
And of a sudden I am calm, as if
All things were well; and yet my husband's mu
Yes, yes, I know to mourn! I'll sluice this hea
The source of woe, and let the torrent loose.
——Those men have left to weep! they look c
I hope they murder all on whom they look.
Behold me well; your bloody hands have err'd
And wrongfully have slain those innocents:
I am the sacrifice design'd to bleed,
And come prepar'd to yield my throat——They
Their heads in sign of grief and innocence!
[*They point at the bowl on the g*
And point! What mean they? Ha! a cup; Oh

:rstand what med'cine has been here.
)ble thirst! yet greedy to drink all———
h, for another draught of death——" What
mean they? [*They point at the other cup.*
! point again!" 'tis there, and full, I hope.
:s to the lib'ral hand that fill'd thee thus,
ink my glad acknowledgment——
ı. Oh, hold
ercy's sake, upon my knee I beg———
:. With thee the kneeling world should beg in
vain.
thou not there? Behold who prostrate lies,
)leads against thee; who shall then prevail?
will take a cold and parting leave
his pale lips; I'll kiss him ere I drink,
he rank juice should blister on my mouth,
ıtain the colour of my last adieu.
)r! a headless trunk! nor lips nor face,
[*Coming near the body, starts and lets fall the cup.*
)outing veins, and mangled flesh! Oh, Oh!

ALPHONSO, HELI, PEREZ, *with* GARCIA *prisoner. Guards and attendants.*

ł. Away, stand off, where is she? let me fly,
ıer from death, and snatch her to my heart.
. Oh!
ł. Forbear; my arms alone shall hold her up,
ı her to life, and wake her into gladness.
, let me talk to thy reviving sense
e words of joy and peace; warm thy cold beauties

" With the new flushing ardour of my cheek;
" Into thy lips pour the soft trickling balm
" Of cordial sighs; and reinspire thy bosom
" With the breath of love. Shine, awake, Almeria,
Give a new birth to thy long-shaded eyes,
Then double on the day reflected light.

Alm. Where am I? Heav'n! what does this dream
intend?

Alph. Oh, may'st thou never dream of less delight
Nor ever wake to less substantial joys.

Alm. Giv'n me again from death! Oh, all ye pow'
Confirm this miracle! Can I believe
My sight " against my sight? and shall I trust
" That sense, which in one instant shews him de
" And living?"—Yes, I will; I've been abus'd
With apparitions and affrighting phantoms:
This is my lord, my life, my only husband,
I have him now, and we no more will part.
My father, too, shall have compassion——

Alph. Oh, my heart's comfort; 'tis not giv'
Frail life to be entirely bless'd. E'en now,
In this extremest joy my soul can taste,
Yet I am dash'd to think that thou must we
Thy father fell where he design'd my death.
Gonsalez and Alonzo, both of wounds
Expiring, have, with their last breath, conf
ust decrees of Heav'n, which on then
rn'd their own most bloody purpose
ust grant, 'tis fit you should be t

" Let 'em remove the body from her sight."
Ill-fated Zara! Ha! a cup! Alas!
Thy error then is plain! but I were flint
Not to o'erflow in tribute to thy memory.
Oh, Garcia!——
Whose virtue has renounc'd thy father's crimes,
Seest thou how just the hand of Heav'n has been?
Let us, who through our innocence survive,
Still in the paths of honour persevere,
And not from past or present ills despair;
For blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds;
And though a late, a sure reward succeeds.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by ALMERIA.

THE tragedy thus done, I am, you know,
No more a princess, but in statu quo;
And now as unconcern'd this mourning wear,
As if indeed a widow or an heir.
I've leisure, now, to mark your sev'ral faces,
And know each critic by his sour grimaces.
To poison plays, I see them where they sit,
Scatter'd, like ratsbane, up and down the pit;
While others watch, like parish searchers hir'd,
To tell of what disease the play expir'd.
Oh, with what joy they run to spread the news
Of a damn'd poet and departed muse!

But if he 'scape, with what regret they're seiz'
And how they're disappointed, when they're ple.
Critics to plays for the same end resort,
That surgeons wait on trials in a court:
For innocence condemn'd they've no respect,
Provided they've a body to dissect.
As Sussex men, that dwell upon the shore,
Look out when storms arise, and billows roar,
Devoutly praying, with uplifted hands,
That some well-laden ship may strike the sands,
To whose rich cargo they may make pretence,
And fatten on the spoils of Providence:
So critics throng to see a new play split,
And thrive and prosper on the wrecks of wit.
Small hope our poet from these prospects draws;
And therefore to the fair commends his cause.
Your tender hearts to mercy are inclin'd,
With whom he hopes this play will favour find,
Which was an off'ring to the sex design'd.

OROONOKO.

A

TRAGEDY,

By THOMAS SOUTHERN.

ADAPTED FOR

THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRES-ROYAL,
DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOKS,
By Permission of the Managers.

"The lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation."

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Bookseller to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

M DCC XCI.

keen and implacable, which, if we provoke b
as well as fraud, he drags a life of torment o
hope to exercise in vengeance.

The distresses of OROONOKO and IMOI
powerful Appeals to the Heart, and the cha
the Prince offers a fine scope to the grander
of the Performer.—ABOAN, shocking as his
ance is, works up the feelings of the Spe
irresistible nature, and the claims of fidelity
and expiring, that bears him to his MAST
bears him *but* to DIE.

The Scoundrels about these sacrifices are
we fear even a British Settlement now ca
supply.

PROLOGUE.

AS when, in hostile times, two neighbouring states
Strive by themselves and their confederates:
The war at first is made with awkward skill,
And soldiers clumsily each other kill;
Till time, at length, their untaught fury tames,
And into rules their heedless rage reclaims:
Then ev'ry science by degrees is made
Subservient to the man-destroying trade:
Wit, wisdom, reading, observation, art;
A well-turn'd head to guide a generous heart.
So it may prove with our contending stages,
If you will kindly but supply their wages;
Which you, with ease, may furnish, by retrenching
Your superfluities of wine and wenching.
Who'd grudge to spare from riot and hard drinking,
To lay it out on means to mend his thinking?
To follow such advice you should have leisure;
Since what refines your sense, refines your pleasure.
Women grown tame by use, each fool can get;
But cuckolds all are made by men of wit.
To virgin favours fools have no pretence;
For maidenheads were made for men of sense.
'Tis not enough to have a horse well bred,
To shew his mettle he must be well fed;

Nor is it all in provender and breed,
He must be try'd, and strain'd, to mend his speed
A favour'd poet, like a pamper'd horse,
Will strain his eye-balls out to win the course.
Do you but in your wisdom vote it fit,
To yield due succours to this war of wit,
The buskins with more grace should tread the stage
Love sigh in softer strains, heroes less rage;
Satire shall shew a triple row of teeth,
And Comedy shall laugh your fops to death:
Wit shall refine, and Pegasus shall foam,
And soar in search of ancient Greece and Rome.
And since the nation's in the conqu'ring fit,
As you by arms, we'll conquer France in wit.
The work were over, could our poets write
With half the spirit that our soldiers fight.

Dramatis Personæ.

DRURY-LANE.

Men.

ABOAN, - - - - - - Mr. Bensley.
LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR, - - Mr. Whitfield.
OROONOKO, - - - - - Mr. Kemble.
BLANDFORD, - - - - - Mr. Barrymore.
HOTMAN, - - - - - Mr. Williames.
STANMORE, - - - - - Mr. R. Palmer.
J. STANMORE, - - - - Mr. Benson.
DANIEL, - - - - - Mr. Suett.
Captain DRIVER, - - - - Mr. Maddox.

Women.

Widow LACKITT, - - - - Mrs. Hopkins.
CHARLOTTE WELLDON, - - Mrs. Goodall.
LUCY WELLDON, - - - Miss Collins.
IMOINDA, - - - - - Miss Powell.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Men.

ABOAN, - - - - - - Mr. Aickin.
LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR, - - Mr. Davies.
OROONOKO, - - - - - Mr. Pope.
BLANDFORD, - - - - - Mr. Hull.
HOTMAN, - - - - - Mr. Thompson.
STANMORE, - - - - - Mr. Cubit.
J. STANMORE, - - - - Mr. Mackready.
DANIEL, - - - - - Mr. Quick.
Captain DRIVER, - - - - Mr. Fearon.

Women.

Widow LACKITT, - - - - Mrs. Webb.
CHARLOTTE WELLDON, - - Mrs. Bernard.
LUCY WELLDON, - - - - Mrs. Lewis
IMOINDA, - - - - - Mrs. Pope.

Planters, Indians, Negroes, men, women, and children.

SCENE, Surinam, a colony in the West-Indies, at the times of the action of this Tragedy in the possession of the English.

OROONOKO.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter WELLDON *following* LUCY.

Lucy.

WHAT will this come to? What can it end in? you have persuaded me to leave dear England, and dearer London, the place of the world most worthy living in, to follow you a husband hunting into America: I thought husbands grew in these plantations.

Well. Why so they do, as thick as oranges ripening one under another. Week after week they drop into some woman's mouth: 'tis but a little patience, spreading your apron in expectation, and one of 'em will fall into your lap at last.

Luc. Ay, so you say, indeed.

Well. But you have left dear London, you say: pray what have you left in London that was very dear to you, that had not left you before?

Luc. Speak for yourself, sister.

Well. Nay, I'll keep you in countenance. The young fellows, you know, the dearest part of the town, and without whom London had been a wilderness to you and me, had forsaken us a great while.

Luc. Forsaken us? I don't know that ever they had us.

Well. Forsaken us the worst way, child; that is, did not think us worth having; they neglected us, no longer designed upon us, they were tired of us. Women in London are like the rich silks, they are out of fashion a great while before they wear out——

Luc. The devil take the fashion, I say.

Well. You may tumble them over and over at their first coming up, and never disparage their price; but they fall upon wearing immediately, lower and lower in their value, till they come to the broker at last.

" *Luc.* Aye, aye, that's the merchant they deal " with. The men would have us at their own scan- " dalous rates; their plenty makes them wanton, and " in a little time, I suppose, they won't know what " they would have of the women themselves.

" *Well.* Oh, yes, they know what they would have. " They would have a woman give the town a pattern " of her person and beauty, and not stay in it so long " to have the whole piece worn out. They would " have the good face only discovered, and not the " folly that commonly goes along with it. They say " there is a vast stock of beauty in the nation, but a " great part of it lies in unprofitable hands; there-

"fore, for the good of the public, they would have "a draught made once a quarter, send the decaying "beauties for breeders into the country, to make "room for new faces to appear, to countenance the "pleasures of the town.

"*Luc.* 'Tis very hard, the men must be young as "long as they live, and poor women be thought de-"caying and unfit for the town at one and twenty. "I'm sure we were not seven years in London.

"*Well.* Not half the time taken notice of, sister. "The two or three last years we could make nothing "of it, even in a vizard-mask; not in a vizard-"mask, that has cheated many a man into an old ac-"quaintance. Our faces began to be as familiar to "the men of intrigue as their duns, and as much "avoided. We durst not appear in public places, "and were almost grudged a gallery in the churches: "even there they had their jests upon us, and cry'd, "she's in the right on't, good gentlewoman, since no "man considers her body, she does very well indeed "to take care of her soul.

"*Luc.* Such unmannerly fellows there will always "be.

"*Well.* Then you may remember we were reduced "to the last necessity, the necessity of making silly "visits to our civil acquaintance, to bring us into "tolerable company. Nay, the young inns of court "beaus, of but one term's standing in the fashion, "who knew nobody, but as they were shewn them by "the orange woman, had nick names for us: how

Luc. Speak for yourself, sister.

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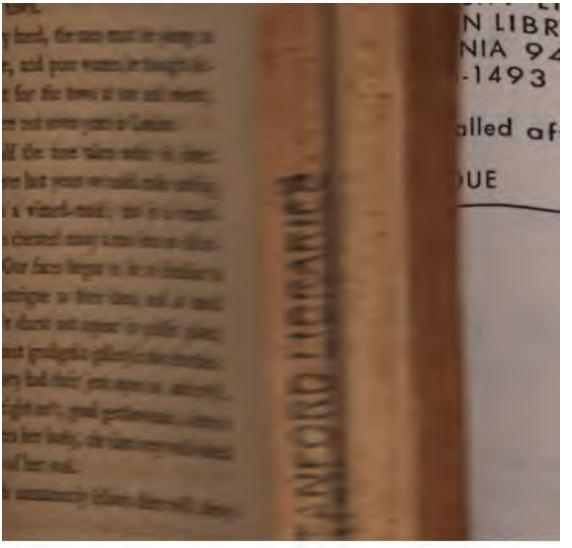
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" often they laughed out, there goes my landlady; is
" she not come to let lodgings yet?

" *Luc.* Young coxcombs that knew no better.

" *Well.* And that we must have come to. For
" your part, what trade could you set up in? You
" would never arrive at the trust and credit of a
" guinea-bawd; you would have too much business
" of your own ever to mind other people's.

" *Luc.* That is true, indeed.

" *Well.* Then as a certain sign that there was no-
" thing more to be hoped for, the maids of the
" chocolate-houses found us out, and laughed at us:
" our billet-doux lay there neglected for waste-paper:
" we were cry'd down so low, we could not pass upon
" the city; and became so notorious in our galloping
" way, from one end of the town to t'other, that at
" last we could hardly compass a competent change
" of petticoats to disguise us to the hackney coach-
" men: and then it was near walking a foot indeed.

" *Luc.* Nay, that I began to be afraid of.

" *Well.*" To prevent which, with what youth and beauty were left, some experience, and the small remainder of fifteen hundred pounds a-piece, which amounted to bare two hundred between us both, I persuaded you to bring your person for a venture to the Indies. Every thing has succeeded in our voyage: I pass for your brother: one of the richest planters here happening to die just as we landed, I *have* claimed kindred with him: so without making *his will*, he has left us the credit of his relation to

: upon: "we pass for his cousins, coming here
, Surinam chiefly upon his invitation;" we live in
tation; have the best acquaintance in the place;
we shall find our account in't, I warrant you.
ic. I must rely upon you.——

Enter Widow LACKITT.

id. Mr. Welldon, your servant. Your servant,
. Lucy, I am an ill visitor, but 'tis not too late, I
, to bid you welcome to this side of the world.
[*Salutes* Lucy.

ell. Gad so, I beg your pardon, widow, I should
done the civilities of my house before; but, as
say, 'tis not too late, I hope— [*Going to kiss her.*

id. What! you think now this was a civil way of
ing a kiss; and, by my troth, if it were, I see no
n in it; 'tis a pitiful favour indeed that is not
h asking for: though I have known a woman
k plainer before now, and not understood neither.

ell. Not under my roof. Have at you, widow.

id. Why that's well said, spoke like a younger
her, that deserves to have a widow.—[*He kisses her.*]
're a younger brother I know by your kissing.

ell. How so, pray?

id. Why, you kiss as if you expected to be paid
. You have birdlime upon your lips. You stick
ose, there's no getting rid of you.

ell. I am a-kin to a younger brother.

id. So much the better: we widows are commonly
etter *for younger* brothers.

Luc. Better or worse, most of you. But you won't be much the better for him, I can tell you.——[*Aside.*

Well. I was a younger brother; but an uncle of my mother's has maliciously left me an estate, and, I'm afraid, spoiled my fortune.

Wid. No, no; an estate will never spoil your fortune; I have a good estate myself, thank heaven, and a kind husband that left it behind him.

Well. Thank heaven that took him away from it, widow, and left you behind him.

Wid. Nay, Heaven's will must be done; he's in a better place.

Well. A better place for you, no doubt on't: now you may look about you; choose for yourself, Mrs. Lackitt, that's your business; for I know you design to marry again.

Wid. Oh, dear! not I, I protest and swear; I don't design it: but I won't swear neither; one does not know what may happen to tempt one.

Well. Why a lusty young fellow may happen to tempt you.

Wid. Nay, I'll do nothing rashly: I'll resolve against nothing. The devil, they say, is very busy upon these occasions, especially with the widows. But, if I am to be tempted, it must be with a young man, I promise you—Mrs. Lucy, your brother is a very pleasant gentleman: I came about business to him, but he turns every thing into merriment.

Well. Business, Mrs. Lackitt? then I know, you would have me to yourself. Pray, leave us together,

sister. [*Exit* Lucy.] What am I drawing upor
here?

Wid. You have taken a very pretty hous
every thing so neat about you already. I hear
laying out for a plantation.

Well. Why, yes truly, I like the countr
would buy a plantation, if I could reasonably

Wid. Oh, by all means reasonably.

Well. If I could have one to my mind, I
think of settling among you.

Wid. Oh, you can't do better. Indeed w
pretend to have so good company for you, as y
in England; but we shall make very much
For my own part, I assure you, I shall think
very happy to be more particularly known to y

Well. Dear Mrs. Lackitt, you do me too mu
nour.

Wid. Then as to a plantation, Mr. Welldo
know I have several to dispose of. Mr. La
thank him, has left, though I say it, the richest
upon the place; therefore I may afford to use y
ter than other people can. You shall have or
any reasonable terms.

Well. That's a fair offer, indeed.

Wid. You shall find me as easy as any body y
have to do with, I assure you. Pray try me; I
have you try me, Mr. Welldon. Well, I li
name of yours exceedingly, Mr. Welldon.

Well. My name!

Wid. Oh, exceedingly! If any thing could persuade me to alter my own name, I verily believe nothing in the world would do it so soon, as to be called Mrs. Welldon.

Well. Why, indeed Welldon doth sound something better than Lackitt.

Wid. Oh, a great deal better. Not that there is so much in the name neither. But, I don't know, there is something; I should like mightily to be called Mrs. Welldon.

Well. I'm glad you like my name.

Wid. Of all things. But then there's the misfortune, one cannot change one's name without changing one's condition.

Well. You'll hardly think it worth that, I believe.

Wid. Think it worth what, Sir? Changing my condition! Indeed, Sir, I think it worth every thing. But alas, Mr. Welldon! I have been a widow but six weeks; 'tis too soon to think of changing one's condition yet: indeed it is: pray don't desire it of me: not but that you may persuade me to any thing, sooner than any person in the world.———

Well. Who, I, Mrs. Lackitt?

Wid. Indeed you may, Mr. Welldon, sooner than any man living. Lord, there's a great deal in saving a decency: I never minded it before; well I am glad you spoke first, to excuse my modesty. But, what? modesty means nothing, and is the virtue of a girl, that does not know what she would be at: a widow *should* be wiser. Now I will own to you, (but I

won't confess neither) I have had a great respect for you a great while. I beg your pardon, Sir; and I must declare to you, indeed I must, if you desire to dispose of all I have in the world in an honourable way, which I don't pretend to be any way deserving your consideration, my fortune and person, if you won't understand me without telling you so, are both at your service, 'gad so! another time——

Enter STANMORE.

Stan. So, Mrs. Lackitt, your widowhood's weaning a-pace, I see which way 'tis going. Welldon, you're a happy man. The women and their favours come home to you.

Wid. A fiddle of favour, Mr. Stanmore: I am a lone woman, you know it, left in a great deal of business, and business must be followed, or lost. I have several stocks and plantations upon my hands, and other things to dispose of, which Mr. Welldon may have occasion for.

Well. We were just upon the brink of a bargain, as you came in.

Stan. Let me drive it on for you.

Well. So you must, I believe, you or somebody for me.

Stan. I'll stand by you: I understand more of this business than you can pretend to.

Well. I don't pretend to it: 'tis quite out of my way indeed.

Sim. A rover, a buccaneer, a trader in slaves; that's the commodity we deal in, you know. If you have a curiosity to see our manner of marketing, I'll wait upon you.

Wid. We'll take my sister with us.— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An open Place. *Enter Lieutenant-Governor and* BLANDFORD.

Gov. There's no resisting your fortune, Blandford; you draw all the prizes.

Blan. I draw for our lord governor, you know, his fortune favours me.

Gov. I grudge him nothing this time; but if fortune had favoured me in the last sale, the fair slave had been mine; Clemene had been mine.

Blan. Are you still in love with her?

Gov. Every day more in love with her.

Enter Captain DRIVER, *seized and pulled about by Widow* LACKITT, *and several planters. Enter, at another door,* WELLBOOK, LUCY, *and* STANMORE.

Wid. Have I six slaves in my lot, and not a [illegible] among them; all women and children; what can [illegible] with 'em, Captain: pray consider I am a woman [illegible], and can't get my own slaves, as some of my [illegible] do.

Dri. I have all men in mine: pray, Captain,

let the men and women be mingled together, for procreation sake, and the good of the plantation.

2d Plant. Ay, ay, a man and a woman, Captain, for the good of the plantation.

Capt. Let them mingle together, and be damned; what care I? Would you have me a pimp for the good of the plantation?

1st Plant. I am a constant customer, Captain.

Wid. I am always ready money to you, Captain.

1st Plant. For that matter, mistress, my money is as ready as yours.

Wid. Pray hear me, Captain.

Capt. Look you, I have done my part by you; I have brought the number of slaves I bargained for; if your lots have not pleased you, you must draw again among yourselves.

3d Plant. I am contented with my lot.

4th Plant. I am very well satisfied.

3d Plant. We'll have no drawing again.

Capt. Do you hear, mistress? you may hold your tongue: for my part I expect my money.

Wid. Captain, nobody questions or scruples the payment: but I won't hold my tongue; 'tis too much to pray and pay too; one may speak for one's own I hope.

Capt. Well, what would you say.

Wid. I say no more than I can make out.

Capt. Out with it then.

Wid. I say, things have not been so fair carried as they might have been. How do I know but you have

juggled together in my absence? You drew the lots before I came, I am sure.

Capt. That's your own fault, mistress, you might have come sooner.

Wid. Then here's a prince, as they say, among the slaves, and you set him down to go as a common man.

Capt. Have you a mind to try what a man he is? You'll find him no more than a common man at your business.

Wid. Sir, you're a scurvy fellow to talk at this rate to me. If my husband were alive, gadsbodykins you would not use me so.

Capt. Right, mistress, I would not use you at all.

Wid. Not use me! your betters every inch of you, I would have you to know, would be glad to use me, sirrah. Marry come up here, who are you, I trow? You begin to think yourself a captain, forsooth, because we call you so. You forget yourself as fast as you can; but I remember you; I know you for a pitiful paltry fellow as you are, an upstart to prosperity; one that is but just come acquainted with cleanliness, and that never saw five shillings of your own without deserving to be hanged for them.

Gov. She has given you a broadside, Captain; you'll stand up to her.

Capt. Hang her, "stink-pot," I'll come no nearer.

Wid. By this good light it would make a woman do a thing she never designed; marry again, though she were sure to repent it, and be revenged of such a——

Y. Stan. What's the matter, Mrs. Lackitt, can I serve you.

Wid. No, no, you can't serve me: you are for serving yourself, I'm sure. Pray go about your business, I have none for you: you know, I have told you so. Lord, how can you be so troublesome; nay, so unconscionable, to think that every rich widow must throw herself away upon a young fellow that has nothing?

Stan. Jack, you are answered, I suppose.

Y. Stan. I'll have another pluck at her.

Wid. Mr. Welldon, I am a little out of order; but pray bring your sister to dine with me. Gad's my life, I'm out of all patience with that pitiful fellow: my flesh rises at him; I can't stay in the place where he is—— [*Exit.*

Blan. Captain, you have used the widow very familiarly.

Capt. This is my way; I have no design, and therefore am not over-civil. If she had ever a handsome daughter to wheedle her out of; or if I could make any thing of her booby son——

Well. I may improve that hint and make something of him. [*Aside.*

Gov. She's very rich.

Capt. I'm rich myself. She has nothing that I want: I have no leaks to stop. Old women are fortune menders. I have made a good voyage, and would reap the *fruits of my* labours. We plow the

deep, my masters; but our harvest is on
am for a young woman.

Stan. Look about, Captain; there's on
ready for the sickle.

Capt. A woman indeed! I will be acqu
her: who is she?

Well. My sister, Sir.

Capt. Would I were a-kin to her: if sh
sister, she should never go out of the fami
say you, mistress? You expect I should m
suppose.

Luc. I shan't be disappointed, if you don

[*Tu*

Well. She won't break her heart, Sir.

Capt. But I mean—— [*Fo*

Well. And I mean— [*Going between him*
That you must not think of her without m

Capt. I mean so too.

Well. Why then your meaning's out.

Capt. You're very short.

Well. I'll grow, and be taller for you.

Capt. I shall grow angry and swear.

Well. You'll catch no fish then.

Capt. I don't well know whether he
affront me, or no.

Stan. No, no, he's a little familiar; 'tis

Capt. Say you so? nay, I can be as fami
if that be it. Well, Sir, look upon me fu
say you? how do you like me for a brother-

Well. Why yes, faith, you'll do my business, [*Turning him about.*] if we can agree about my sister's.

Capt. I don't know whether your sister will like me, or not: I can't say much to her; but I have money enough; and if you are her brother, as you seem to be akin to her, I know that will recommend me to you.

Well. This is your market for slaves; my sister is a free woman, and must not be disposed of in public. You shall be welcome to my house, if you please: and, upon better acquaintance, if my sister likes you, and I like your offers——

Capt. Very well, Sir, I'll come and see her.

Gov. Where are the slaves, Captain? they are long a coming.

Blan. And who is this prince that's fallen to my lot for the lord governor? Let me know something of him, that I may treat him accordingly; who is he?

Capt. He's the devil of a fellow, I can tell you! a prince every inch of him: you have paid dear enough for him for all the good he'll do you: I was forced to clap him in irons, and did not think the ship safe neither. You are in hostility with the Indians, they say; they threaten you daily: you had best have an eye upon him.

Blan. But who is he?

Gov. And how do you know him to be a prince?

Capt. He is son and heir to the great king of Angola, a mischievous monarch in those parts, who, by his good will, would never let any of his neighbours be in quiet. This son was his general, a plaguy fighting

fellow. I have formerly had dealings with him fo slaves, which he took prisoners, and have got pretty roundly by him. But the wars being at an end, an nothing more to be got by the trade of that country, made bold to bring the prince along with me.

Gov. How could you do that?

Blan. What, steal a prince out of his own country impossible!

Capt. 'Twas hard indeed; but I did it. You mus know this Oroonoko——

Blan. Is that his name?

Capt. Ay, Oroonoko.

Gov. Oroonoko.

Capt. Is naturally inquisitive about the men an manners of the white nations. Because I could giv him some account of the other parts of the world, grew very much into his favour: in return of so grea an honour, you know, I could do no less, upon m coming away, than invite him on board me: neve having been in a ship, he appointed his time, and prepared my entertainment; he came the next even ing, as private as he could, with about some twent along with him. The punch went round; and a many of his attendants as would be dangerous, I sen dead drunk on shore; the rest we secured; and s you have the prince Oroonoko.

1st Plant. Gad-a-mercy, Captain, there you wer with him, i'faith.

2nd Plant. Such men as you are fit to be emplo *in public affairs*; the plantation will thrive by y

Plant. Industry ought to be encouraged.

Capt. There's nothing done without it, boys. I have made my fortune this way.

Blan. Unheard of villany!

Stan. Barbarous treachery!

Blan. They applaud him for't.

Gov. But, Captain, methinks you have taken a great deal of pains for this prince Oroonoko; why did you part with him at the common rate of slaves?

Capt. Why, Lieutenant-governor, I'll tell you: I did design to carry him to England, to have showed him there; but I found him troublesome upon my hands, and I'm glad I'm rid of him——Oh, Oh, hark, they come.

Black slaves, men, women, and children, pass across the stage by two and two; ABOAN, *and others of* OROONOKO'*s attendants, two and two;* OROONOKO *last of all in chains.*

Luc. Are all these wretches slaves?

Stan. All sold, they and their posterity, all slaves.

Luc. Oh, miserable fortune!

Blan. Most of them know no better: they were born so, and only change their masters. But a prince, born only to command, betrayed and sold! my heart drops blood for him.

Capt. Now, Governor, here he comes: pray observe him.

Oro. So, Sir, you have kept your word with me.

Capt. I am a better Christian, I thank you, than t
keep it with a Heathen.

Oro. You are a Christian; be a Christian still.
If you have any god that teaches you
To break your word, I need not curse you more:
Let him cheat you, as you are false to me.
You faithful followers of my better fortune,
We have been fellow-soldiers in the field;
[*Embracing his friend*
Now we are fellow-slaves. This last farewel.
Be sure of one thing that will comfort us,
Whatever world we are next thrown upon
Cannot be worse than this.

[*All slaves go off but* Oroonok

Capt. You see what a bloody pagan he is, Govern
or; but I took care that none of his followers shoul
be in the same lot with him, for fear they should un
dertake some desperate action, to the danger of th
colony.

Oro. Live still in fear; it is the villain's curse,
And will revenge my chains; fear even me,
Who have no power to hurt thee. Nature abhors,
And drives thee out from the society
And commerce of mankind, for breach of faith.
Men live and prosper but in mutual trust,
A confidence of one another's truth:
That thou hast violated. I have done;
I know my fortune, and submit to it.

Gov. Sir, I am sorry for your fortune, and would
could.

Blan. Take off his chains. You know your condition; but you are fallen into honourable hands: you are the lord governor's slave, who will use you nobly: in his absence it shall be my care to serve you.

[Blandford *applying to him.*

Oro. I hear you; but I can believe no more.

Gov. Captain, I am afraid the world won't speak so honourably of this action of yours as you would have them.

Capt. I have the money; let the world speak and be damn'd. I care not.

Oro. I would forget myself. Be satisfied [*To* Blan.
I am above the rank of common slaves,
Let that content you. The Christian there that knows me,
For his own sake will not discover more.

Capt. I have other matters to mind. You have him, and much good may do you with your prince.

[*Exit.*

The planters pulling and staring at Oroonoko.

Blan. What would you have there? You stare as if you never saw a man before. Stand farther off.

[*Turns them away.*

Oro. Let them stare on.
I am unfortunate, but not ashamed
Of being so. No, let the guilty blush:
The white man that betray'd me: honest black
Disdains to change its colour. I am ready.
Where must I go? Dispose me as you please.

I am not well acquainted with my fortune;
But must learn to know it better: so, I know, you sa
Degrees make all things easy.

Blan. All things shall be easy.

Oro. Tear off this pomp, and let me know mysel
The slavish habit best becomes me now.
Hard fate, and whips, and chains may overpow'r
The frailer flesh, and bow my body down;
But there's another, nobler part of me,
Out of your reach, which you can never tame.

Blan. You shall find nothing of this wretchedness
You apprehend. We are not monsters all.
You seem unwilling to disclose yourself:
Therefore, for fear the mentioning your name
Should give you new disquiets, I presume
To call you Cæsar

Oro. I am myself; but call me what you please.

Stan. A very good name, Cæsar.

Gov. And very fit for his character.

Oro. Was Cæsar then a slave?

Gov. I think he was; to pirates too! He was great conqueror, but unfortunate in his friends—

Oro. His friends were Christians?

Blan. No.

Oro. No! that's strange.

Gov. And murdered by them.

Oro. I would be Cæsar then. Yet I will live.

Bland. Live to be happier.

o what you will with me.

land. I will wait upon you, attend, and serve you.
[*Exit with* Oroonoko.

ac. Well, if the captain had brought this prince's
ntry along with him, and would make me queen
it, I would not have him, after doing so base a
ng.

Well. He's a man to thrive in the world, sister.
'll make you the better jointure.

Lac. Hang him, nothing can prosper with him.

Wan. Enquire into the great estates, and you'll find
st of them depend upon the same title of honesty:
: men who raise them first are much of the cap-
n's principles.

Well. Ay, ay, as you say, let him be damned for
:good of his family. Come, sister, we are invited
dinner.

Gov. Stanmore, you dine with me. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

low LACKITT's *House. Enter Widow* LACKITT *and* WELLDON.

Welldon.

:IS is so great a favour, I don't know how to re-
:e it.

'id. Oh, dear *Sir!* you know how to receive, and
to return a favour as well as any body, I don't

doubt it: 'tis not the first you have had from ou sex, I suppose.

Well. But this is so unexpected.

Wid. Lord, how can you say so, Mr. Welldon I won't believe you. Don't I know you handsom gentlemen expect every thing a woman can do fo you? And, by my troth, you're in the right on't. think one can't do too much for a handsome gentle man; and so you shall find it.

Well. I shall never have such an offer again, that certain. What shall I do? I am mightily divided-

[*Pretending a concer*

Wid. Divided! Oh, dear! I hope not so, Sir. I marry, truly, I expect to have you to myself.

Well. There is no danger of that, Mrs. Lackit I am divided in my thoughts. My father, upon h death-bed, obliged me to see my sister disposed o before I married myself. 'Tis that sticks upon m They say, indeed, promises are to be broken or kept and I know 'tis a foolish thing to be tied to a promise but I can't help it. I don't know how to get rid of i

Wid. Is that all?

Well. All in all to me. The commands of a dyin father, you know, ought to be obeyed.

Wid. And so they may.

Well. Impossible, to do me any good.

Wid. They shan't be your hindrance. You woul have a husband for your sister, you say: he must b very well to pass too in the world, I suppose.

Well. I would not throw her away.

id. Then marry her out of hand to the sea-cap- you were speaking of.

ell. I was thinking of him; but 'tis to no pur- : she hates him.

id. Does she hate him? Nay, 'tis no matter; an ident rascal as he is; I would not advise her to ry him.

ell. Can you think of nobody else?

id. Let me see.

ell. Ay, pray do; I should be loth to part with good fortune in you for so small a matter as a r: but you find how it is with me.

id. Well remembered, i'faith. Well, if I ght you would like of it, I have a husband for What do you think of my son.

ell. You don't think of it yourself?

id. I protest but I do. I am in earnest, if you He shall marry her within this half hour, if will give your consent to it.

ell. I give my consent! I'll answer for my sister, hall have him. You may be sure I shall be glad t over the difficulty.

d. No more to be said then; that difficulty is But I vow and swear you frightened me, Mr. don. If I had not had a son, now, for your , what must I have done, do you think? Were ot an ill-natured thing to boggle at a promise? ld break twenty for you.

l. I am the more obliged to you: but this son ve all.

Wid. He's in the house. I'll go and brin
myself. [*Going.*] You would do well to bre
business to your sister: she's within; I'll send
you——— [*Going again, com*

Well. Pray do.

Wid. But, do you hear? Perhaps she may
upon her maidenly behaviour, and blush, an
the fool, and delay: but don't be answer
What! she is not a girl at these years. Shew
authority, and tell her roundly she must be m
immediately. I'll manage my son, I warrant
[*Goes out i*

Well. The widow's in haste, I see. I thou
had laid a rub in the road, about my sister; b
has stepped over that. She is making way fo
self as fast as she can; but little thinks where
going. I could tell her she is going to play th
but people don't love to hear of their faults
sides, that is not my business at present.

Enter LUCY.

So, sister, I have a husband for you———

Luc. With all my heart. I don't know wha
finement marriage may be to the men; but I'
the women have no liberty without it. I'm f
thing that will deliver me from the care of a r
tion, which I begin to find impossible to prese

Well. I'll ease you of that care. You mu
married immediately.

Luc. The sooner the better; for I am quit

of setting up for a husband. The widow's foolish man is the man, I suppose.

Well. I considered your constitution, sister; and, finding you would have occasion for a fool, I have provided accordingly.

Isa. I don't know what occasion I may have for a fool when I am married; but I find none but fools have occasion to marry.

Well. Since he is to be a fool then, I thought it better for you to have one of his mother's making than your own; 'twill save you the trouble.

Isa. I thank you. You take a great deal of pains for me; but, pray, tell me, what you are doing for yourself, all this while.

Well. You are never true to your own secrets; and therefore I won't trust you with mine. Only remember this, I am your eldest sister, and consequently, laying my breeches aside, have as much occasion for a husband as you can have. I have a man in my eye, be satisfied.

Enter Widow LACKITT, *with her son* DANIEL.

Wid. Come, Daniel, hold up thy head, child: look like a man: you must not take it as you have done. Gad's my life! there is nothing to be done with twirling your hat, man.

Dan. Why, mother, what's to be done then?

Wid. Why, look me in the face, and mind what I say to you.

Dan. Marry, who's the fool then? W
get by minding what you say to me?

Wid. Mrs. Lucy, the boy is bashful; d
rage him. Pray, come a little forward,
salute you. [*Going between* Lucy

Luc. A fine husband I am to have truly

Wid. Come, Daniel, you must be acqu
this gentlewoman.

Dan. Nay, I am not proud; that is n
I am presently acquainted, when I know
ny; but this gentlewoman is a stranger tc

Wid. She is your mistress. I have sp
word for you. Make her a bow, and
her.

Dan. Kiss her! have a care what you s
rant she scorns your words. Such fine f
used to be slopp'd and kiss'd. Do you tl
know that, mother?

Wid. Try her, try her, man. [Dani
thrusts him forward.] Why, that's well done
her.

Dan. Is the devil in the woman? Wh
go nearer her, if you would let a body
his mother.] Cry you mercy, forsooth; m
always shaming one before company.
have me as unmannerly as herself, and o
you.

Wid. Why, won't you kiss her?

Dan. Why, pray, may I?

Wid. Kiss her, kiss her, man.

Dan. Marry, and I will. [*Kisses her.*] Gadzooks, she kisses rarely! An' please you, mistress, and, seeing my mother will have it so, I don't much care if I kiss you again, forsooth. [*Kisses her again.*

Luc. Well, how do you like me now?

Dan. Like you! Marry, I don't know. You have bewitched me, I think. I was never so in my born days before.

Wid. You must marry this fine woman, Daniel.

Dan. Hey-day! marry her! I was never married in all my life. What must I do with her then, mother?

Wid. You must live with her, eat and drink with her, go to bed with her, and sleep with her.

Dan. Nay, marry, if I must go to bed with her, I shall never sleep, that's certain: she'll break me of my rest, quite and clean, I can tell you before-hand. As for eating and drinking with her, why, I have a good stomach, and can play my part in any company. But how do you think I can go to bed to a woman I don't know?

Well. You shall know her better.

Dan. Say you so, Sir?

Well. Kiss her again. [Daniel *kisses* Lucy.

Dan. Nay, kissing, I find, will make us presently acquainted. We'll steal into a corner to practise a little; and then I shall be able to do any thing.

Well. The young man mends apace.

Wid. Pray don't baulk him.

Dan. Mother, mother, if you'll stay in the room

by me, and promise not to leave me, I doi
for once, if I venture to go to bed with her.

Wid. There's a good child; go in, and pu
best clothes. Pluck up a spirit; I'll stay in t
by thee. She won't hurt thee, I warrant th

Dan. Nay, as to that matter, I am not a
her. I'll give her as good as she brings. I
Rowland for her Oliver, and so thou may te

Wid. Mrs. Lucy, we sha'n't stay for you: y
readiness, I suppose.

Well. She is always ready to do what I wo
her, I must say that for my sister.

Wid. 'Twill be her own another day, M
don; we'll marry them out of hand, and the

Well. And then, Mrs. Lackitt, look to yo

Enter OROONOKO *and* BLANDFORD.

" *Oro.* You grant I have good reason to s
" All the professions you can make to me.
" *Blan.* Indeed you have.
" *Oro.* The dog that sold me did profess a
" As you can do—But yet, I know not why
" Whether it is because I'm fallen so low,
" And have no more to fear—That is not it
" I am a slave no longer than I please.
" 'Tis something nobler—Being just myself,
" am inclining to think others so:
s that prevails upon me to believe you.

" *Blan.* You may believe me.
" *Oro.* I do believe you.
" From what I know of you, you are no fool:
" Fools only are the knaves, and live by tricks:
" Wise men may thrive without them, and be honest.
" *Blan.* They won't all take your counsel. [*Aside.*"
Oro. " You know my story, and" you say you are
A friend to my misfortunes: that's a name
Will teach you what you owe yourself and me.
Blan. I'll study to deserve to be your friend.
When once our noble governor arrives,
With him you will not need my interest:
He is too generous not to feel your wrongs.
But be assur'd I will employ my pow'r,
And find the means to send you home again.
Oro. I thank you, Sir—My honest, wretched friends!
[*Sighing.*
Their chains are heavy: they have hardly found
So kind a master. May I ask you, Sir,
What is become of them? Perhaps I should not.
You will forgive a stranger.
Blan. I'll enquire,
And use my best endeavours, where they are,
To have them gently us'd.
Oro. Once more I thank you.
You offer every cordial that can keep
My hopes alive, to wait a better day.
What friendly care can do, you have apply'd:
But, oh! I have a grief admits no cure.

Blan. You do not know, Sir——

Oro. Can you raise the dead?
Pursue and overtake the wings of time,
And bring about again the hours, the days,
The years that made me happy?

Blan. That is not to be done.

Oro. No, there is nothing to be done for me
[*Kneeling and kissing t*
Thou god ador'd! thou ever-glorious sun!
If she be yet on earth, send me a beam
Of thy all-seeing pow'r to light me to her;
Or, if thy sister goddess has preferr'd
Her beauty to the skies, to be a star,
Oh, tell me where she shines, that I may stan
Whole nights, and gaze upon her.

Blan. I am rude, and interrupt you.

Oro. I am troublesome:
But pray, give me your pardon. My swoll'n
Bursts out its passage, and I must complain,
(Oh, can you think of nothing dearer to me!
Dearer than liberty, my country, friends,
Much dearer than my life?) that I have lost
The tend'rest, best belov'd, and loving wife.

Blan. Alas, I pity you!

Oro. Do, pity me:
Pity's akin to love; and every thought
Of that soft kind is welcome to my soul.
I would be pity'd here.
. I dare not ask
an you please to tell me: but if you

Think it convenient to let me know
Your story, I dare promise you to bear
A part in your distress, if not assist you.

Oro. Thou honest-hearted man! I wanted such,
Just such a friend as thou art, that would sit
Still as the night, and let me talk whole days
Of my Imoinda. Oh, I'll tell thee all
From first to last! and, pray, observe me well.

Blan. I will, most heedfully.

Oro. There was a stranger in my father's court,
Valu'd and honour'd much. He was a white,
The first I ever saw of your complexion.
He chang'd his god for ours, and so grew great,
Of many virtues, and so fam'd in arms,
He still commanded all my father's wars.
I was bred under him. One fatal day,
The armies joining, he before me stepp'd,
Receiving in his breast a poison'd dart
Levell'd at me. He dy'd within my arms.
I've tir'd you already.

Blan. Pray, go on.

Oro. He left an only daughter, whom he brought
An infant to Angola. When I came
Back to the court, a happy conqueror,
Humanity oblig'd me to condole
With this sad virgin, for a father's loss;
Lost for my safety. I presented her
With all the slaves of battle, to atone
Her father's ghost. But, when I saw her face,

And heard her speak, I offered up myself
To be the sacrifice. She bow'd and blush'd,
I wonder'd and ador'd. The sacred pow'r
That had subdu'd me, then inspir'd my tongue
Inclin'd her heart, and all our talk was love.

Blan. Then you were happy.

Oro. Oh, I was too happy!
I marry'd her: and, though my country's cust
Indulg'd the privilege of many wives,
I swore myself never to know but her.
She grew with child, and I grew happier still.
Oh, my Imoinda! but it could not last.
Her fatal beauty reach'd my father's ears:
He sent for her to court, where, cursed court!
No woman comes but for his amorous use.
He raging to possess her, she was forc'd
To own herself my wife. The furious king
Started at incest; but grown desperate,
Not daring to enjoy what he desir'd,
In mad revenge, (which I could never learn)
He poison'd her, or sent her far, far off,
Far from my hopes ever to see her more.

Blan. Most barbarous of fathers! The sad ta
Has struck me dumb with wonder.

Oro. I have done.
I'll trouble you no farther. Now and then
A sigh will have its way; that shall be all.

Enter STANMORE.

Stan. Blandford, the lieutenant-governor is g

r plantation. He desires you would bring the al slave with you. The sight of his fair mistress, ays, is an entertainment for a prince. He would e his opinion of her.

Oro. Is he a lover?

Blan. So he says himself: he flatters a beautiful ve that I have, and calls her mistress.

Oro. Must he then flatter her to call her mistress? pity the proud man, who thinks himself bove being in love. What, tho' she be a slave, he may deserve him.

Blan. You shall judge of that when you see her, Sir.

Oro. I go with you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Plantation. *Lieutenant Governor following* IMOINDA.

Gov. I have disturb'd you. I confess my faults, My fair Clemene; "but begin again,
'And I will listen to your mournful song,
'Sweet as the soft, complaining nightingale's;
'While every note calls out my trembling soul,
'And leaves me silent, as the midnight groves,
'Only to shelter you." Sing, sing again,
And let me wonder at the many ways
You have to ravish me.

Imo. Oh, I can weep
Enough for you and me, if that will please you.

Gov. You must not weep: I come to dr
tears,
And raise you from your sorrow. Look upo
" Look with the eyes of kind indulging love,
" That I may have full cause for what I say:
I came to offer you your liberty,
And be myself the slave. You turn away;
[*Follow*
But every thing becomes you. I may take
This pretty hand: I know your modesty
Would draw it back; but you would take it i
If I should let it go; I know ye would.
You shall be gently forc'd to please yourself:
That you will thank me for.
[*She ſtruggles and gets her hand from him, then he kiss her.*
Nay, if you struggle with me, I must take—
Imo. You may my life, that I can part with

Enter BLANDFORD, STANMORE, *and* OROO

Blan. So, Governor, we don't disturb y
hope.
Your mistress has left you. You were making
She's thankful for the honour, I suppose.
Gov. Quite insensible to all I say and do.
When I speak to her, she sighs, or weeps;
But never answers me as I would have her.
I. There's something nearer than her sl
iches her.

Blan. What do her fellow slaves say of her? Can't they find the cause.

Gov. Some of them, who pretend to be wiser than the rest, and hate her, I suppose, for being used better than they are, will needs have it that she is with child.

Blan. Poor wretch! if it be so, I pity her. She has lost a husband, that, perhaps, was dear To her; and then you cannot blame her.

Oro. If it be so, indeed you cannot blame her. [*Sighing.*

Gov. No, no, it is not so. If it be so, I must still love her; and, desiring still, I must enjoy her.

Blan. Try what you can do with fair means, and welcome.

Gov. I'll give you ten slaves for her.

Blan. You know she is our lord governor's; but, if I could dispose of her, I would not now, especially to you.

Gov. Why not to me?

Blan. I mean against her will. You are in love with her;
And we all know what your desires would have.
Love stops at nothing but possession.
" Were she within your pow'r, you do not know
" How soon you would be tempted to forget
" The nature of the deed, and, may be, act
" A violence you after would repent."

Oro. 'Tis godlike in you to protect the weak.

Gov. Fie, fie! I would not force her. Th
A slave, her mind is free, and should cons
Oro. Such honour will engage her to cons
And then, if you're in love, she's worth th
Shall we not see the wonder?
Gov. Have a care;
You have a heart, and she has conqu'ring e
Oro. I have a heart; but if it could be fal
To my first vows, ever to love again,
These honest hands should tear it from my
And throw the traitor from me. Oh, Imoi
Living, or dead, I can be only thine!
Blan. Imoinda was his wife: she's either
Or, living, dead to him: forc'd from his a
By an inhuman father. Another time
I'll tell you all. [*To the* Gov.
Stan. Hark! the slaves have done their w
And now begins their evening merriment.
Blan. The men are all in love with fair C
As much as you are; and the women hate h
From an instinct of natural jealousy.
They sing, and dance, and try their little t
To entertain her, and divert her sadness.
May be she is among them. Shall we see.

SCENE III.

Slaves, men, women, and children, upon the ground; some rise and dance.

" A SONG, by a BOY.

" *A lass there lives upon the green,*
" *Could I her picture draw;*
" *A brighter nymph was never seen,*
" *That looks and reigns a little queen,*
" *And keeps the swains in awe.*

" *Her eyes are Cupid's darts and wings,*
" *Her eye-brows are his bow:*
" *Her silken hair the silver strings,*
" *Which sure and swift destruction brings*
" *To all the world below.*

" *If Pastorella's dawning light*
" *Can warm and wound us so,*
" *Her noon will shine so piercing bright,*
" *Each glancing beam will kill outright,*
" *And every swain subdue.*

" A SONG, by a MAN.

" *Bright Cynthia's power, divinely great,*
" *What heart is not obeying?*
" *A thousand Cupids on her wait,*
" *And in her eyes are playing.*

" *She seems the queen of love to reign;*
" *For she alone dispenses*
" *Such sweets as best can entertain*
" *The gust of all the senses.*

" *Her face a charming prospect brings;*
" *Her breath gives balmy blisses;*
" *I hear an angel when she sings,*
" *And taste of heav'n in kisses.*

" *Four senses thus she feasts with joy,*
" *From nature's richest treasure:*
" *Let me the other sense employ,*
" *And I shall die with pleasure.*"

During the entertainment, the Governor, Blandford
more, Oroonoko, *enter as spectators; that ende*
tain Driver, Jack Stanmore, *and several plant*
with their swords drawn. Drum beats, and a be
Capt. Where are you, Governor? Make
haste you can
To save yourself and the whole colony.
I bid them ring the bell.
Gov. What's the matter?
J. Stan. The Indians are come down up
they have plundered some of the plantations a
and
ng this way as fast as they can.
n we do against them?
be able to make a stand, ti
o us.

J. Stan. There are a great many more without, if you would shew yourself, and put us in order.

Gov. There's no danger of the white slaves, they'll not stir. Blandford and Stanmore, come you along with me. Some of you stay here to look after the black slaves.

[*All go out but the captain and six planters, who all at once seize* Oroonoko.

1st Plant. Ay, ay, let us alone.

Capt. In the first place we secure you, Sir,
As an enemy to government.

Oro. Are you there, Sir? You are my constant friend.

1st. Plant. You will be able to do a great deal of mischief.

Capt. But we shall prevent you: bring the irons hither. He has the malice of a slave in him, and would be glad to be cutting his masters throats. I know him. Chain his hands and feet, that he may not run over to 'em. If they have him, they'll carry him on their backs, that I can tell 'em.

[*As they are chaining him,* Blandford *enters, runs to 'em.*

Blan. What are you doing there?

Capt. Securing the main chance: this is a bosom enemy.

Blan. Away, you brutes: I'll answer with my life for his behaviour; so tell the governor.

Capt. and *Plant.* Well, Sir, so we will.

[*Exeunt captain and planters.*

— Thou art a worm, and I'll preserve you
... Imoinda ...
... Indians ...
... Inkonoka ...
Blunderbore. Inkonoka, come on.

Ink. Hell and the devil drive all
slaves before our lines. Governor, can you
tamely see, and suffer this Clemene, Sir, you
are a ... among 'em.

Gov. We throw ourselves away, in the attempt.

Ink. A braver manner will more glorious,
Than all the cause of love. He, that deserves
His mistress' favour, will not stay behind:
I'll lead you on, be bold, and follow me.

[Inkonoka ... the rest of the planters, full
Indians ... and beat them off.

Enter IMOINDA.

Imo. I'm tost about by my tempestuous fate,
And no where must have rest: Indians, or I
Whoever has me, I am still a slave.
No matter whose I am, since I'm no more
My royal master's; since I'm his no more.
Oh, I was happy! nay, I will be happy,
In the dear thought that I am still his wife,
... r divided from him.

[*Draws off to a corner of*

Enter the Governor with OROONOKO, BLANDFORD, STANMORE, *and the planters.*

Gov. Thou glorious man! thou something greater sure
Than Cæsar ever was! that single arm
Has sav'd us all: accept our general thanks.
[*All bow to* Oroonoko.
And what can we do more to recompense
Such noble services, you shall command.
Clemene too shall thank you——she is safe——
Look up, and bless your brave deliverer.
[*Brings* Clemene *forward, looking down on the ground.*
Oro. Bless me indeed!
Blan. You start!
Oro. Oh, all you gods,
Who govern this great world, and bring about
Things strange and unexpected! can it be?
Gov. What is't you stare at so?
Oro. Answer me, some of you; you who have pow'r,
And have your senses free: or are you all
Struck through with wonder too?
[*Looking still fixed on her.*
Blan. What would you know?
Oro. My soul steals from my body through my eyes;
All that is left of life I'll gaze away,
And die upon the pleasure.

Gov. This is strange!

Oro. If you but mock me with her image here:
If she be not Imoinda——
[*She looks upon him, and falls into a swoon; he runs to her.*
Ha! she faints!
Nay, then it must be she: it is Imoinda:
My heart confesses her, and leaps for joy,
To welcome her to her own empire here.
" I feel her all, in ev'ry part of me.
" Oh, let me press her in my eager arms,
" Wake her to life, and with this kindling kiss
" Give back that soul, she only lent me. [*Kisses her.*
" *Gov.* I am amaz'd!
" *Blan.* I am as much as you.
" *Oro.*" Imoinda! Oh, thy Oroonoko calls.
[Imoinda *coming to life.*

Imo. My Oroonoko! Oh, I can't believe
What any man can say. But, if I am
To be deceiv'd, there's something in that name,
That voice, that face—— [*Staring at him.*
Oh, if I know myself, I cannot be mistaken.
[*Runs and embraces* Oroonoko.

Oro. Never here:
You cannot be mistaken: I am yours,
Your Oroonoko, all that you would have,
Your tender loving husband.

Imo. All indeed
That I would have: my husband! then I am
Alive, and waking to the joys I feel:
They were so great, I could not think 'em true;

believe all that you say to me:
uth itself and everlasting love
s in this breast, and pleasure in these arms.
Take, take me all: enquire into my heart,
know the way to ev'ry secret there)
art, the sacred treasury of love:
, in absence, I have misemploy'd
: from the rich store; if I have spent
, a sigh, but what I sent to you;
be curs'd to wish and sigh in vain,
ou not pity me.
Oh, I believe,
now you by myself. If these sad eyes,
ast we parted, have beheld the face
comfort, or once wish'd to see
ght of any other heav'n but you,
be struck this moment blind, and lose
lessed sight, never to find you more.
Imoinda! Oh, this separation
ade you dearer, if it can be so,
ou were ever to me. You appear
kind star to my benighted steps,
de me on my way to happiness:
ot miss it now. Governor, friend,
ink me mad: but let me bless you all,
any ways, have been the instruments
ing her again. Imoinda's found!
'ry thing that I would have in her.

[Embracing her with the most passionate fondness.

Where's your mistress now, governor?

Oro. Aboan!
Abo. Your lowest slave.
Oro. My try'd and valu'd friend!
This worthy man always prevents my wants:
I only wish'd, and he has brought thee to me.
Thou art surpris'd! Carry thy duty there;
[Aboan *goes to* Imoinda, *and falls at her fe*
While I acknowledge mine. How shall I thank yo
Blan. Believe me honest to your interest,
And I am more than paid. I have secur'd
That all your followers shall be gently us'd,
Shall wait upon your person, while you stay
Among us.
Oro. I owe ev'ry thing to you.
Blan. You must not think you are in slavery.
Oro. I do not find I am.
Blan. Kind Heav'n has miraculously sent
Those comforts, that may teach you to expe
Its farther care, in your deliverance.
Oro. I sometimes think myself, Heav'n is
For my deliverance.
Blan. It will be soon;
You may expect it. Pray, in the mean ti
Appear as cheerful as you can among us.
You have some enemies, that represent
You dangerous, and would be glad to fi
A reason, in your discontent, to fear:
They watch your looks. But there are
Who are your friends: you are secur'd
Oro. I thank you for your caution.

more to me than the extended plains
my great father's kingdom. Here I reign
full delights, in joys to pow'r unknown;
ur love my empire, and your heart my throne.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter ABOAN, *with several Slaves, and* HOTMAN.

Hotman.

'HAT! to be slaves to cowards! Slaves to rogues,
o can't defend themselves!

Abo. Who is this fellow? he talks as if he were acainted with our design: is he one of us?

[*Aside to his own gang.*

Slave. Not yet: but he will be glad to make one, I lieve.

Abo. He makes a mighty noise.

Hot. Go, sneak in corners; whisper out your griefs,
r fear your masters hear you: cringe and crouch
ıder the bloody whip, like beaten curs,
ıat lick their wounds, and know no other cure.
ll, wretches all! you feel their cruelty,
; much as I can feel, but dare not groan.
r my part, while I have a life and tongue,
l curse the authors of my slavery.

Abo. Have you been long a slave?

Hot. Yes, many years.

Abo. And do you only curse?

Hot. Curse! only curse! I cannot conjure
To raise the spirits up of other men:
I am but one. Oh, for a soul of fire,
To warm and animate our common cause,
And make a body of us, then I would
Do something more than curse.

Abo. That body set on foot, you would be one,
A limb, to lend it motion.

Hot. I would be
The heart of it; the head, the hand, and heart:
Would I could see the day!

Abo. You will do all yourself.

Hot. I would do more
Than I shall speak, but I may find a time——

Abo. The time may come to you; be ready for't.
Methinks he talks too much; I'll know him more,
Before I trust him farther. [*Aside.*

Slave. If he dares
Half what he says, he'll be of use to us.

Enter BLANDFORD.

Blan. If there be any one among you here
That did belong to Oroonoko, speak,
I come to him.

Abo. I did belong to him; Aboan my name.

Blan. You are the man I want: pray come with me.
[*Exeunt.*

As painful, and as quick, as yours can be.
I feel for my Imoinda and myself;
Imoinda, much the tenderest part of me.
But though I languish for my liberty,
I would not buy it at the Christian price
Of black ingratitude: they sha'not say,
That we deserv'd our fortune by our crimes.
Murder the innocent!

Abo. The innocent!

Oro. These men are so, whom you would rise against:
If we are slaves, they did not make us slaves;
But bought us in an honest way of trade,
As we have done before 'em, bought and sold
Many a wretch, and never thought it wrong.
" They paid our price for us, and we are now
" Their property, a part of their estate,
" To manage as they please. Mistake me not."
I do not tamely say, that we should bear
All they could lay upon us: but we find
The load so light, so little to be felt,
(Considering they have us in their pow'r,
And may inflict what grievances they please)
We ought not to complain.

Abo. My royal lord!
You do not know the heavy grievances,
The toils, the labours, weary drudgeries,
Which they impose; burdens more fit for beasts,
For senseless beasts to bear, than thinking men.
Then if you saw the bloody cruelties

They execute on every slight offence;
Nay, sometimes in their proud, insulting sp
How worse than dogs they lash their fellow
Your heart would bleed for 'em. Oh, could
How many wretches lift their hands and eye
To you for their relief!

Oro. I pity 'em,
And wish I could with honesty do more.

Abo. You must do more, and may, with
Oh, royal Sir, remember who you are:
A prince, born for the good of other men;
Whose god-like office is to draw the sword
Against oppression, and set free mankind:
And this I'm sure you think oppression now
What though you have not felt these miseri
Never believe you are oblig'd to them:
They have their selfish reasons, may be, nc
For using of you well: but there will come
A time, when you must have your share of

Oro. You see how little cause I have to thi
Favour'd in my own person, in my friends
Indulg'd in all that can concern my care,
In my Imoinda's soft society. [*Emb*

Abo. And therefore would you lie content
In the forgetfulness, and arms of love,
To get young princes for 'em?

Oro. Say'st thou! ha!

Abo. Princes, the heirs of empire, and th
Of your illustrious lineage, to be born
To pamper up their pride, and be their slav

Oro. Imoinda! save me, save me from that thought.

" *Imo.* There is no safety from it: I have long
" Suffer'd it with a mother's labouring pains;
" And can no longer. Kill me, kill me now,
" While I am bless'd, and happy in your love;
" Rather than let me live to see you hate me:
" As you must hate me; me, the only cause,
" The fountain of these flowing miseries:
" Dry up the spring of life, this pois'nous spring,
" That swells so fast, to overwhelm us all.

" *Oro.*" Shall the dear babe, the eldest of my hopes,
Whom I begot a prince, be born a slave?
The treasure of this temple was design'd
To enrich a kingdom's fortune: shall it here
Be seiz'd upon by vile unhallow'd hands,
To be employ'd in uses most profane?

Abo. In most unworthy uses; think of that;
And, while you may, prevent it. " Oh, my lord,
" Rely on nothing that they say to you.
" They speak you fair, I know, and bid you wait:
" But think what 'tis to wait on promises,
" And promises of men who know no tie
" Upon their words, against their interest:
" And where's their interest in freeing you?

" *Imo.* Oh, where indeed, to lose so many slaves?

" *Abo.* Nay, grant this man, you think so much
" your friend,
" Be honest, and intends all that he says;
" He is but one; and in a government,

" Where, he confesses, you have enemies,
" That watch your looks; what looks can yo
" To please these men, who are before resol
" To read 'em their own way? Alas, my lo
" If they incline to think you dangerous,
" They have their knavish arts to make you
" And then who knows how far their cruelty
" May carry their revenge!

" *Imo.* To every thing
" That does belong to you, your friends and
" I shall be torn from you, forced away,
" Helpless and miserable: shall I live
" To see that day again?

" *Oro.* That day shall never come."

Abo. I know you are persuaded to believe
The governor's arrival will prevent
These mischiefs, and bestow your liberty:
But who is sure of that? I rather fear
More mischiefs from his coming. He is you
Luxurious, passionate, and amorous:
Such a complexion, and made bold by pow'r
To countenance all he is prone to do,
Will know no bounds, no law against his lust
If, in a fit of his intemperance,
With a strong hand he shall resolve to seize,
And force my royal mistress from your arms,
How can you help yourself?

Oro. Ha! thou hast rous'd
The lion in his den; he stalks abroad,
And the wide forest trembles at his roar.

I find the danger now. My spirits start
At the alarm, and from all quarters come
To man my heart, the citadel of love.
Is there a pow'r on earth to force you from me,
And shall I not resist it? " nor strike first
" To keep, to save you: to prevent that curse?
" This is your cause, and shall it not prevail?"
Oh, you were born always to conquer me.
Now I am fashion'd to thy purpose: speak,
What combination, what conspiracy,
Would'st thou engage me in? I'll undertake
All thou would'st have me now for liberty,
For the great cause of love and liberty.

Abo. Now, my great master, you appear yourself.
And, since we have you join'd in our design,
It cannot fail us. I have muster'd up
The choicest slaves, men who are sensible
Of their condition, and seem most resolv'd:
They have their several parties.

Oro. Summon 'em,
Assemble 'em: I will come forth and shew
Myself among 'em: if they are resolv'd,
I'll lead their foremost resolutions.

Abo. I have provided those will follow you.

Oro. With this reserve in our proceedings still,
The means that lead us to our liberty
Must not be bloody.

" *Abo.* You command in all.
" We shall expect you, Sir.
" *Oro.* You sha'not long."

Well. 'Twill be a great while indeed.

Wid. In the mean time, Mr. Welldon——

Well. Why in the mean time——Here's company: We'll settle that within; I'll follow you. [*Exit Widow.*

Enter STANMORE.

Stan. So, Sir, you carry on your business swimmingly: you have stolen a wedding, I hear.

Well. Ay, my sister is married: and I am very near being run away with myself.

Stan. The widow will have you then.

Well. You come very seasonably to my rescue. Jack Stanmore is to be had, I hope.

Stan. At half an hour's warning.

Well. I must advise with you. [*Exeunt.*

" *SCENE II.*

" *The Country.* *Enter* OROONOKO *with* ABOAN, " HOTMAN, *and Slaves.*

" *Oro.* Impossible! nothing's impossible:
" We know our strength only by being try'd.
" If you object the mountains, rivers, woods
" Unpassable, that lie before our march:
" Woods we can set on fire: we swim by nature:
" What can oppose us then but we may tame?
" All things submit to virtuous industry:
" That we carry with us, that is ours.

" *Slav.* Great Sir, we have attended all you said,

h silent joy and admiration:
l, were we only men, would follow such,
reat a leader, through the untry'd world.
, oh, consider we have other names,
bands and fathers, and have things more dear
us than life, our children and our wives,
t for such an expedition:
at must become of them?
v. We wo'not wrong
virtue of our women, to believe
re is a wife among them would refuse
hare her husband's fortune. What is hard,
must make easy to them in our love: while we
" live,
l have our limbs, we can take care of them;
refore I still propose to lead our march
rn to the sea, and plant a colony;
ere, in our native innocence, we shall live
:, and be able to defend ourselves,
stress of weather, or some accident,
ride a ship for us.
bo. An accident!
luckiest accident presents itself;
very ship that brought and made us slaves
ns in the river still; I see no cause
we may seize on that.
v. It shall be so:
re is a justice in it pleases me.
you *agree to it?* [*To the slaves.*
nes. *We follow you.*

" *Oro.* You do not relish it. [*To* Hotman.
" *Hot.* I'm afraid
" You'll find it difficult and dangerous.
" *Abo.* Are you the man to find the dangers first?
" You should have giv'n example. Dangerous!
" I thought you had not understood the word;
" You, who would be the head, the hand and heart?
" Sir, I remember you; you can talk well;
" I wo'not doubt but you'll maintain your word.
" *Oro.* This fellow is not right, I'll try him fur-
" ther. [*To* Aboan.
" The danger will be certain to us all,
" And death most certain in miscarrying.
" We must expect no mercy, if we fail:
" Therefore our way must be, not to expect:
" We'll put it out of expectation,
" By death upon the place, or liberty.
" There is no mean, but death, or liberty.
" There's no man here, I hope, but comes prepar'd
" For all that can befal him.
" *Abo.* Death is all:
" In most conditions of humanity
" To be desir'd, but to be shunn'd by none:
" The remedy of many, wish of some,
" And certain end of all.
" If there be one among us, who can fear
" The face of death, appearing like a friend,
" (As, in this cause of honour, death must be)
ow will he tremble when he sees him dress'd
the wild fury of our enemies,

ıe terrors of their cruelty?
r, if we should fall into their hands,
hey invent a thousand murd'ring ways,
ing torments, we should feel them all.
What will become of us?
Observe him now. [*To* Abo. *concerning* Hot.
die, altogether like a man,
and you, and all of us must do;
ı can answer for his bravery
e rack, where fainting, weary life,
thro' every limb, is forc'd to feel
ıizing death of all its parts?
ı bear this? Resolve to be impal'd,
flea'd off, and roasted yet alive;
'ring flesh torn from his broken bones
ing pincers? Who can bear these pains?
'hey are not to be borne.
[*Discovering all the confusion of fear.*
'ou see him now, this man of mighty words!
Iow his eyes roll!
[e cannot hide his fear.
im this way, and have found him out.
could not have believ'd it. Such a blaze,
a spark of fire!
lis violence
suspect; now I'm convinc'd.
What shall we do with him?
[e *is not fit*——
't! *hang him,* he is only fit to be

" Just what he is; to live and die a slave,
" The base companion of his servile fears.
" *Oro.* We are not safe with him.
" *Abo.* Do you think so?
" *Oro.* He'll certainly betray us.
" *Abo.* That he shan't:
" I can take care of that: I have a way
" To take him off his evidence.
" *Oro.* What way?
" *Abo.* I'll stop his mouth before you; stab him
" here,
" And then let him inform.
" [*Going to stab* Hotman, Oroonoko *holds him.*
" *Oro.* Thou art not mad?
" *Abo.* I would secure ourselves.
" *Oro.* It sha'not be this way; nay, cannot be:
" His murder will alarum all the rest,
" Make them suspect us of barbarity.
" And, may be, fall away from our design.
" We'll not set out in blood. We have, my friends,
" This night to furnish what we can provide
" For our security and just defence.
" If there be one amongst us, we suspect
" Of baseness, or vile fear, it will become
" Our common care to have an eye on him.
" I wo'not name the man.
" *Abo.* You guess at him. [*To* Hotman.
" *Oro.* To-morrow early as the breaking day,
" *We rendezvous* behind the citron-grove.
" *That ship* secur'd, we may transport ourselves

" To our respective homes. My father's kingdom
" Shall open her wide arms to take you in,
" And nurse you for her own, adopt you all,
" All who will follow me.
" *Omnes.* All, all follow you.
" *Oro.* There I can give you all your liberty;
" Bestow its blessings, and secure them yours.
" There you shall live with honour, as becomes
" My fellow-sufferers and worthy friends.
" Thus, if we do succeed: but if we fall
" In our attempt, 'tis nobler still to die,
" Than drag the galling yoke of slavery. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter WELLDON " *and* JACK STANMORE.

" *Welldon.*

" You see, honest Jack, I have been industrious " for you; you must take some pains now to serve " yourself.

" *J. Stan.* Gad, Mr. Welldon, I have taken a " great deal of pains; and, if the widow speak ho- " nestly, faith and troth, she'll tell you what a pains- " taker I am.

" *Well.* Fie, fie! not me. I am her husband, you " know. She won't tell me what pains you have " *taken with her:* besides, she takes you for me.

" *J. Stan.* That's true; I forgot you had married " her. But if you knew all——

" *Well.* 'Tis no matter for my knowing all, if she " does.

" *J. Stan.* Ay, ay, she does know, and more than " ever she knew since she was a woman, for the time, " I will be bold to say; for I have done——

" *Well.* The devil take you; for you'll never have " done.

" *J. Stan.* As old as she is, she has a wrinkle be- " hind more than she had, I believe; for I have " taught her what she never knew in her life before.

" *Well.* What care I what wrinkles she has, or " what you have taught her; if you'll let me advise " you, you may; if not, you may prate on, and ruin " the whole design.

" *J. Stan.* Well, well, I have done.

" *Well.* Nobody but your cousin, and you, and I, " know any thing of this matter. I have married " Mrs. Lackitt, and put you to bed to her, which " she knows nothing of, to serve you. In two or " three days I'll bring it about so, to resign up my " claim, and with her consent, quietly to you.

" *J. Stan.* But how will you do it?

" *Well.* That must be my business. In the mean " time, if you should make any noise, 'twill come " to her ears, and be impossible to reconcile her.

" *J. Stan.* Nay, as for that, I know the way to " reconcile her, I warrant you.

l. But how will you get her money? I am
:d to her.

Stan. That I don't know, indeed.

l. You must leave it to me, you find. All
ins I shall put you to, will be to be silent.
an hold your tongue for two or three days?

Stan. Truly, not well in a matter of this na-
I should be very unwilling to lose the repu-
of this night's work, and the pleasure of tell-

l. You must mortify that vanity a little. You
ave time enough to brag and lie of your
od, when you have her in a bare-fac'd con-
to disprove you.

Stan. Well, I'll try what I can do; the hopes
: money must do it.

l. You'll come at night again? 'Tis your own
:ss.

Stan. But you have the credit on't.

l. 'Twill be your own another day, as the
r says. Send your cousin to me: I want his
:.

Stan. I want to be recruited, I am sure. A
breakfast, and to bed. She has rock'd my
: sufficiently. [*Exit.*

l. She would have a husband; and if all be
says, she has no reason to complain; but
is no relying on what men say upon these
ons: *they have the benefit* of their bragging,
ommending their abilities to other women:

" theirs is a trading estate, that lives upon credit,
" and increases by removing it out of one bank into
" another. Now poor women have not these oppor-
" tunities: we must keep our stocks dead by us, at
" home, to be ready for a purchase, when it comes,
" a husband, let him be never so dear, and be glad
" of him: or venture our fortunes abroad on such
" rotten security, that the principal and interest,
" nay, very often, our persons are in danger. If
" the women would agree (which they never will) to
" call home their effects, how many proper gentle-
" men would sneak into another way of living, for
" want of being responsible in this? Then husbands
" would be cheaper. Here comes the widow; she'll
" tell the truth; she'll not bear false witness against
" her own interest, I know."

Enter Widow LACKITT.

Well. Now, Mrs. Lackitt.

Wid. Well, well, Lackitt, or what you will now, now I am married to you. I am very well pleased with what I have done, I assure you.

Well. And with what I have done too, I hope.

Wid. Ah, Mr. Welldon! I say nothing; but you're a dear man, and I did not think it had been in you.

Well. I have more in me than you imagine.

Wid. No, no, you can't have more than I imagine. 'Tis impossible to have more. You have enough for any woman, in an honest way, that I will say for you.

Then I find you are satisfied.

Satisfied! no, indeed, I'm not to be satis-
h you or without you. To be satisfied is to
ough of you: now 'tis a folly to lie; I shall
ink I can have enough of you. I shall be
d of you. Would you have me fond of
What do you do to me, to make me love you
?

Can't you tell what?

Go, there's no speaking to you. You bring
blood of one's body into one's face, so you
Why do you talk so?

Why, how do I talk?

You know how: but a little colour becomes
elieve. How do I look to-day?

Oh, most lovingly, most amiably!

Nay, this can't be long a secret, I find; I
scover it by my countenance.

The women will find you out, you look so
illy.

But do I, do I really look so cheerfully, so
y? There is no such paint in the world as the
glowing of a complexion. Let them find
if they please; poor creatures! I pity them.
envy me, I'm sure, and would be glad to
their looks upon the same occasion. The
jill-flirting girls, forsooth, believe nobody
ave a husband but themselves: but I would
em to know there are other things to be
re of, besides their green-sickness.

"*Well.* Ay, sure, or the physicians would have "but little practice."

Wid. Mr. Welldon, what must I call you? I must have some pretty fond name or other for you. What shall I call you?

Well. I thought you lik'd my own name.

Wid. Yes, yes, I like it; but I must have a nick-name for you. Most women have nick-names for their husbands.

Well. Cuckold.

Wid. No, no; but 'tis very pretty before company: it looks negligent, and is the fashion, you know.

Well. To be negligent of their husbands, it is, indeed.

Wid. Nay, then, I won't be in the fashion; for I can never be negligent of dear Mr. Welldon; and, to convince you, here's something to encourage you not to be negligent of me.

[*Gives him a purse and a little casket.*

Five hundred pounds in gold in this, and jewels to the value of five hundred pounds more in this.

[Welldon *opens the casket.*

Well. Ay, marry, this will encourage me indeed.

Wid. There are comforts in marrying an elderly woman, Mr. Welldon. Now a young woman would have fancied she had paid you with her person, or had done you the favour.

Well. What do you talk of young women? You are as young as any of them, in every thing but their folly and ignorance.

nd do you think me so? But I have no rea-
pect you. Was I not seen at your house this
do you think?
ou'll venture again; you'll come at night, I

h, dear, at night! so soon?
lay, if you think it so soon.
h, no! 'tis not for that, Mr. Welldon;

ou won't come then?
Von't! I don't say I won't: that is not a
a wife. If you command me——
o please yourself.
will come to please you.
o please yourself; own it.
Vell, well, to please myself, then. You are
gest man in the world; nothing can 'scape
i'll to the bottom of every thing.

Enter DANIEL, LUCY *following*.

What would you have? What do you follow

Vhy mayn't I follow you? I must follow you
the world over.
Hold you, hold you there. Not so far by a
wo. I have enough of your company alrea-
lady, and something to spare. You may go
your brother, an you will; I have no farther
h you.

Wid. Why, Daniel, child, thou art not out of thy wits, sure, art thou?

Dan. Nay, marry, I don't know; but I am very near, I believe; I am alter'd for the worse mightily, since you saw me; and she has been the cause of it there.

Wid. How so, child?

Dan. I told you before what would come on't of putting me to bed to a strange woman; but you would not be said nay.

Wid. She is your wife now, child, you must love her.

Dan. Why, so I did, at first.

Wid. But you must love her always.

Dan. Always! I loved her as long as I could, mother, and as long as loving was good, I believe; for I find now I don't care a fig for her.

Luc. Why, you lubberly, slovenly, misbegotten blockhead——

Wid. Nay, Mrs. Lucy, say any thing else, and spare not. But, as to his begetting, that touches me. He is as honestly begotten, though I say it, that he is the worse again.

Luc. I see all good-nature is thrown away upon you.—

Wid. It was so with his father before him. He takes after him.

Luc. And therefore I will use you as you deserve, *you tony.*

Indeed he deserves bad enough; but don't

ll him out of his name: his name is Daniel, you ow.

Dan. She may call me hermaphrodite, if she will; r I hardly know whether I'm a boy or girl.

" *Wid.* A boy, I warrant thee, as long as thou livest.

" *Dan.* Let her call me what she pleases, mother; 'tis not her tongue that I'm afraid of.

" *Luc.* I will make such a beast of thee, such a cuckold!

" *Wid.* Oh, pray, no, I hope! Do nothing rashly, Mrs. Lucy.

" *Luc.* Such a cuckold I will make of thee——

" *Dan.* I had rather be a cuckold, than what you would make of me in a week, I'm sure. I have no more manhood left in me already, than there is, saving the mark, in one of my mother's old under-petticoats here.

" *Wid.* Sirrah, sirrah, meddle with your wife's petticoats, and let your mother's alone, you ungracious bird you. [*Beats him.*

" *Dan.* Why, is the devil in the woman? What have I said now? Do you know, if you were ask'd, I trow? But you are all of a bundle; e'en hang together; he that unties you, makes a rod for his own tail; and so he will find it that has any thing to do with you.

" *Wid.* Ay, rogue enough, you shall find it: I have a *rod for your tail still.*

" *Dan. No wife, and I* care not."

Wid. I'll swinge you into better manners, you b
by. [*Beats him off, and e*

Well. You have consummated our project u
him.

Luc. Nay, if I have a limb of the fortune, I c
not who has the whole body of the fool.

Well. That you shall, and a large one, I pron
you.

Luc. Have you heard the news? They talk of
English ship in the river.

Well. I have heard on't, and am preparing to
ceive it as fast as I can.

Luc. There's something the matter too with
slaves, some disturbance or other; I don't know w
it is.

Well. So much the better still. We fish in troul
waters. We shall have fewer eyes upon us. P
go you home, and be ready to assist me in your
of the design.

Luc. I can't fail in mine. [*I*

Well. The widow has furnished me, I thank he
carry it on. Now I have got a wife, 'tis high tim
think of getting a husband. I carry my fortune a
me; a thousand pounds in gold and jewels. Let
see—'twill be a considerable trust; and I think I
lay it out to advantage.

Enter STANMORE.

Stan. So, Welldon, Jack has told me his suc
and his hopes of marrying the widow by your

have strained a point, Stanmore, upon your
to be serviceable to your family.
take it upon my account, and am very much
you. But here we are all in an uproar.
o they say. What's the matter?
mutiny among the slaves. Oroonoko is at
of them. Our governor is gone out, with
ly militia, against them. What it may come
ly knows.
'or my part, I shall do as well as the rest:
oncerned for my sister and cousin, whom I
the ship from England.
'here is no danger of them.
have a thousand pounds here, in gold and
or my cousin's use, that I would more parti-
ke care of. 'Tis too great a sum to venture
and I would not have her wronged of it:
, to secure it, I think my best way will be to
your own keeping.
'ou have a very good opinion of my honesty.
[*Takes the purse and casket.*
have, indeed. If any thing should happen
this bustle, as nobody is secure of accidents,
'ou will take my cousin into your protection

. You may be sure on't.
. If you hear she is dead, as she may be, then
e you to accept of the thousand pounds as a
, and to*ken of my friend*ship—My sister is
ed for.

" *Stan.* Why, you amaze me! but you ar
" the nearer dying, I hope, for making your
" *Well.* Not a jot; but I love to be bolt
" with fortune. If she comes safe, this is not
" for a single woman, you know."—Pray,
married as soon as you can.

Stan. If she be as handsome as her pictur
promise her a husband.

Well. If you like her when you see her, I w
thing so much, as to have you marry her your
" *Stan.* From what I have heard of her,
" engagements to you, it must be her fault if
" I hope to have her from your own hand.
" *Well.* And I hope to give her to you, and
" *Stan.* Ay, ay; hang these melancholy re
" —Your generosity has engaged all my serv
Well. I always thought you worth making a
Stan. You shan't find your good opinion
away upon me. I am in your debt, and shall
as long as I live.

SCENE II.

The Country. Enter on one side of the stage OROO
ABOAN, *with the slaves.* IMOINDA *with a quiver. The women, some leading, others carry children upon their backs.*

Oro. The women, with their children, fall

you must not expose yourself.
y love; I almost fear for you.
ear no danger: life, or death, I will
h you.
y person is your guard.
Now, Sir, blame yourself;" if you had not
my cutting his throat, that coward there had
ered us. He comes now to upbraid you.

e other side the Governor, talking to HOTMAN, *with his rabble.*

iis is the very thing I would have wish'd.
est service to the government [*To* Hot.
ewarded with your liberty.
s honest service! call it what it is,
y, the service of his fear.
:nds to honest services,
and out, and meet me like a man.
[*Advancing.*
)ld you; and you who come against us,
)old;
/ou in a general good to all:
I could command you to prevent
ly havoc of the murd'ring sword.
ot urge destruction uncompell'd;
)u follow fate, you find it here.
ids are set, the limits of our lives;
us lies the gaping gulph of death,
)w all. Who *first* advances——

Enter the Captain, with his men.

Capt. Here, here, here they are, Governor!
What, seize upon my ship!
Come, boys, fall on——

[*Advancing first,* Oroonoko kills him.

Oro. Thou art fall'n indeed;
Thy own blood be upon thee.

Gov. Rest it there.
He did deserve his death. "Take him away."

[*The body remo*

You see, Sir, you and those mistaken men
Must be our witnesses, we do not come
As enemies, and thirsting for your blood.
If we desir'd your ruin, the revenge
Of our companion's death had push'd it on.
But that we overlook in a regard
To common safety, and the public good.

Oro. Regard that public good: draw off your m
And leave us to our fortune. We're resolv'd.

Gov. Resolv'd! on what? Your resolutions
Are broken, overturn'd, prevented, lost:
"What fortune now can you raise out of them?
"Nay, grant we should draw off, what can you
"Where can you move? What more can you
"solve,
"Unless it be to throw yourselves away?"
Famine must eat you up, if you go on.
You see our numbers could with ease compel
What we request; and what do we request?

ve yourselves.

men with their children gathering about the men.

l hear no more.

n. Hear him, hear him; he takes no care

> those poor wretches, who have been se-
luc'd
way, to all, and every one
a full pardon——
ıen fall on. [*Preparing to engage.*
ıy hold upon't before it be too late;
d mercy.

clinging about the men, they leave Oroonoko, *upon their faces, crying out for pardon.*

Pardon, mercy, pardon.

t them go all. Now, Governor, I see,
folly of my enterprise,
ıess of this action; and must blush,
ɔugh this veil of night, a whitely shame,
I could design to make those free,
by nature slaves; wretches design'd
ir masters dogs, and lick their feet.
whip them to the knowledge of your gods
Christian gods, who suffer you to be
, dishonest, cowardly, and base;
ve them your excuse for being so."
ıot live on the same earth with creatures,
have the faces of their kind.
ıld they look like *men*, who are not so?
y put off their noble natures for

The grov'ling qualities of down-cast beasts,
" I wish they had their tails.
" *Abo.* Then we should know them."
Oro. We were too few before for victory,
We're still enow to die. [*To* Imoinda *and* Aboan.

Enter BLANDFORD.

Gov. Live, royal Sir;
Live, and be happy long on your own terms;
Only consent to yield, and you shall have
What terms you can propose for you and yours.
Oro. Consent to yield! shall I betray myself?
" *Gov.* Alas, we cannot fear that your small force,
" The force of two, with a weak woman's arm,
" Should conquer us! I speak in the regard
" And honour of your worth, in my desire
" And forwardness to serve so great a man.
" I would not have it lie upon my thoughts,
" That I was the occasion of the fall
" Of such a prince, whose courage, carried on
" In a more noble cause, would well deserve
" The empire of the world.
" *Oro.* You can speak fair.
" *Gov.* Your undertaking, though it would have
" brought
" So great a loss to us, we must all say
" Was generous and noble; and shall be
" Regarded only as the fire of youth,
" That will break out sometimes in gallant souls;
We'll think it but the natural impulse,

impatience of liberty;
:rwise.
Think it what you will.
ot born to render an account
it I do, to any but myself.
[Blan. *comes forward.*"
'm glad you have proceeded by fair means.
[*To the governor.*
be a mediator.
y what you can to work upon him.
re you come against me too?
s this to come against you?
[*Offering his sword to* Oroonoko.
to put myself into your hands?
: hope, to serve you.
ou have serv'd me;
ou for't; and I am pleas'd to think
: my friend, while I had need of one;
'tis past; this farewel, and begone.
[*Embraces him.*
t is not past, and I must serve you still.
d make up these breaches, which the sword
/iden more, and close us all in love."
know what I have done; and I should be
to think they ever can forgive.
were there but that, I would not live
rgiven. Is there a power on earth,
ın ever need forgiveness from?
You sha'not need it.
, I wo'not need it.

Blan. You see he offers you your own conditions,
For you and yours.

Oro. Must I capitulate?
Precariously compound, on stinted terms,
To save my life?

Blan. Sir, he imposes none.
You make them for your own security.
" If your great heart cannot descend to treat,
" In adverse fortune, with an enemy,
" Yet sure your honour's safe; you may accept
" Offers of peace and safety from a friend."

Gov. He will rely on what you say to him. [*To* Blan.
Offer him what you can, I will confirm
And make all good. Be you my pledge of trust.

Blan. I'll answer with my life for all he says.

Gov. Ay, do, and pay the forfeit if you please.
[*Aside.*

Blan. Consider, Sir; can you consent to throw
That blessing from you, you so hardly found, [*Of* Imo.
And so much valu'd once?

Oro. Imoinda! Oh,
'Tis she that holds me on this argument
Of tedious life! I could resolve it soon,
Were this curs'd being only in debate.
But my Imoinda struggles in my soul:
She makes a coward of me, I confess.
I am afraid to part with her in death,
And more afraid of life, to lose her here.

Blan. This way you must lose her. Think upon
The weakness of her sex, made yet more weak

ondition, requiring rest,
ıdulging ease, to nurse your hope,
you a glad father.
:re I feel
:ondness, and a husband's love.
upon my heart, strain all its strings,
: to them from my stern resolve.
nd father! all the melting art
ıce lives in those soft'ning names.
! see the babe, with infant hands,
ır life, and begging to be born.
:orbid its birth, deny him light,
venly comforts of all cheering light,
ke the womb the dungeon of his death,
ding mother his sad monument?"
:he calls of nature, that call loud;
ıe heard, and conquer in their cause;
ot be a man who can resist them.
ıoinda, I will venture all
ee, and that little innocent.
may be a better friend to him,
e found it. Now I yield myself:

[*Gives up his sword.*

:t's past, and we are in your hands.
men get about Oroonoko *and* Aboan, *and*
iem.
you shall find you are. Dispose of them,
anded you.
ood Heav'n forbid! you cannot mean——
is not your concern.

[*To* Blandford, *who goes to* Oroonoko.

I must take care of you. [To Imoinda.

Imo. I'm at the end
Of all my care: here will I die with him.
[*Holding* Oroonoko.

Oro. You shall not force her from me. [*He holds her.*

Gov. Then I must [*They force her from him.*
Try other means, and conquer force by force:
Break, cut off his hold, bring her away.

Imo. I do not ask to live, kill me but here.

Oro. Oh, bloody dogs! Inhuman murd'rers!
[Imoinda *forced out of one door by the Governor and others.*
Oroonoko *and* Aboan *hurried out of another.* [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter STANMORE, LUCY, *and* CHARLOTTE.

Stanmore.

" 'Tis strange we cannot hear of him: can nobody
" give an account of him?

" *Luc.* Nay, I begin to despair; I give him for
" gone.

" *Stan.* Not so, I hope.

" *Luc.* There are so many disturbances in this de-
" vilish country! would we had never seen it!

" *Stan.* This is but a cold welcome for you, Ma-
" dam, after so troublesome a voyage.

" *Char.* A cold welcome indeed, Sir, without my

elldon: he was the best friend I had in
l.

le was a very good friend of yours in-
adam.

hey have made him away, murdered him
oney, I believe; he took a considerable
with him; I know that has been his ruin.
That has done him no injury, to my know-
or this morning he put into my custody
speak of; I suppose, a thousand pounds,
se of this lady.

I was always obliged to him; and he has
s care of me, in placing my little affairs
onourable hands.

He gave me a particular charge of you,
very particular, so particular, that you
irprised when I tell you.

What, pray, Sir?

I am engaged to get you a husband; I pro-
at before I saw you; and, now I have
, you must give me leave to offer you my-

lay, cousin, never be coy upon the mat-
ny knowledge, my brother always design-
or this gentleman.

You hear, Madam, he has given me his
and 'tis the favour I would have begged

Lord! you are so like him——

That you are obliged to say, that you
or his sake.

" *Stan.* I should be glad to love you for you
" own."

Char. If I should consent to the fine things you ca
say to me, how would you look at last, to find 'e
thrown away on an old acquaintance?

Stan. An old acquaintance!

Char. Lord, how easily are you men to be impos
upon! I am no cousin newly arrived from Englan
not I; but the very Welldon you wot of.

Stan. Welldon!

Char. Not murdered, nor made away, as my mi
ter would have you believe; but am, in very goo
health, your old friend in breeches that was, an
now your humble servant in petticoats.

Stan. I am glad we have you again. But what ser
vice can you do me in petticoats, pray?

Char. Can't you tell what?

Stan. Not I, by my troth: I have found my friend
and lost my mistress, it seems, which I did not ex-
pect from your petticoats.

Char. Come, come, you have had a friend of your
mistress long enough; 'tis high time now to have a
mistress of your friend.

Stan. What do you say?

Char. I am a woman, Sir.

Stan. A woman!

Char. As arrant a woman as you would have had
me but now, I assure you.

Stan. And at my service?

r. If you have any for me in petticoats.

Yes, yes, I shall find you employment.

r. You wonder at my proceeding, I believe.

. 'Tis a little extraordinary, indeed.

r. I have taken some pains to come into your

r.

. You might have had it cheaper a great

r. I might have married you in the person of nglish cousin, but could not consent to cheat even in the thing I had a mind to.

. 'Twas done as you do every thing."

I need not tell you, I made that little plot, ried it on only for this opportunity. I was l to see whether you liked me as a woman, or I had found you indifferent, I would have ured to have been so too: but you say you , and therefore I have ventured to discover h.

Like you! I like you so well, that I am you won't think marriage a proof on't: shall ou any other?

No, no, I'm inclined to believe you, and all convince me. At more leisure I'll satisfy w I come to be in man's clothes; for no ill, e you, though I have happened to play the n 'em. "They have assisted me in marrying ister, and have gone a great way in befriend- your cousin Jack with the widow. Can you ive me for *pimping for your* family?"

Enter JACK STANMORE.

Stan. So, Jack, what news with you?

J. Stan. I am the forepart of the widow you know she's coming after, with the body of the family young 'squire, in her hand, my son-in-law that be, with the help of Mr. Welldon.

Char. Say you so, Sir? [*Clapping* Jack upon the

Enter Widow LACKITT, *with her son* DANIEL.

Wid. So, Mrs. Lucy, I have brought him again; I have chastised him; I have made him supple as a glove for your wearing, to pull on throw off, at your pleasure. Will you ever again? will you, sirrah? but come, come, your marrow-bones, and ask her forgiveness. [*Kneels*] Say after me: pray forsooth, wife.

Dan. Pray forsooth, wife.

Luc. Well, well, this is a day of good-nature, so I take you into favour: but first take the oath allegiance. [*He kisses her hand and rises.*] If ever you do so again——

Dan. Nay, marry if I do, I shall have the worst on't.

Luc. Here's a stranger, forsooth, would be glad to be known to you, a sister of mine, pray salute her.

[*Starts at* Charlotte.

Wid. Your sister, Mrs. Lucy! What do you mean? *this is* your brother, Mr. Welldon: do you think I *do not know* Mr. Welldon?

ve a care what you say: this gentleman's
rying her: you may spoil all.
ddle, faddle, what! you would put a trick

o, faith, widow, the trick is over, it has ta-
ently, and now I will teach you the trick,
your being cheated another time.
ow! cheated, Mr. Welldon!
'hy, aye, you will always take things by the
dle: I see you will have me Mr. Welldon:
u, I was Mr. Welldon a little while, to
or so: but Mr. Stanmore here has per-
into a woman again.
woman! Pray let me speak with you.
her aside.] You are not in earnest, I hope?

eally a woman.
ads my life! I could not be cheated in every
ow a man from a woman at these years, or
s in't. Pray, did not you marry me?
ou would have it so.
nd did not I give you a thousand pounds
ng?
es, indeed, 'twas more than I deserved: but
your penny-worth for your penny, I sup-
seemed to be pleased with your bargain.
rare bargain I have made on't truly! I have
y money to a fine purpose upon a woman.
ou would *have a husband*, and I provided
well as I could.

Wid. Yes, yes, you have provided for me.

Char. And you have paid me very well for't, I thank you.

Wid. 'Tis very well! I may be with child too, for aught I know, and may go look for the father.

Char. Nay, if you think so, 'tis time to look about you indeed. "Ev'n make up the matter as well as "you can, (I advise you as a friend) and let us live "neighbourly and lovingly together.

"*Wid.* I have nothing else for it that I know of now."

Char. For my part, Mrs. Lackitt, your thousand pounds will engage me not to laugh at you. Then, my sister is married to your son; he is to have half your estate, I know; and indeed they may live upon it, very comfortably to themselves, and very creditably to you.

Wid. Nay, I can blame nobody but myself.

Char. You have enough for a husband still, and that you may bestow upon honest Jack Stanmore.

Wid. Is he the man then?

Char. He is the man you are obliged to.

J. Stan. Yes, faith, widow, I am the man: I have done fairly by you, you find; you know what you have to trust to before-hand.

Wid. Well, well, I see you will have me; even marry me, and make an end of the business.

Stan. Why that's well said: now we are all agreed, and all well provided for.

Enter a servant to STANMORE.

r, Mr. Blandford desires you to come to
bring as many of our friends as you can

come to him. You shall all go along with
ıe, young gentleman, marriage is the fash-
ee; you must like it now.
I don't, how shall I help myself?
y, you may hang yourself in the noose, if
:, but you will never get out on't with

ɔme then, let's e'en jog on in the old road.
or worse, I must now be contented:
e first has marry'd and repented. [*Exeunt.*

overnor, with BLANDFORD *and Planters.*

ave you no reverence for future fame?
ɔn your actions, from the tongues,
ring tongues of men, that will be free?
:onfess humanity, believe
s a God, or devil, to reward
ings here: do not provoke your fate.
nd of Heav'n is arm'd against these crimes,
ɔtter thunderbolts, prepar'd to shoot,
il you to the earth, a sad example;
ument of faithless infamy."

Enter STANMORE, J. STANMORE, CHARLOTTE, LUCY, *Widows, and* DANIEL.

So, Stanmore, you, I know, the women too
Will join with me: 'tis Oroonoko's cause.
A lover's cause, a wretched woman's cause,
That will become your intercession. [*To the women.*

1st Plant. Never mind 'em, Governor; he ought to be made an example, for the good of the plantation.

2d. Plant. Ay, ay, 'twill frighten the negroes from attempting the like again.

1st Plant. What, rise against their lords and masters! at this rate no man is safe from his own slaves.

2d Plant. No, no more he is. Therefore, one and all, Governor, we declare for hanging.

Omn. Plant. Ay, ay, hang him, hang him.

Wid. What, hang him? Oh, forbid it, Governor.

Char. Luc. We all petition for him.

J. Stan. They are for a holiday; guilty, or not, is not the business, hanging is their sport.

Blan. We are not sure so wretched, to have these,
The rabble, judge for us: the hanging crowd,
The arbitrary guard of Fortune's power,
Who wait to catch the sentence of her frowns,
And hurry all to ruin she condemns.

Stan. So far from farther wrong, that 'tis a shame
[illegible] be where he is. Good Governor,
[illegible]erty: he yielded up
[illegible]ll, at your discretion.

'etion! no, he yielded on your word;
de the cautionary pledge,
hostage of your keeping it.
Sir, he yielded on your word;
which honest men will think should be
t of truth and trust on earth;
peal beyond it but to Heav'n.
a recognizance to Heav'n,
; over in the courts above,
o the indictment of our crimes,
who 'scape this world should suffer there.
common intercourse of men,
ıe dread majesty is not invok'd,
r not immediately concern'd,
a party in our interests)
is all to be rely'd upon."
e, come, you'll be as good as your
ow.
out of all power of doing any harm
ere disposed to it.
he is not disposed to it.
:eep him where he is, will make him soon
ıe desperate way to liberty:
imself, or dash out his mad brains.
' try him by gentle means: we'll all be
iim.
all.
e will all answer for him now."
, *you will have* it so; do what you

please, just what you will with him, I give you leave.
[*Exit.*

Blan. We thank you, Sir; this way; pray come with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

OROONOKO *upon his back, his legs and arms stretched out, and chained to the ground. Enter* BLANDFORD, STANMORE, *&c.*

Blan. Oh, miserable sight! help, every one,
Assist me all, to free him from his chains.
[*They help him up, and bring him forward, looking down.*
Most injur'd prince! how shall we clear ourselves?
We cannot hope you will vouchsafe to hear,
Or credit what we say in the defence
And cause of our suspected innocence.

Stan. We are not guilty of your injuries,
No way consenting to 'em; but abhor,
Abominate, and loath this cruelty.

" *Blan.* It is our curse, but make it not our crime;
" A heavy curse upon us, that we must
" Share any thing in common, ev'n the light,
" The elements and seasons, with such men,
" Whose principles, like the fam'd dragon's teeth,
" Scatter'd and sown, would shoot a harvest up
" Of fighting mischiefs to confound themselves,
" And ruin all about 'em,

" *Stan.* Profligates!

ıe bold Titanian impiety
d once again pollute their mother earth,
her to teem with her old monstrous brood
ants, and forget the race of men.
. We are not so: believe us innocent.
ome prepar'd with all our services,
er a redress of your base wrongs.
h way shall we employ 'em?
. Tell us, Sir:
re is any thing that can atone?
othing can: that may be some amends"——
f you would have me think you are not all
rates, all accessary to
injustice of your governor:
ould have me live, as you appear
'd for me; if you would have me live
:, and bless you, there is yet a way
: ever to your honest love:
/ Imoinda to me; give me her,
a my sorrows, and, if possible,
wn with my wrongs, never to rise
ny fate, or think of vengeance more.
Be satisfy'd, you may depend upon us,
ng her safe to you and suddenly.
We will not leave you in so good a work.
Io, no, we'll go with you.
in the mean time
ur to forget, Sir, and forgive;
e a better *fortune.* [Exeunt.
Lone] Forget! forgive! I must indeed forget,

When I forgive: but while I am a man,
In flesh, that bears the living marks of shame,
The print of his dishonourable chains,
My memory still rousing up my wrongs,
I never can forgive this governor,
This villain; the disgrace of trust, and place,
And just contempt of delegated power.
What shall I do? if I declare myself,
I know him, he will sneak behind his guard
Of followers, and brave me in his fears.
Else, lion-like, with my devouring rage,
I would rush on him, fasten on his throat,
Tear a wide passage to his treacherous heart,
And that way lay him open to the world. [*Pausing.*
If I should turn his Christian arts on him,
Promise him, speak him fair, flatter and creep
With fawning steps, to get within his faith,
I could betray him then, as he has me.
But am I sure by that to right myself?
Lying's a certain mark of cowardice;
And, when the tongue forgets its honesty,
The heart and hand may drop their functions too,
And nothing worthy be resolv'd or done.
" The man must go together, bad, or good:
" In one part frail, he soon grows weak in all.
" Honour should be concern'd in honour's cause,
" That is not to be cur'd by contraries,
" As bodies are, whose health is often drawn
" From rankest poisons." Let me but find out

dy, I have the hand,
ıd, that will apply it home. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

ernor's-House. Enter Governor.

not have her tell me, she consents;
: sex's modesty,
l be presum'd; because there is
lence in owning it,
g all that we can do.
know, and yet against myself
ıtable are lovers ways)
›se the opportunities,
and she, expects I should employ.
ects:" for when a man has said
o save the decency,
›w the rest is to be done,
›int her. [*Going.*

ORD, *the* STANMORES, DANIEL,
ITT, CHARLOTTE, *and* LUCY.

›vernor, I'm glad we've lit upon you.
'hat's the matter?
othing extraordinary. But one good
another. You have given the prince
ow we come a begging for his wife:
e *us.*

Gov. Refuse you! No, no, what have I to do refuse you?

Wid. You won't refuse to send her to him, s means.

Gov. I send her to him!

Wid. We have promised him to bring her.

Gov. You do very well; 'tis kindly done of you ev'n carry her to him, with all my heart.

Luc. You must tell us where she is.

Gov. I tell you! why, don't you know?

Blan. Your servant says she's in the house.

Gov. No, no, I brought her home at first, indeed but I thought it would not look well to keep her here I removed her in the hurry, only to take care of her What! she belongs to you: I have nothing to do with her.

Char. But where is she now, Sir?

Gov. Why, faith, I can't say certainly: you'll hea of her at Parham-house, I suppose: there, or there abouts: I think I sent her there.

Blan. I'll have an eye on him. [*Aside*

[*Exeunt all but the Governo*

Gov. I have ly'd myself into a little time,
And must employ it: "they'll be here again;
"But I must be before 'em."

[*Going out, he meets* Imoinda, *and seizes her*
Are you come?
I'll court no longer for a happiness
n my own keeping: you may still
grant, so I have power to take.

that asks deserves to be deny'd.
gages one hand, and draws his sword from hi;
n him; Governor starts and retires; Blandford
kind him.
e does indeed, that asks unworthily.
'ou hear her, Sir, that asks unworthily.
ou are no judge.
am of my own slave.
egone, and leave us.
When you let her go.
o fasten upon you.
I must defend myself.
elp, murder, help!
retreats towards the door, favoured by Bland-
when they are closed, she throws down the sword,
is out. Governor takes up his sword, they fight,
nd fall, Blandford *upon him. Servants enter,*
rt 'em.
ıe sha'not 'scape me so, I've gone too far,
ɔ farther. Curse on my delay:
she is, and shall be in my power.
Nay, then it is the war of honesty;
'ou, and will save you from yourself.
ll come along with me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter OROONOKO.

'o honour bound, and yet a slave to love?
ıtracted by their rival powers,
h will be *obeyed.* O great revenge!
er and restorer of fall'n fame!

Let me not be unworthy of thy aid,
For stopping in thy course: I still am thine;
But can't forget I am Imoinda's too.
She calls me from my wrongs to rescue her.
No man condemn me, who has never felt
A woman's power, or try'd the force of love:
" All tempers yield and soften in those fires:
" Our honours, interests resolving down,
" Run in the gentle current of our joys;
" But not to sink, and drown our memory;
" We mount again to action, like the sun,
" That rises from the bosom of the sea,
" To run his glorious race of light anew,
" And carry on the world." Love, love will be
My first ambition, and my fame the next.

Enter ABOAN *bloody.*

My eyes are turn'd against me, and combine
With my sworn enemies to represent
This spectacle of horror. Aboan!
" My ever faithful friend!"

Abo. I have no name
That can distinguish me from the vile earth,
To which I'm going: a poor abject worm,
That crawl'd a while upon the bustling world,
And now am trampled to my dust again.

Oro. I see thee gash'd and mangled!

Abo. Spare my shame
To tell how they have us'd me; but believe
The hangman's hand would have been merciful.

Do not you scorn me, Sir, to think I can
Intend to live under this infamy.
I do not come for pity, to complain.
I've spent an honourable life with you,
The earliest servant of your rising fame,
And would attend it with my latest care;
My life was yours, and so shall be my death.
You must not live——
Bending and sinking, I have dragg'd my steps
Thus far, to tell you that you cannot live:
To warn you of those ignominious wrongs,
Whips, rods, and all the instruments of death
Which I have felt, and are prepar'd for you.
This was the duty that I had to pay:
'Tis done; and, now, I beg to be discharg'd.

Oro. What shall I do for thee?

Abo. My body tires,
And wo'not bear me off to liberty;
I shall again be taken, made a slave.
A sword, a dagger, yet would rescue me.
I have not strength to go and find out death,
You must direct him to me.

Oro. Here he is, [*Gives him a dagger.*
The only present I can make thee now.
And, next the honourable means of life,
I would bestow the honest means of death.

Abo. I cannot stay to thank you. If there is
A being after this, I shall be yours
In the *next world, your* faithful slave again.
This is to try. [*Stabs himself.*] I had a living sense

Of all your royal favours; but this last
Strikes through my heart. I wo'not say farewell,
For you must follow me. [Di
Oro. In life and death
The guardian of my honour! Follow thee!
I should have gone before thee; then perhaps
Thy fate had been prevented. All his care
Was to preserve me from the barbarous rage
That worry'd him, only for being mine.
Why, why, ye gods! why am I so accurs'd,
That it must be a reason of your wrath,
A guilt, a crime sufficient to the fate
Of any one, but to belong to me?
My friend has found it out, and my wife will soon
My wife! the very fear's too much for life.
I can't support it. Where's Imoinda? Oh!
[*Going out, she meets him, running into his ar*
Thou bosom softness! Down of all my cares!
I could recline my thoughts upon this breast
To a forgetfulness of all my griefs,
And yet be happy; but it wo'not be.
Thou art disorder'd, pale, and out of breath!
If fate pursues thee, find a shelter here.
What is it thou wouldst tell me?
Imo. 'Tis in vain to call him villain.
Oro. Call him Governor: is it not so?
Imo. There's not another, sure.
Oro. Villain's the common name of mankind he
But his most properly. What! what of him?

can't such men do?
id he? Durst he?
he cou'd, he dar'd.
wn gods damn him then; for ours have
:,
nt for such unheard of crime.
nonster, cunning in his flatteries,
wearied all his useless arts,
erce as a beast of prey, to seize me.
ear'd.
and tremble now.
preserve thee? What deliver thee?
worthy man, you us'd to call your
id.
ford?
in, and sav'd me from his rage.
s a friend indeed, to rescue thee!
ake, I'll think it possible
nay be yet an honest man.
lid you know what I have struggled
ugh,
ours, sure you would promise me
me forc'd from you again.
omise thee! Oh, do I need to promise?

But there is now no farther use of words.
Death is security for all our fears.

[*Shews* Aboan's *body on*

And yet I cannot trust him.

Imo. Aboan!

Oro. Mangled and torn, resolv'd to give m
To fit myself for what I must expect,
Groan'd out a warning to me, and expir'd.

Imo. For what you must expect?

Oro. Would that were all!

Imo. What to be butcher'd thus——

Oro. Just as thou seest.

Imo. By barb'rous hands, to fall at last the

Oro. I have run the race with honour; shal
Lag, and be overtaken at the goal?

Imo. No.

Oro. I must look back to thee. [

Imo. You sha'not need.
I am always present to your purpose, say,
Which way would you dispose me?

" *Oro.* Have a care!
" Thou'rt on a precipice, and dost not see
" Whither that question leads thee. Oh! t
" Thou dost enquire what the assembled god
" Have not determin'd, and will latest doom
" Yet this I know of fate, this is most certai
" I cannot, as I would, dispose of thee;
" And, as I ought, I dare not. Oh, I moind

" *Imo.* Alas, that sigh! Why do you trem
" Nay, then 'tis bad indeed, if you can wee

" *Oro.* My heart runs over, if my gushing eyes
" Betray a weakness which they never knew.
" Believe, thou only, thou couldst cause these tears:
" The gods themselves conspire with faithless men
" To our destruction.
" *Imo.* Heav'n and earth our foes!
" *Oro.* It is not always granted to the great
" To be most happy: if the angry pow'rs
" Repent their favours, let 'em take 'em back:
" The hopes of empire which they gave my youth,
" By making me a prince, I here resign.
" Let 'em quench in me all those glorious fires,
" Which kindled at their beams: that lust of fame,
" That fever of ambition, restless still,
" And burning with the sacred thirst of sway,
" Which they inspir'd, to qualify my fate,
" And make me fit to govern under them,
" Let 'em extinguish. I submit myself
" To their high pleasure, and devoted bow
" Yet lower, to continue still a slave,
" Hopeless of liberty: and, if I could
" Live after it, would give up honour too,
" To satisfy their vengeance, to avert
" This only curse, the curse of losing thee.
" *Imo.* If Heav'n cou'd be appeas'd, these cruel men
" Are not to be entreated, or believ'd:
" Oh, think on that, and be no more deceiv'd.
" *Oro. What can we do?*
" *Imo. Can I do any thing?*

" *Oro.* But we were born to suffer.
" *Imo.* Suffer both;
" Both die, and so prevent 'em.
" *Oro.* By thy death!
" Oh, let me hunt my travell'd thoughts again;
" Range the wide waste of desolate despair;
" Start any hope. Alas, I lose myself!
" 'Tis pathless, dark, and barren all to me.
" Thou art my only guide, my light of life,
" And thou art leaving me: send out thy beams
" Upon the wing; let 'em fly all around.
" Discover every way: is there a dawn,
" A glimmering of comfort? The great God,
" That rises on the world, must shine on us.
" *Imo.* And see us set before him.
" *Oro.* Thou bespeak'st
" And go'st before me.
" *Imo.* So I would in love,
" In the dear unsuspected part of life,
" In death for love. Alas! what hopes for me?
" I was preserv'd but to acquit myself,
" To beg to die with you.
" *Oro.* And can'st thou ask it?
" I never durst enquire into myself
" About thy fate, and thou resolv'st it all.
" *Imo.* Alas, my lord! my fate's resolv'd in yours.
" *Oro.* Oh! keep thee there: let not thy virtue
shrink
From my support, and I will gather strength,
As I can, to tell thee——

o. I must die:
ow 'tis fit, and I can die with you.
o. Oh, thou hast banish'd hence a thousand
" fears,
ich sicken'd at my heart, and quite unman'd
" me.
o. Your fear's for me, I know; you fear my
" strength,
I could not overcome your tenderness,
pass this sentence on me: and indeed
re you were kind, as I have always found you,
you have ever been; for though I am
ign'd, and ready to obey my doom,
thinks it should not be pronounc'd by you.
ro. Oh, that was all the labour of my grief!
heart and tongue forsook me in the strife.
ever could pronounce it.
mo. I have for you, for both of us.
ro. Alas, for me, my death
uld regard as the last scene of life,
d act it thro' with joy, to have it done.
t then to part with thee——
mo. 'Tis hard to part;
t parting thus, as the most happy must,
rting in death, makes it the easier.
u might have thrown me off, forsaken me,
d my misfortunes—that had been a death,
deed, of terror, to have trembled at.
ro. Forsaken! thrown thee off!
o. But 'tis a pleasure more than life can give

" That with unconquer'd passion, to the last,
" You struggle still, and fain would hold me to
" *Oro.* Ever, ever; and let those stars, whi
my enemies,
" Witness against me in the other world,
" If I would leave this mansion of my bliss,
" To be the brightest ruler of their skies.
" Oh, that we could incorporate, be one,
[*Embracin*
" One body, as we have been long one mind!
" That, blended so, we might together mix,
" And, losing thus our being to the world,
" Be only found to one another's joys.
" *Imo.* Is this the way to part?
" *Oro.* Which is the way?
" *Imo.* The god of love is blind, and cannot fi
" But, quick, make haste; our enemies have e
" To find us out, and shew us the worst way
" Of parting. Think on them.
" *Oro.* Why dost thou wake me?
" *Imo.* Oh, no more of love!
" For if I listen to you, I shall quite
" Forget my dangers, and desire to live.
" I can't live yours. [*Takes up the dag*
Oro. " There all the stings of death
" Are shot into my heart."—What shall I do?
Imo. This dagger will instruct you. [*Gives it*
Oro. Ah! this dagger!
Like fate, it points me to the horrid deed.

Imo. Strike, strike it home, and bravely save us both.
There is no other safety.

Oro. It must be——
But first a dying kiss—— [*Kisses her.*
This last embrace—— [*Embracing her.*
And now——

Imo. I'm ready.

Oro. Oh! where shall I strike?
Is there the smallest grain of that lov'd body
That is not dearer to me than my eyes,
My bosom'd heart, and all the life blood there?
Bid me cut off these limbs, hew off these hands,
Dig out these eyes—tho' I would keep them last
To gaze upon thee——but to murder thee,
The joy, the charm of every ravish'd sense!
My wife!—forbid it, nature.

Imo. 'Tis your wife,
Who on her knees conjures you. Oh, in time,
Prevent those mischiefs that are falling on us!
You may be hurried to a shameful death,
And I too dragg'd to the vile governor.
Then may I cry aloud. When you are gone,
Where shall I find a friend again to save me?

Oro. It will be so. Thou unexampled virtue!
Thy resolution has recover'd mine.
And now prepare thee.

Imo. Thus, with open arms,

I welcome you and death.

[*He drops his dagger as he looks on her, and himself on the ground.*

Oro. I cannot bear it.

Oh, let me dash against the rock of fate,
Dig up this earth, and tear her bowels out,
To make a grave, deep as the centre down,
To swallow wide, and bury us together!
It wo'not be. Oh, then some pitying god,
(If there be one a friend to innocence)
Find yet a way to lay her beauties down
Gently in death, and save me from her blood.

Imo. Oh, rise! 'tis more than death to s
thus.

I'll ease your love, and do the deed myself—

[*She takes up the dagger, he rises in haste to from her.*

Oro. Oh, hold! I charge thee, hold.

Imo. Tho' I must own
It would be nobler for us both from you.

Oro. Oh, for a whirlwind's wing, to hurry
To yonder cliff, which frowns upon the flood,
That, in embraces lock'd, we might plunge in
And perish thus in one another's arms.

Imo. Alas! what shout is that?

Oro. I see them coming.
They sha'not overtake us. This last kiss,
And now, farewell.

Imo. Farewell, farewell, for ever.

Oro. I'll turn my face away, and do it so.
low, are you ready?

Imo. Now. But do not grudge me
he pleasure, in my death, of a last look——
ray, look upon me——Now I'm satisfied.

Oro. So fate must be by this.

[*Going to stab her, he stops short; she lays her hand on his, in order to give the blow.*

Imo. Nay, then I must assist you.
nd since it is the common cause of both,
'is just that both should be employ'd in it.
hus, thus, 'tis finish'd; and I bless my fate,

[*Stabs herself.*

hat, where I liv'd, I die, in these lov'd arms.

[*Dies.*

Oro. She's gone. And now all's at an end with me.
oft, lay her down—Oh, we will part no more!

[*Then throws himself by her.*

But let me pay the tribute of my grief,
A few sad tears to thy lov'd memory,
And then I follow———[*Shouts.*] [*Weeps over her.*
But I stay too long. [*A noise again.*
The noise comes nearer. Hold, before I go
There's something would be done. It shall be so,
And then, Imoinda, I'll come all to thee. [*Rises.*

BLANDFORD *and his party enter before the Governor and his party, swords drawn on both sides.*

Gov. You strive in vain to save him; he shall die.
Blan. Not while we can defend him with our lives.
Gov. Where is he?
Oro. Here is the wretch whom you would have.
Put up your swords, and let not civil broils
Engage you in the cursed cause of one
Who cannot live, and now entreats to die.
This object will convince you.
Blan. 'Tis his wife. [*They gather about the body.*
Alas, there was no other remedy!
Gov. Who did the bloody deed?
Oro. The deed was mine———
Bloody I know it is; and I expect
Your laws should tell me so. Thus, self-condemn'd,
I do resign myself into your hands,
The hands of justice———But I hold the sword
For you———and for myself.
[*Stabs the Governor and himself, then throws himself by* Imoinda's *body.*
" *Stan.* He has kill'd the Governor and stabb'd
" himself."
Oro. 'Tis as it should be now——I have sent his ghost
To be a witness of that happiness
I- orld, which he deny'd us here. [*Dies.*
there is a place of happiness
d for such exalted virtue.

gan or unbeliever, yet he liv'd
o all he knew; and, if he went astray,
here's mercy still above to set him right.
t Christians, guided by the heavenly ray,
ve no excuse if we mistake our way.

[*Exeunt.*

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ve try all shapes, and shifts, and arts,
our favours, and regain your hearts.
nd laugh, join grief and mirth together,
and sunshine mix'd, in April weather.
rent tastes divide our poet's cares;
e sock, t'other the buskin wears.
ile he strives to please, he's forc'd to do't,
ius, hip hop, in a single boot.
: knows, for this may damn his books:
kes feasts for friends, and not for cooks.
rant knights of late no favour find,
ill be to ladies errant kind.
fame, knight errants make profession:
ls fly to save our reputation:
eir valour shew, we our discretion.
f monsters, and fierce beasts they go:
ese islands, where rich husbands grow:

Death with a husband ne'er had shewn such charms,
Had she once dy'd within a lover's arms.
Her error was from ignorance proceeding;
Poor soul! she wanted some of our town-breeding:
Forgive this Indian fondness of her spouse;
Their law no Christian liberty allows:
Alas, they make a conscience of their vows!
If virtue in a Heathen be a fault,
Then damn the Heathen school where she was taught.
She might have learn'd to cuckold, jilt and sham,
Had Covent-Garden been in Surinam.

THE END.

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M DCC XCII.

HANFORD LIBRARY

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. REDDISH.

TICS, hark forward! noble game and new;
West Indian started full in view:
the soil, the clime, which gave him birth,
run him on a burning scent to earth;
n't devour him in his hiding place;
im, he'll serve you for another chace;
re that country has no feeble claim,
swells your commerce, and supports your fame.
in this humble sketch, we hope you'll find
emanations of a noble mind;
little touches, which, tho' void of art,
ind perhaps their way into the heart.
er hero your excuse implores,
y your sister kingdom to your shores;
'd by Religion's too severe command,
ht for bread against his native land:
ve, unthinking, animated rogue,
here and there a touch upon the brogue.
h, but despise him not, for on his lip
rrors lie; his heart can never trip.
there are——but may we not prevail
he gentry tell their own plain tale?

Shall they come in? They'll please you, if they can
If not, condemn the bard——but spare the Man.
For speak, think, act, or write in angry times,
A wish to please is made the worst of crimes:
Dire slander now with black envenom'd dart,
Stands ever arm'd to stab you to the heart.

Rouse, Britons, rouse, for honour of your isle,
Your old good humour; and be seen to smile.
You say we write not like our fathers——true,
Nor were our fathers half so strict as you,
Damn'd not each error of the poet's pen,
But, judging man, remember'd they were men.
Aw'd into silence by the time's abuse,
Sleeps many a wise, and many a witty muse:
We that for mere experiment come out,
Are but the light arm'd rangers on the scout:
High on Parnassus' lofty summit stands
The immortal camp; there lie the chosen bands.
But give fair quarter to us puny elves,
The giants then will sally forth themselves;
With wit's sharp weapons vindicate the age,
And drive ev'n Arthur's *magic from the* Stage.

Dramatis Personæ.

DRURY-LANE.

Men.

.LL, - - - - -	- Mr. Aickin.
, - - - - -	- Mr. Bannister, Jun.
)UDLEY, - - -	- Mr. Packer.
: DUDLEY, - - -	- Mr. Barrymore.
FLAHERTY, - -	- Mr. Moody.
Y, - - - -	- Mr. Benson.
, - - - - - -	- Mr. Suett.
ID, - - - - -	- Mr. Baddeley.
- - - - -	- Mr. Jones.
o Stockwell, - -	- Mr. Alfred.
o *Lady* Rusport, - -	- Mr. Lyons.

Women.

ISPORT, - -	- Mrs. Hopkins.
)TTE RUSPORT, - -	- Mrs. Goodall.
, *daughter to* Dudley, -	- Mrs. Kemble.
ILMER, - - -	- Miss Tidswell.
- - - -	- Mrs. Shaw.
eeper *belonging to* Stockwell,	- Mrs. Heard.

belonging to Stockwell, *Servants, Sailors, Negroes, &c.*

SCENE, *London.*

[redacted]

[redacted]

	Men.
Stockwell,	[redacted]
Believo,	[redacted]
Captain Dudley,	[redacted]
Charles Dudley,	[redacted]
Major O'Flaherty,	[redacted]
Sykely,	[redacted]
Fulmer,	[redacted]
Varland,	[redacted]
Servant to Stockwell,	[redacted]
	Women.
Lady Reipert,	[redacted]
Charlotte Reipert,	[redacted]
Louisa, *daughter to* Dudley,	[redacted]
Mrs. Fulmer,	[redacted]
Lucy,	[redacted]
Housekeeper *belonging to* Stockwell,	[redacted]

Clerks belonging to Stockwell, *Servants, Sailors, Negroes,* &

Scene, *London.*

THE WEST INDIAN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Merchant's Compting-House. In an inner Room, set off by Glass-Doors, are discovered several Clerks, employed at their Desks. A Writing-Table in the front Room. STOCKWELL *is discovered, reading a Letter*; STUKELY *comes gently out of the back Room, and observes him some Time before he speaks.*

Stukely.

He seems disordered: something in that letter, and m afraid of an unpleasant sort. He has many ventures of great account at sea; a ship richly freighted r Barcelona; another for Lisbon; and others exected from Cadiz of still greater value. Besides hese, I know he has many deep concerns in foreign ottoms, and underwritings to a vast amount. I'll oast him. Sir! Mr. Stockwell!

. Stukely!——Well, have you shipp'd the

. I have, sir; here's the bill of lading, and *the invoice:* the assortments are all com-

Dramatis Personæ.

COVENT-GARDEN.

M

[illegible]	- Mr. Aic
[illegible]	- Mr. Lew
[illegible]	- Mr. Hu.
[illegible]	- Mr. Far
Major O'Flaherty.	- Mr. Joh.
[illegible]	- Mr. Gar
[illegible]	- Mr. Tho
[illegible]	- Mr. Qui
[illegible]	- Mr. Led,

Wom

[illegible]	- Mrs. Wel
[illegible]	- Mrs. Abi
[illegible]	- Miss Tw
[illegible]	- Mrs. Dav
[illegible]	- Miss Stua
[illegible]	- Mrs. Wh

[illegible] *Servants, Sailors, Ne*

SCENE, *London.*

r con-

er our
d, du-
crecy,
o dis-
nfant,
door
rned,
mo-
men,
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and

ither

t of
lia-
the
af-

ave
e to
tter,
ns to
st in
A of

pared: Mr. Traffick will give you the policy up
'Change.

Stock. 'Tis very well; lay these papers by; and
more of business for a while. Shut the door, Stukel
I have had long proof of your friendship and fideli
to me; a matter of most infinite concern lies on m
mind, and 'twill be a sensible relief to unbosom my
self to you; I have just now been informed of the a
rival of the young West Indian, I have so long be
expecting; you know whom I mean.

Stuke. Yes, sir; Mr. Belcour, the young gentl
man who inherited old Belcour's great estates in J
maica.

Stock. Hush, not so loud; come a little nearer th
way. This Belcour is now in London; part of h
baggage is already arrived; and I expect him eve
minute. Is it to be wondered at, if his coming thro
me into some agitation, when I tell you, Stukely, he
my son?

Stuke. Your son!

Stock. Yes, sir, my only son; early in life I accom
panied his grandfather to Jamaica as his clerk; h
had an only daughter, somewhat older than mysel
the mother of this gentleman: it was my chan
(call it good or ill) to engage her affections; and,
the inferiority of my condition made it hopeless
expect her father's consent, her fondness provided
expedient, and we were privately married: the iss
cealed engagement is, as I have told yo

Stuke. That event, surely, discovered your con-ection?

Stock. You shall hear. Not many days after our rriage, old Belcour set out for England; and, du-g his abode here, my wife was, with great secrecy, livered of this son. Fruitful in expedients to dis-ise her situation, without parting from her infant, e contrived to have it laid and received at her door a foundling. After some time her father returned, ving left me here; in one of those favourable mo-nts, that decide the fortunes of prosperous men, is child was introduced: from that instant, he ated him as his own, gave him his name, and ought him up in his family.

Stuke. And did you never reveal this secret, either old Belcour, or your son?

Stock. Never.

Stuke. Therein you surprise me; a merchant of ur eminence, and a member of the British parlia-nt, might surely aspire, without offence, to the ughter of a planter. In this case too, natural af-ction would prompt to a discovery.

Stock. Your remark is obvious; nor could I have risted in this painful silence, but in obedience to e dying injunctions of a beloved wife. The letter, u found me reading, conveyed those injunctions to e; it was dictated in her last illness, and almost in e article of death (you'll spare me the recital of); she there conjures me, in terms as solemn as they

are affecting, never to reveal the secret of ou
age, or withdraw my son, while her father su

Stuke. But on what motives did your unha
found these injunctions?

Stock. Principally, I believe, from apprehe
my account, lest old Belcour, on whom at her
I wholly depended, should withdraw his pro
in part from consideration of his repose, as wel
ing the discovery would deeply affect his spiri
was haughty, vehement, and unforgiving: an
in regard to the interest of her infant, whom
warmly adopted; and for whom, in case of
very, every thing was to be dreaded from his
ment. And, indeed, though the alteration in
dition might have justified me in discovering
yet I always thought my son safer in trustin
caprice than to the justice of his grand-fathe
judgment has not suffer'd by the event; old
is dead, and has bequeathed his whole estate
we are speaking of.

Stuke. Now, then, you are no longer bound
crecy.

Stock. True: but before I publickly reveal
I could wish to make some experiment of
disposition: this can only be done by letting h
take its course without restraint; by these
think I shall discover much more of his real c
under the title of his merchant, than I should
that of his father.

SCENE II.

Sailor enters, ushering in several black servants, carrying portmanteaus, trunks, &c.

Sail. Save your honour—is your name Stockwell, ay?

Stock. It is.

Sail. Part of my master Belcour's baggage, an't ease you: there's another cargo not far a-stern of us, and the cock-swain has got charge of the dumb creatures.

Stock. Pr'ythee, friend, what dumb creatures do you speak of; has Mr. Belcour brought over a collection of wild beasts?

Sail. No, lord love him; no, not he: let me see; there's two green monkies, a pair of grey parrots, a Jamaica sow and pigs, and a Mangrove dog; that's all.

Stock. Is that all?

Sail. Yes, your honour; yes, that's all; bless his heart, a'might have brought over the whole island if he would; a'didn't leave a dry eye in it.

Stock. Indeed! Stukely, shew 'em where to bestow their baggage. Follow that gentleman.

Sail. Come, bear a hand, my lads, bear a hand.

[*Exit with* Stukely *and servants.*

Stock. If the principal tallies with his purveyors, he must be *a singular spectacle* in this place: he has a friend, however, *in this* sea-faring fellow; 'tis no bad

prognostic of a man's heart, when his shipmates
him a good word. [

SCENE III.

Changes to a Drawing-Room. A Servant discovered
ting the Chairs by, &c. A Woman Servant ente
him.

Housek. Why, what a fuss does our good master
himself in about this West Indian: see what a bil
fare I've been forced to draw out: seven and nine,
assure you, and only a family dinner as he calls
why if my Lord Mayor was expected, there coul
be a greater to-do about him.

Serv. I wish to my heart you had but seen the l
of trunks, boxes, and portmanteaus he has sent
ther. An ambassador's baggage, with all the sm
gled goods of his family, does not exceed it.

Housek. A fine pickle he'll put the house into:
he been master's own son, and a Christian Engli
man, there couldn't be more rout than there is ab
this Creolian, as they call 'em.

Serv. No matter for that; he's very rich,
that's sufficient. They say he has rum and su
enough belonging to him, to make all the wate
the Thames into punch. But I see my mast
coming. [*Exe*

SCENE IV.

STOCKWELL *enters, followed by a Servant.*

Stock. Where is Mr. Belcour? Who brought this letter from him?

Serv. A waiter from the London Tavern, sir; he says the young gentleman is just drest, and will be with you directly.

Stock. Shew him in when he arrives.

Serv. I shall, sir. I'll have a peep at him first, however; I've a great mind to see this outlandish spark. The sailor fellow says he'll make rare doings amongst us. [*Aside.*

Stock. You need not wait; leave me. [*Exit Servant.*

Let me see——— [*Reads.*

'SIR,

I write to you under the hands of the hair-dresser; as soon as I have made myself decent, and slipped on some fresh clothes, I will have the honour of paying you my devoirs.

Yours,

BELCOUR.'

He writes at his ease; for he's unconscious to whom his letter is addressed; but what a palpitation does it throw my heart into; a father's heart! 'Tis an affecting interview; when my eyes meet a son, whom at they never saw, where shall I find constancy to support it. *Should he resemble* his mother, I am overthrown. *All the letters* I have had from him (for

I industriously drew him into a correspon
me), bespeak him of quick and ready und
All the reports I ever received, give me
impressions of his character; wild, perh
manner of his country is, but, I trust, n
unprincipled.

SCENE V.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, the foreign gentleman is com

Another Servant.

Serv. Mr. Belcour.

BELCOUR *enters.*

Stock. Mr. Belcour, I'm rejoiced to see
welcome to England.

Bel. I thank you heartily, good Mr. S
you and I have long conversed at a distar
are met; and the pleasure this meeting gi
ply compensates for the perils I have run
accomplishing it.

Stock. What perils, Mr. Belcour? I co
t[illegible] would have made a bad pas

[illegible] we: courier like, we cam
n the pinions of the
s upon English gro

difficulties have arisen; 'tis the passage from the river-side I complain of.

Stock. Ay, indeed! What obstructions can you have met between this and the river-side?

Bel. Innumerable! Your town's as full of defiles as the Island of Corsica; and, I believe, they are as obstinately defended: so much hurry, bustle, and confusion on your quays; so many sugar-casks, porter-butts, and common-council-men in your streets, that, unless a man marched with artillery in his front, 'tis more than the labour of a Hercules can effect, to make any tolerable way through your town.

Stock. I am sorry you have been so incommoded.

Bel. Why, faith, 'twas all my own fault: accustomed to a land of slaves, and out of patience with the whole tribe of custom-house extortioners, boatmen, tide-waiters, and water-bailiffs, that beset me on all sides, worse than a swarm of musquetoes, I proceeded a little too roughly to brush them away with my rattan; the sturdy rogues took this in dudgeon, and beginning to rebel, the mob chose different sides, and a furious scuffle ensued; in the course of which, my person and apparel suffered so much, that I was obliged to step into the first tavern to refit, before I could make my approaches in any decent trim.

Stock. All without is as I wish; dear Nature, add the rest, and I am happy.—[*Aside.*]———Well, Mr. Belcour, 'tis a rough sample you have had of my countrymen's spirit; but, I trust, you'll not think the worse of them for it.

Bel. Not at all, not at all; I like 'em the be
was I only a visitor, I might, perhaps, wish th
little more tractable; but, as a fellow subject,
sharer in their freedom, I applaud their spirit, th
I feel the effects of it in every bone of my skin.

Stock. That's well; I like that well. How g
I could fall upon his neck, and own myself h
ther!

Bel. Well, Mr. Stockwell, for the first time i
life, here am I in England; at the fountain he
pleasure, in the land of beauty, of arts, and el
cies. My happy stars have given me a good e
and the conspiring winds have blown me hith
spend it.

Stock. To use it, not to waste it, I should hop
treat it, Mr. Belcour, not as a vassal, over whon
have a wanton and a despotic power; but as a su
which you are bound to govern with a temperat
restrained authority.

Bel. True, sir; most truly said; mine's a cor
sion, not a right: I am the offspring of distress
every child of sorrow is my brother; while I
hands to hold, therefore, I will hold them op
mankind: but, sir, my passions are my masters;
take me where they will; and oftentimes they
to reason and to virtue nothing but my wishes a
sighs.

Come, come, the man who can accuse co

that's an office I am weary of.

friend would take it up; I would to Heaven you had leisure for the employ; but did you drive a trade to the four corners of the world, you would not find the task so toilsome as to keep me free from faults.

Stock. Well, I am not discouraged: this candour tells me I should not have the fault of self-conceit to combat; that, at least, is not amongst the number.

Bel. No; if I knew that man on earth who thought more humbly of me than I do of myself, I would take up his opinion, and forego my own.

Stock. And, was I to choose a pupil, it should be one of your complexion: so, if you'll come along with me, we'll agree upon your admission, and enter on a course of lectures directly.

Bel. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Changes to a Room in Lady RUSPORT'*s House. Enter Lady* RUSPORT *and* CHARLOTTE.

L. Rus. Miss Rusport, I desire to hear no more of Captain Dudley and his destitute family: not a shilling of mine shall ever cross the hands of any of them: because my sister chose to marry a beggar, am I bound to support him and his posterity?

Char. I think you are.

L. Rus. You think I am; and pray where do you find *the law that tells you so?*

Char. I am not proficient enough to quote chapter

and verse; but I take charity to be a main cha
the great statute of christianity.

L. Ast. Is my charity, indeed! And pray, mis
you give that is to charity, pure charity, which
you so plead for Captain Dudley? Amongst all
pity, do you find no spice of a certain anti-sp
passion, called love? Don't mistake yourself;
are no saint, child, believe me; and, I am
think, the distresses of old Dudley, and of his d
ter into the bargain, would never break your
if there was not a certain young fellow of tw
twenty in the case; who, by the happy recomm
tion of a good person, and the brilliant appoint
of an ensigncy, will, if I am not mistaken, coz
out of a fortune of twice twenty thousand poun
soon as ever you are of age to bestow it upon h

Char. A nephew of your ladyship's can never
any other recommendation with me; and, if my
tiality for Charles Dudley is acquitted by the
the world, I hope Lady Rusport will not co
me for it.

L. Ast. I condemn you! I thank Heaven,
Rusport, I am no ways responsible for your co
nor is it any concern of mine how you disp
yourself; you are not my daughter; and, w

father, poor Sir Stephen Rusp
reward spoiled miss of fourtee
bred by me.
or ladyship calls this unkind
ughty part; but 'tis no

your mother, I'm told, was a fine lady; and according to the modern stile of education you was brought up. It was not so in my young days; there was then some decorum in the world, some subordination, as the great Locke expresses it. Oh! 'twas an edifying sight, to see the regular deportment observed in our family: no giggling, no gossipping was going on there; my good father, Sir Oliver Roundhead, never was seen to laugh himself, nor ever allowed it in his children.

Char. Ay; those were happy times indeed.

L. Rus. But, in this forward age, we have coquettes in the egg-shell, and philosophers in the cradle; girls of fifteen that lead the fashion in new caps and new opinions, that have their sentiments and their sensations; and the idle fops encourage 'em in it: O' my conscience, I wonder what it is the men can see in such babies.

Char. True, madam; but all men do not overlook the maturer beauties of your ladyship's age, witness your admirer Major Dennis O'Flaherty; there's an example of some discernment; I declare to you, when your ladyship is by, the major takes no more notice of me than if I was part of the furniture of your chamber.

L. Rus. The major, child, has travelled through various kingdoms and climates, and has more enlarged notions of female merit than falls to the lot of an English *home-bred lover*; in most other countries,

no woman on your side forty woul
in a polite circle.

Char. Right, madam; I've been t
they have coquettes upon crutches
their grand climacteric; a lover th
wrinkles, not the dimples, in his
The major, I think, has served in th

L. Rus. Are you piqu'd, my you
my sister, Louisa, yielded to the ac
Major O'Flaherty's person and appe
have had some excuse: but to run
at the age of sixteen too, with a ma
sort——

Char. Was, in my opinion, the
pass that ever girl of sixteen comm
family, an engaging person, strict h
understanding, what accomplishmen
ing in Captain Dudley, but that
gality of his ancestors had deprived

L. Rus. They left him as much
hasn't the old man captain's half pay
son an ensign?

Char. An ensign! Alas, poor Ch
Heaven he knew what my heart feel
his sake.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Ensign Dudley to wait upon

L. Rus. Who! Dudley! What ca
him to town?

r. Dear madam, 'tis Charles Dudley, 'tis your w.

Rus. Nephew! I renounce him as my nephew; iver renounced him as his grandson: wasn't he the eldest daughter, and only male descendant Oliver; and didn't he cut him off with a shil- Didn't the poor dear good man leave his whole e to me, except a small annuity to my maiden who spoiled her constitution with nursing him? depend upon it, not a penny of that fortune ever be disposed of otherwise than according will of the donor.

Enter CHARLES DUDLEY.

ung man, whence come you? What brings you n?

rles. If there is any offence in my coming to your ladyship is in some degree responsible for r part of my errand was to pay my duty here.

Rus. I hope you have some better excuse than is.

rles. 'Tis true, madam, I have other motives; I consider my trouble repaid by the pleasure I ay, I should hope my aunt would not think ompany the less welcome for the value I set ers.

Coxcomb! And where is your father, our sister? Are they in town too?

ey are.

L. Rus. Ridiculous! I don't know wh
in London, who have no money to spend

Char. Dear madam, speak more kin
nephew; how can you oppress a youth
sibility.

L. Rus. Miss Rusport, I insist upon y
to your apartment; when I want you
send to you. [*Exit* Charlotte.] So, you
a red coat too, as well as your father; 't
value you set upon the good advice Sir
to give you; how often has he caution'd
the army?

Charles. Had it pleased my grandfath
me to have obeyed his caution, I would
but you well know how destitute I am
to be wonder'd at if I prefer the service
to that of any other master.

L. Rus Well, well, take your own co
concern of mine: you never consulted m

Charles. I frequently wrote to your l
could obtain no answer; and, since my
death, this is the first opportunity I have
ing upon you.

L. Rus. I must desire you not to ment
of that dear good man in my hearing, m
not support it.

Charles. I shall obey you: permit me
as that event has richly supplied you wi
bounty, the distresses of my fa
ith objects of it.

Rus. The distresses of your family, child, are out of the question at present; had Sir Oliver pleased to consider them, I should have been content; but he has absolutely taken no notice ıu in his will, and that to me must and shall be :_ Tell your father and your sister I totally dis-ɔve of their coming up to town.

arles. Must I tell my father that before your hip knows the motive that brought him hither? r'd by the offer of exchanging for a commission ıll pay, the veteran, after thirty years service, ıres to encounter the fatal heats of Senegambia; vants a small supply to equip him for the expe-n.

Enter Servant.

rv. Major O'Flaherty to wait on your ladyship.

Enter Major O'FLAHERTY.

Fla. Spare your speeches, young man; don't you ɛ her ladyship can take my word for that? I ; madam, 'tis evidence enough of my being pre-, when I've the honour of telling you so myself.

Rus. Major O'Flaherty, I am rejoiced to see Nephew Dudley, you perceive I'm engaged.

larles. I shall not intrude upon your ladyship's e agreeable engagements. I presume I have my ver.

Rus. Your answer, child! What answer can you *bly expect; or how* can your romantic father

suppose that I am to abet him in all his idl
travagant undertakings? Come, major, let
you the way into my dressing-room; and l
this young adventurer to his meditation.

O'Fla. I follow you, my lady. Young g
your obedient! Upon my conscience, as fin
fellow as I wou'd wish to clap my eyes on:
have answer'd my salute, however—well, l
fortune, perhaps, frowns upon the poor la
damn'd slippery lady, and very apt to ji
fellows, that wear cockades in our hats. F
well, honey, whoever thou art.

Charles. So much for the virtues of a pur
upon it, her heart is flint; yet that woman,
of mine, without one worthy particle in he
sition, wou'd, I dare be sworn, as soon set
in a pest-house as in a play-house.

Miss RUSPORT *enters to him.*

Char. Stop, stay a little, Charles, whithe
going in such haste?

Charles. Madam; Miss Rusport; what
commands?

Char. Why
to no other nam
him.

Charles. Wh
Char. No,
me but Ly
[illegible]

We had used
of Charles a

ou've been we
——your eye
[illegible]
me you, wo

: found; here, give me your direction; write it
i the back of this visiting-ticket——Have you a
il?

arles. I have: but why shou'd you desire to find
ut? 'tis a poor, little, inconvenient place; my
r has no apartment fit to receive you in.

Servant enters.

rv. Madam, my lady desires your company di-
y.

ar. I am coming—well, have you wrote it? Give
e. O Charles! either you do not, or you will
nderstand me. [*Exeunt severally.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

om in FULMER's *House.* *Enter* FULMER *and Mrs.* FULMER.

Mrs. Fulmer.

r, how you sit, musing and mopeing, sighing
sponding! I'm ashamed of you, Mr. Fulmer:
the country you described to me, a second El-
, rivers of gold and rocks of diamonds? You
me in a pretty snug retir'd way of life at Bo-
out of the noise and bustle of the world, and
my ease; you, indeed, was upon the wing,
persecution at your back: but, like a
oyola, you had then a thousand inge-
to repair your fortune: and

native country, was to be the sce
formances: fool that I was, to be
by you: but, thank Heaven, our
vocable; I am not your wedded wi
stars! for what have we got, who
but ourselves; which of all your
fire; even this poor expedient of
shop seems abandoned; for if a
drops in, who is there, pray, to hel
wants.

Ful. Patty, you know it is not up
that I despair; there had us'd to
to be pick'd up in this country, be
and dishonest: I have tried each wa
to starve at last: there is not a po
wit and faculty of man can turn, th
mine to; but in vain, I am beat thr
ter of the compass.

Mrs. Ful. Ah! common efforts
master-stroke, Mr. Fulmer, if you
figure in this country.

Ful. But where, how, and what?
for prerogative; I have bellowed
have offer'd to serve my country; I
betray it; a master-stroke, truly; w
treason, writ treason, and if a ma
that he can live by nothing. He
bookseller, why men left off reading
tcher, I believe o' my con

[Captain D

Mrs. Ful. Why there now's your lodger, old Captain Dudley, as he calls himself; there's no flint without fire; something might be struck out of him, if you'd the wit to find the way.

Ful. Hang him, an old dry skin'd curmudgeon; you may as well think to get truth out of a courtier, or candour out of a critic: I can make nothing of him; besides, he's poor, and therefore not for our purpose.

Mrs. Ful. The more fool he! Would any man be poor that had such a prodigy in his possession?

Ful. His daughter, you mean; she is, indeed, uncommonly beautiful.

Mrs. Ful. Beautiful! Why she need only be seen, to have the first men in the kingdom at her feet. Egad, I wish I had the leasing of her beauty; what would some of our young nabobs give ———?

Ful. Hush! here comes the captain; good girl, leave us to ourselves, and let me try what I can make of him.

Mrs. Ful. Captain, truly! i'faith, I'd have a regiment, had I such a daughter, before I was three months older. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Captain DUDLEY *enters to him.*

Ful. Captain Dudley, good morning to you.

Dud. Mr. Fulmer, I have borrowed a book from

your shop; 'tis the sixth volume of
friend Tristram; he is a flattering writ
soldiers; and the divine story of Le
makes part of this book, in my opinic
honour not to its author only, but to h

Ful. He's an author I keep in the way
one I never relish'd: he is much too l
fligate for my taste.

Dud. That's being too severe: I hol
moralist in the noblest sense; he plays
the fancy, and sometimes perhaps t◆o v
while he thus designedly masks his ma
comes at once upon the heart; refin
softens it; beats down each selfish barri
it, and opens every sluice of pity and b

Ful. We of the catholic persuasion
bound to him.——Well, Sir, I shall no
opinion; a favourite author is like a
tress; and there you know, captain, no
have his taste arraigned.

Dud. Upon my word, sir, I don't
man likes in that case; 'tis an experi
made.

Ful. Sir!—Are you serious?

Dud. 'Tis of little consequence whethe

Ful. What a formal old prig it it! [
prehend you, sir; you speak with caut
married?

Dud. I have been.

Ful. And this young lady, which acc

Dud. Passes for my daughter.

Ful. Passes for his daughter! humph—[*Aside.*] She is exceedingly beautiful, finely accomplished, of most enchanting shape and air.

Dud. You are much too partial; she has the greatest defect a woman can have.

Ful. How so, pray?

Dud. She has no fortune.

Ful. Rather say that you have none; and that's a pretty defect in one of your years, Captain Dudley: you've served, no doubt?

Dud. Familiar coxcomb! But I'll humour him. [*Aside.*

Ful. A close old fox! But I'll unkennel him. [*Aside.*

Dud. Above thirty years I've been in the service, Mr. Fulmer.

Ful. I guess'd as much; I laid it at no less: why 'tis a wearisome time; 'tis an apprenticeship to a profession, fit only for a patriarch. But preferment must be closely followed: you never could have been so far behind-hand in the chace, unless you had palpably mistaken your way. You'll pardon me, but I begin to perceive you have lived in the world, not with it.

Dud. It may be so; and you, perhaps, can give me better council. I'm now soliciting a favour; an exchange to a company on full pay; nothing more; and yet I meet *a thousand* bars to that; tho', without *boasting, I should think* the certificate of ser-

vices, which I sent in, might have
indulgence to me.

Ful. Who thinks or cares about '
of services, indeed! Send in a certifi
daughter; carry her in your hand wi

Dud. What! Who? My daugh
daughter! Well, and what then?

Ful. Why, then your fortune's ma

Dud. I understand you: and this
ledge of the world? Despicable know
rah, I will have you know——— [

Ful. Help! Who's within? Wou'd
sir? Wou'd you lift up your hand
his own house?

Dud. In a church, if he dare insu
a man of honour.

Ful. Have a care what you do; re
such a thing in law as an assault a
and such trifling forms as warrants a

Dud. Go, sir; you are too mean
ment: 'tis that, and not the law, p
Hence!

Ful. An old, absurd, incorrigible
be reveng'd of him. [*Aside.*]

SCENE III.

Young DUDLEY *enters to*
What is the matter, sir?
'nter'd the house?

l. Not unlikely; our landlord and his wife are er wrangling.—Did you find your aunt Dudley ne?

rles. I did.

l. And what was your reception?

rles. Cold as our poverty and her pride could it.

l. You told her the pressing occasion I had for ll supply to equip me for this exchange; has she :d me the relief I asked?

rles. Alas, sir, she has peremptorily refused it.

l. That's hard: that's hard, indeed. My peti- as for a small sum; she has refused it, you say: be it so; I must not complain. Did you see the r about the insurance on my life?

rles. There again I am the messenger of ill ; I can raise no money, so fatal is the climate: that ever my father should be sent to perish in a place!

SCENE IV.

Miss DUDLEY *enters hastily.*

d. Louisa, what's the matter? you seem frighted.

i. I am, indeed: coming from Miss Rusport's, I a young gentleman in the streets, who has beset the strangest manner.

rles. Insufferable! was he rude to you?

i. I cannot say he was absolutely rude to me, *was very importunate* to speak to me, and

once or twice attempted to lift up my
lowed me to the corner of the street, and
him the slip.

Dud. You must walk no more in the s
without me or your brother.

Lou. O, Charles, Miss Rusport desire
directly; Lady Rusport is gone out, and sl
thing particular to say to you.

Charles. Have you any commands for n

Dud. None, my dear; by all means wai
Rusport. Come, Louisa, I shall desire y
to your chamber, and compose yourself.

SCENE V.

Enter BELCOUR, *after peeping in at t*

Bel. Not a soul, as I'm alive. Why, v
sort of a house is this! Confound the lit
has fairly given me the slip. A plague
London, I shall have no luck in it: suc
and such a hurry, and such a number of
one so like the other, that whether the we
into this house or the next, or whether sh
stairs or down stairs (for there's a world a
world below, it seems), I declare I kno
than if I was in the Blue Mountains. In
of all the devils at once, why did she run
every handsome girl I meet in this town is
such a wild-goose chace, I had better hav
the torrid zone. I shall be wasted to

[illegible]ar-cane. What shall I do? give the chace up? [illegible]ng it, that's cowardly. Shall I, a true-born son [illegible] Phœbus, suffer this little nimble-footed Daphne to [illegible]ape me?——"Forbid it, honour, and forbid it, [illegible] love."——Hush, hush——here she comes.—— [illegible], the devil!——What tawdry thing have we [illegible] here?——

Mrs. FULMER *enters to him.*

Mrs. Ful. Your humble servant, sir.

Bel. Your humble servant, madam.

Mrs. Ful. A fine summer's day, sir.

Bel. Yes, ma'am, and so cool, that if the calendar [illegible]n't call it July, I should swear it was January.

Mrs. Ful. Sir!

Bel. Madam!

Mrs. Ful. Do you wish to speak to Mr. Fulmer, [illegible]?

Bel. Mr. Fulmer, madam? I hav'n't the honour of [illegible]owing such a person.

Mrs. Ful. No, I'll be sworn, have you not; thou [illegible] much too pretty a fellow, and too much of a gen[illegible]man, to be an author thyself, or to have any thing [illegible]my to those that are so. 'Tis the captain, I sup[illegible]se, you are waiting for.

Bel. I rather suspect it is the captain's wife.

Mrs. Ful. The captain has no wife, sir.

Bel. No wife! I'm heartily sorry for it; for then [illegible]e's his *mistress; and that* I take to be the more [illegible]eparate case of the two: pray, madam, wasn't there

a lady just now turn'd into your
her I wish'd to speak.

Mrs. Ful. What sort of a lady,

Bel. One of the loveliest sort n
young, tall, fresh, fair; in short,

Mrs. Ful. Nay, but dear, dear
you flatter: for 'twas me you fol
door this minute.

Bel. You! No, no, take my wo
you, madam.

Mrs. Ful. But what is it you la

Bel. Upon my soul, I ask your
not you, believe me: be assur'd i

Mrs. Ful. Well, sir, I shall n
honour of being noticed by you
you wou'dn't have been the first r
in the streets; however, this I'm
living woman but myself has ente
morning.

Bel. Why then I'm mistaken i
all; for 'tis not humanly possible
in the lady.

Mrs. Ful. Coxcomb! But hold-
as sure as can be he has seen Miss
with you, young gentleman; com

Bel. Well, what's your pleasure

Mrs. Ful. You seem greatly ca
young lady; are you apt to fall i
sight?

Bel. Oh, yes: 'tis the only way

ve; any man may tumble into a pit by surprise, one but a fool would walk into one by choice.

Mrs. Ful. You are a hasty lover it seems; have you rit to be a generous one? They that will please the e mustn't spare the purse.

Bel. Try me; put me to the proof? bring me to an rview with the dear girl that has thus captivated , and see whether I have spirit to be grateful.

Mrs. Ful. But how, pray, am I to know the girl have set your heart on?

Bel. By an undescribable grace, that accompanies ry look and action that falls from her: there can but one such woman in the world, and nobody can take that one.

Mrs. Ful. Well, if I should stumble upon this angel my walks, where am I to find you? What's your me?

Bel. Upon my soul, I cann't tell you my name.

Mrs. Ful. Not tell me! Why so?

Bel. Because I don't know what it is myself; as yet have no name.

Mrs. Ful. No name!

Bel. None; a friend, indeed, lent me his; but he bad me use it on any unworthy occasion.

Mrs. Ful. But where is your place of abode?

Bel. I have none; I never slept a night in England my life.

Mrs. Ful. Hey-day!

SCENE VI.

Enter FULMER.

Ful. A fine case, truly, in a free cour
pass things are come to, if a man is to b
his own house.

Mrs. Ful. Who has assaulted you, my

Ful. Who! why this Captain Drawc
Dudley, my lodger: but I'll unlodge h
harbour him, I warrant.

Mrs. Ful. Hush! hush! hold your t
pocket the affront, and be quiet; I've
foot will pay you a hundred beatings.
prise me, Mr. Fulmer; Captain Dudley
Impossible.

Ful. Nay, I cann't call it an absolute
he threatened me.

Mrs. Ful. Oh, was that all? I thought
turn out——A likely thing, truly, for a
obliging compassionate turn: no, no,
Dudley, he has sorrows and distresses e
own to employ his spirits, without setting
other people. Make it up as fast as you
this gentleman out; follow him where
and bring me word who and what he is;
don't lose sight of him; I've other busi

Ful. Pray, sir, what sorrows and distre
this old gentleman you speak of

Ful. Poverty, disappointment, and all the distresses attendant thereupon: sorrow enough of all conscience: I soon found how it was with him by his way of living, low enough of all reason; but what I overheard this morning put it out of all doubt.

Bel. What did you overhear this morning?

Ful. Why, it seems he wants to join his regiment, and has been beating the town over to raise a little money for that purpose upon his pay; but the climate, I find, where he is going, is so unhealthy, that nobody can be found to lend him any.

Bel. Why then your town is a damn'd good-for-nothing town: and I wish I had never come into it.

Ful. That's what I say, sir; the hard-heartedness of some folks is unaccountable. There's an old Lady Lusport, a near relation of this gentleman's; she lives hard by here, opposite to Stockwell's, the great merchant; he sent to her a begging, but to no purpose; though she is as rich as a Jew, she would not furnish him with a farthing.

Bel. Is the captain at home?

Ful. He is up stairs, sir.

Bel. Will you take the trouble to desire him to step hither? I want to speak to him.

Ful. I'll send him to you directly. I don't know what to make of this young man; but, if I live, I will find him out, or know the reason why. [*Exit.*

Bel. I've lost the girl, it seems; that's clear: she was *the first object of* my pursuit; but the case of

this poor officer touches me: and, after all
may be as much true delight in rescuing a
creature from distress, as there would be in p
one into it——But let me see——It's a pc
must be managed with some delicacy——A
there's pen and ink——I've struck upon a
that will do.—[*Writes.*]——Ay, ay, this is
thing: 'twas devilish lucky I happened to ha
bills about me. There, there, fare you w
glad to be rid of you; you stood a chance
worse applied, I can tell you.

[*Encloses and seals th*

SCENE VII.

FULMER *brings in* DUDLEY.

Ful. That's the gentleman, sir.—I shall ma
however, to lend an ear.

Dud. Have you any commands for me, sir?

Bel. Your name is Dudley, sir?

Dud. It is.

Bel. You command a company, I think,
Dudley?

Dud. I did: I am now upon half-pay.

Bel. You've served some time?

Dud. A pretty many years; long enough to s
people of more merit and better interest than
made general officers.

Bel. Their merit I may have some doubt
interest I can readily give credit to: the

promotion to be looked for in your profession, I believe, without friends, captain?

Dud. I believe so too: have you any other business with me, may I ask?

Bel. Your patience for a moment. I was informed you was about to join your regiment in distant quarters abroad?

Dud. I have been soliciting an exchange to a company on full-pay, quartered at James's-Fort, in Senegambia; but, I'm afraid, I must drop the undertaking.

Bel. Why so, pray?

Dud. Why so, sir? 'Tis a home-question for a perfect stranger to put; there is something very particular in all this.

Bel. If it is not impertinent, sir, allow me to ask you what reason you have for despairing of success.

Dud. Why really, sir, mine is an obvious reason for a soldier to have——Want of money; simply that.

Bel. May I beg to know the sum you have occasion for?

Dud. Truly, sir, I cannot exactly tell you on a sudden; nor is it, I suppose, of any great consequence to you to be informed; but I should guess, in the gross, that two hundred pounds would serve.

Bel. And do you find a difficulty in raising that sum upon your pay? 'Tis done every day.

Dud. *The nature of the* climate makes it difficult: *can get no one to insure* my life.

Bel. Oh! that's a circumstance may make as well as against: in short, Captain Dudl happens, that I can command the sum of t dred pounds: seek therefore no farther; I'l modate you with it upon easy terms.

Dud. Sir! do I understand you rightly?— your pardon; but am I to believe that yo earnest?

Bel. What is your surprise? Is it an u thing for a gentleman to speak truth? Or credible that one fellow creature should a other?

Dud. I ask your pardon———May I beg to whom———Do you propose this in the w siness?

Bel. Entirely: I have no other business o

Dud. Indeed!——You are not a broker, suaded.

Bel. I am not.

Dud. Nor an army agent, I think?

Bel. I hope you will not think the worse o being neither; in short, sir, if you will pe paper, it will explain to you who I am, what terms I act; while you read it, I will st and fetch the money, and we will conclude gain without loss of time. In the mean wh day to you. [*Ex*

Dud. Humph! there's something very o this——let me see what we've got here——

'o tell me who he is, and what are

in the name of wonder, why has he sealed it?——Hey-day! what's here? two bank-notes of a hundred each! I cann't comprehend what this means. Hold; here's a writing; perhaps that will shew me. 'Accept this trifle; pursue your fortune, and prosper.' Am I in a dream? Is this a reality?

SCENE VIII.

Enter Major O'FLAHERTY.

O'Fla. Save you, my dear! Is it you now that are Captain Dudley, I would ask?——Whuh! what's the hurry the man's in? If 'tis the lad that ran out of the shop you would overtake, you might as well stay where you are; by my soul he's as nimble as a Croat, you are a full hour's march in his rear—Ay, 'faith, you may as well turn back, and give over the pursuit. Well, Captain Dudley, if that's your name, there's a letter for you. Read, man; read it; and I'll have a word with you after you have done.

Dud. More miracles on foot! So, so, from Lady Rusport.

O'Fla. You're right; it's from her ladyship.

Dud. Well, sir, I have cast my eye over it; 'tis short and peremptory; are you acquainted with the contents?

O'Fla. Not at all, my dear; not at all.

Dud. Have you any message from Lady Rusport?

O'Fla. Not a syllable, honey; only, when you've

digested the letter, I've a little bit
deliver you from myself.

Dud. And may I beg to know wh

O'Fla. Dennis O'Flaherty, at your
major of grenadiers; nothing better.

Dud. So much for your name and
be so good to favour me with your m

O'Fla. Why then, captain, I mus
promised Lady Rusport you shall d
she bids you to do in that letter there.

Dud. Ay, indeed; have you under
major, without knowing either what
or what I can perform?

O'Fla. That's your concern, my de
must keep my word, you know.

Dud. Or else, I suppose, you and
swords.

O'Fla. Upon my soul, you've hit it

Dud. That would hardly answer
you and I have, probably, had enoug
our time before now.

O'Fla. Faith and troth, Master D
say that: 'tis thirty years, come the ti
followed the trade, and in a pretty ma

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my belly full of fighting, and a plentiful scarcity of every thing else. After six-and-twenty engagements, great and small, I went off, with this gash on my skull, and a kiss of the Empress Queen's sweet hand, (Heaven bless it!) for my pains. Since the peace, my dear, I took a little turn with the Confederates here in Poland—but such another set of madcaps!—by the lord Harry, I never knew what it was they were scuffling about.

Dud. Well, major, I won't add another action to the list—you shall keep your promise with Lady Rusport; she requires me to leave London; I shall go in few days, and you may take what credit you please from my compliance.

O'Fla. Give me your hand, my dear boy! This will make her my own: when that's the case, we shall be brothers, you know, and we'll share her fortune between us.

Dud. Not so, major: the man who marries Lady Rusport will have a fair title to her whole fortune without division. But, I hope, your expectations of prevailing are founded upon good reasons.

O'Fla. Upon the best grounds in the world. First, I think she will comply, because she is a woman: secondly, I am persuaded she won't hold out long, because she's a widow: and thirdly, I make sure of her, because I've married five wives *(en militaire,* captain), and never failed yet; and, for what I know, they're all *alive and merry* at this very hour.

Dud. Well, sir, go on and prosper: if you can in

spire Lady Rusport with half your
think you deserve all her fortune: a
beg your excuse: good morning to

O'Fla. A good sensible man, and
soldier; I did not care if I was
with him: but 'tis an awkward kin
that; the English, I observe, are c
distant acquaintance. I suspect the
been over generous to poor Dudley
a little touch about that: upon my
one excuse a person can have for
and that is, like myself, having nc

SCENE IX.

Changes to Lady RUSPORT*'s House.*
Miss RUSPORT *and* LU

Char. Well, Lucy, you've dislodg
at last; but methought you was a te
it.

Lucy. A tedious time, indeed; I
have least to spare, contrive to throw
I thought I should never have got
house.

Char. Why, she's as deliberate in
article of her dress, as an ambassa
settling the preliminaries of a treaty.

Lucy. There was a new hood an

ad come express from Holborn-hill on the oc-
, that took as much time in adjusting——
r. As they did in making, and she was as vain
n as an old maid of a young lover.
. Or a young lover of himself. Then, madam,
:ing a visit of great ceremony to a person of
tion, at the West end of the town, the old
hariot was dragged forth on the occasion, with
charges to dress out the box with the leopard-
immer-cloth.
. Yes, and to hang the false tails on the mise-
itumps of the old crawling cattle. Well, well,
leaven the crazy affair don't break down again
er—at least till she gets to her journey's end!
ut where's Charles Dudley? Run down, dear
nd be ready to let him in; I think he's as long
ing as she was in going.
. Why, indeed, madam, you seem the more
f the two, I must say. [*Exit.*
. Now the deuce take the girl for putting that
into my head! I'm sadly afraid Dudley does
e me: so much encouragement as I have given
) declare himself, I never could get a word
im on the subject. This may be very honour-
but upon my life it's very provoking. By the
wonder how I look to-day: Oh, shockingly!
sly pale! like a witch! This is the old lady's
and she has left some of her wrinkles on it.—
frightfully have I put on my cap! all awry!

and my hair dress'd so unbecomingly! alto
I'm a most complete fright.

SCENE X.

CHARLES DUDLEY *comes in unobserved*

Charles. That I deny.

Char. Ah!

Charles. Quarrelling with your glass, cousin
it up; make it up, and be friends: it cannot
ment you more than by reflecting you as you

Char. Well, I vow, my dear Charles, tha
lightfully said, and deserves my very best
your flattery, like a rich jewel, has a value
from its superior lustre, but from its extrac
scarceness: I verily think this is the only civi
you ever directed to my person in your life.

Charles. And I ought to ask pardon of yo
sense for having done it now.

Char. Nay, now you relapse again: do
know, if you keep well with a woman on th
score of beauty, she'll never quarrel with you
trifling article of good sense? But any thing
to fill up a dull yawning hour with an insipid
you have brighter moments, and warmer spi
the dear girl of your heart.

Charles. Oh, fie upon you, fie upon you!
u blush, and the reason is apparen
hypocrisy; but no practice o

visit of ceremony pass for a visit of choice: love is rer before its time; friendship is apt to lag a little ter it: pray, Charles, did you make any extraordiry haste hither?

Charles. By your question, I see you acquit me of e impertinence of being in love.

Char. But why impertinence? Why the impertince of being in love? You have one language for me, arles, and another for the woman of your affection.

Charles. You are mistaken; the woman of my affion shall never hear any other language from me n what I use to you.

Char. I am afraid then you'll never make yourself derstood by her.

Charles. It is not fit I should; there is no need of e to make me miserable; 'tis wretchedness enough be a beggar.

Char. A beggar, do you call yourself? O Charles, harles, rich in every merit and accomplishment, hom may you not aspire to? And why think you unworthily of our sex, as to conclude there is not e to be found with sense to discern your virtue, and nerosity to reward it?

Charles. You distress me; I must beg to hear no ore.

Char. Well, I can be silent.——Thus does he alays serve me, whenever I am about to disclose myself to him.

Charles. Why do you not banish me and my mis*rtunes for ever from* your thoughts?

Char. Ay, wherefore do I not, since you nev
lowed me a place in yours? But go, sir, I ha
right to stay you; go where your heart direct
go to the happy, the distinguished fair one.

Charles. Now, by all that's good, you do me w
there is no such fair one for me to go to; nor
an acquaintance among the sex, yourself exc
which answers to that description.

Char. Indeed!

Charles. In very truth: there then let us dr
subject. May you be happy, though I never c

Char. O Charles! give me your hand: if I
offended you, I ask your pardon: you have bee
acquainted with my temper, and know how to
with its infirmities.

Charles. Thus, my dear Charlotte, let us sea
reconciliation.—[*Kissing her hand.*]——Bear wit
infirmities! By Heaven, I know not any one faili
thy whole composition, except that of too great a
tiality for an undeserving man.

Char. And you are now taking the very coun
augment that failing. A thought strikes me: I
a commission that you must absolutely execut
me; I have immediate occasion for the sum of
hundred pounds: you know my fortune is shut
till I am of age; take this paltry box (it contains
ear-rings, and some other baubles I have no use f
carry it to our opposite neighbour, Mr. Stockwel
don't know where else to apply), leave it as a dep
in his hands, and beg him to accommodate m
the sum.

Charles. Dear Charlotte, what are you about to do? ow can you possibly want two hundred pounds?

Char. How can I possibly do without it, you mean? oesn't every lady want two hundred pounds?—— rhaps I have lost it at play; perhaps I mean to win much to it; perhaps I want it for two hundred erent uses.

Charles. Pooh! pooh! all this is nothing; don't I ow you never play?

Char. You mistake; I have a spirit to set not only trifle, but my whole fortune, upon a stake;— refore make no wry faces, but do as I bid you: will find Mr. Stockwell a very honourable gen- an.

LUCY *enters in haste.*

Lucy. Dear madam, as I live, here comes the old y in a hackney-coach.

Char. The old chariot has given her a second ble: away with you; you know your way out hout meeting her: take the box, and do as I de- you.

Charles. I must not dispute your orders. Farewell.

[*Exeunt* Charles *and* Charlotte.

SCENE XI.

Enter Lady RUSPORT, *leaning on Major* O'FLAHERTY'S *arm.*

O'Fla. Rest yourself upon my arm; never spare it;

'tis strong enough: it has stood harder
you can put it to.

Lucy. Mercy upon me, what is the
frighten'd out of my wits: has your la
accident?

L. Rus. O Lucy! the most untoward
I know not how I shall repair it.

O'Fla. Never go about to repair it, n
build a new one; 'twas but a crazy pie
at best.

Lucy. Bless me, is the old chariot bro
you again?

L. Rus. Broke, child? I don't know
have been broke, if, by great good
obliging gentleman had not been at han

Lucy. Dear madam, let me run and fe
of the cordial drops.

L. Rus. Do, Lucy. Alas! sir, ever si
husband, my poor nerves have been sh
there hangs his beloved picture: that p
and a plentiful jointure, is all that rema
me for the best of men.

O'Fla. Let me see: i'faith a comely p
his fur cloak I suppose he was in the Ru
and by the gold chain round his neck, I
he had been honoured with the order
rine.

L. Rus. No, no; he meddled with n
rines: that's the habit he wore in his m
Stephen was lord-mayor of London:

and has left me a poor, weak, solitary widow behind him.

O'Fla. By all means, then, take a strong, able, hearty man to repair his loss: if such a plain fellow as one Dennis O'Flaherty can please you, I think I may venture to say, without any disparagement to the gentleman in the fur-gown there——

L. Rus. What are you going to say? Don't shock my ears with any comparisons, I desire.

O'Fla. Not I, by my soul; I don't believe there's any comparison in the case.

L. Rus. Oh, are you come? Give me the drops; I'm all in a flutter.

O'Fla. Hark'e, sweetheart, what are those same drops? have you any more left in the bottle? I did'nt care if I took a little sip of them myself.

Lucy. Oh, sir, they are called the cordial restorative elixir, or the nervous golden drops; they are only for ladies' cases.

O'Fla. Yes, yes, my dear, there are gentlemen as well as ladies that stand in need of those same golden drops; they'd suit my case to a tittle.

L. Rus. Well, major, did you give old Dudley my letter; and will the silly man do as I bid him, and be gone?

O'Fla. You are obeyed; he's on his march.

L. Rus. That's well; you have managed this matter to perfection; I didn't think he would have been so easily *prevailed upon.*

O'Fla. At the first word; no difficulty in life; 'twas

the very thing he was determined to
came: I never met a more obliging ger

L. Rus. Well, 'tis no matter; so I a
him, and his distresses: would you bel
O'Flaherty, it was but this morning he s
to me for money to fit him out upon son
expedition to the coast of Africa, I kno

O'Fla. Well, you sent him what he w

L. Rus. I sent him what he deserved,

O'Fla. You refused him!

L. Rus. Most undoubtedly.

O'Fla. You sent him nothing!

L. Rus. Not a shilling.

O'Fla. Good morning to you—You

L. Rus. Hey-day! what ails the ma
you going?

O'Fla. Out of your house, before th
my head—to poor Dudley, to share th
cum that thirty years hard service h
wish it was more, for his sake.

L. Rus. Very well, sir; take your co
attempt to stop you: I shall survive
break my heart if I never see you more

O'Fla. Break your heart! No, o' r
will it not.—You preach, and you p
turn up your eyes, and all the while y
hearted as an hyena—An hyena, truly
there isn't in the whole creation so sa
as a human creature without pity.

L. Rus. A hyena, truly! Where did the fellow blunder upon that word? Now the deuce take him for using it, and the Macaronies for inventing it! [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Room in STOCKWELL'S *House. Enter* STOCKWELL *and* BELCOUR.

Stockwell.

GRATIFY me so far, however, Mr. Belcour, as to see Miss Rusport; carry her the sum she wants, and return the poor girl her box of diamonds, which Dudley left in my hands; you know what to say on the occasion better than I do: that part of your commission I leave to your own discretion, and you may season it with what gallantry you think fit.

Bel. You could not have pitch'd upon a greater bungler at gallantry than myself, if you had rummag'd every company in the city, and the whole court of aldermen into the bargain: part of your errand, however, I will do; but whether it shall be with an ill grace or a good one, depends upon the caprice of a moment, the humour of the lady, the mode of our meeting, and a thousand undefinable small circumstances that nevertheless determine us upon all the great occasions of life.

Stock. I persuade myself you will find Miss Rusport *an ingenious, worthy,* animated girl.

Bel. Why I like her the better, as a w
name her not to me as a wife! No, if ev
it must be a staid, sober, considerate da
blood in her veins as cold as a turtle's
scent as a vulture when danger's in the w
and sharp-sighted as a hawk when trea
foot: with such a companion at my elbo
whispering in my ear—have a care of this
cheat; don't go near that woman, she's
head there's a scaffold, under foot there
Oh! sir, such a woman might lead me up
this great city without difficulty or danger
a girl of Miss Rusport's complexion, h
earth, sir! we should be dup'd, undone, and
in a fortnight.

Stock. Ha, ha, ha! Why you are becom
circumspect of a sudden, pupil; and if y
such a prudent damsel as you describe, yo
consent—only beware how you choose; d
not the reigning quality amongst the fine l
present time; and I think in Miss Ruspor
lar I have given you no bad counsel.

Bel. Well, well, if you'll fetch me the je
lieve I can undertake to carry them to h
for the money, I'll have nothing to do
Dudley would be your fittest ambassador
casion; and, if I mistake not, the most a
the lady.

Stock. Why, indeed, from what I know

ry, it may not improbably be destined to find its way into his pockets. [*Exit.*

Bel. Then, depend upon it, these are not the only baskets she means to dedicate to Captain Dudley. But for me, Stockwell indeed wants me to marry; but till I can get this bewitching girl, this incognita, out of my head, I can never think of any other woman.

Enter Servant, and delivers a Letter.

Heyday! Where can I have picked up a correspondent already! 'Tis a most execrable manuscript—Let me see—Martha Fulmer—Who is Martha Fulmer? Shaw! I won't be at the trouble of decyphering her damn'd pot-hooks. Hold, hold, hold; what have we got here!

'DEAR SIR,

'I've discover'd the lady you was so much smitten with, and can procure you an interview with her; if you can be as generous to a pretty girl as you was to a paltry old captain,' how did she find that out! 'you need not despair; come to me immediately; the lady is now in my house, and expects you.

Yours,

MARTHA FULMER.'

O thou dear, lovely, and enchanting paper, which I was about to tear into a thousand scraps, devoutly I entreat thy pardon: I have slighted thy contents, which are delicious; slander'd thy characters, which are *divine; and all the* atonement I can make is im*plicitly to obey thy* mandates.

STOCKWELL *returns.*

Stock. Mr. Belcour, here are the jewels; t
encloses bills for the money; and, if you wi
it to Miss Rusport, you'll have no farther t
that score.

Bel. Ah, sir! the letter which I have bee
disqualifies me for delivering the letter which
been writing: I have other game on foot; t
est girl my eyes ever feasted upon is started
and the world cannot now divert me from
her.

Stock. Hey-day! What has turned you t
sudden?

Bel. A woman: one that can turn, and ov
and my tottering resolutions every way she
sir, if this is folly in me, you must rail at na
must chide the sun, that was vertical at
and would not wink upon my nakedness, b
dled me in the broadest, hottest glare of his
beams.

Stock. Mere rhapsody; mere childish r
the libertine's familiar plea——Nature mad
true, but we are the responsible creators of
faults and follies.

Bel. Sir!

Stock. Slave of every face you meet, so
has inveigled you, some handsome profligi
town is full of them;) and, when once fair
rupt in constitution, as well as fortune,

ger serves as your excuse for being vicious; ne-
sity, perhaps, will stand your friend, and you'll
rm.

el. You are severe.

tock. It fits me to be so—it well becomes a father
—I would say a friend——How strangely I forget
elf—How difficult it is to counterfeit indifference,
put a mask upon the heart——I've struck him
ll; he reddens.

el. How could you tempt me so? Had you not in-
ertently dropped the name of father, I fear our
ndship, short as it has been, would scarce have
l me——But even your mistake I reverence——
e me your hand—'tis over.

tock. Generous young man—let me embrace you
ow shall I hide my tears? I have been to blame;
use I bore you the affection of a father, I rashly
k up the authority of one. I ask your pardon—
ue your course; I have no right to stop it——
at would you have me do with these things?

el. This, if I might advise; carry the money to
s Rusport immediately; never let generosity wait
r its materials; that part of the business presses.
e me the jewels; I'll find an opportunity of de-
ring them into her hands; and your visit may
e the way for my reception. [*Exit.*

Stock. Be it so: good morning to you. Farewell
wice! Away goes he upon the wing for pleasure.
at various *passions he awakens in me!* He pains,
pleases me; affrights, offends, yet grows upon my

heart. His very failings set him off—fo
passing, for ever atoning, I almost think
be so perfect, were he free from fault:
semble longer; and yet how painful the
—Even now he's gone upon some wild
and who can tell what mischief may b
nature, what it is to be a father! Just su
less headlong thing was I when I beguile
into love.

SCENE II.

Changes to FULMER's *House. Enter* FUL
Wife.

Ful. I tell you, Patty, you are a fo
bringing him and Miss Dudley together
every thing, and blow your whole sche
moon at once.

Mrs. Ful. Why, sure, Mr. Fulmer,
lowed to rear a chicken of my own hatc
say. Who first sprung the thought
Who first contrived the plot? Who prop
ter, but I, I?

Ful. And who dogg'd the gentleman
found out his name, fortune, connection
a West Indian, fresh landed, and full of
to our heart's content; a hot-brain'd
that would run into our trap, like
turf?

Mrs. Ful. Hark! he's come: disappear, march; leave the field open to my machinations.

[*Exit* Fulmer.

SCENE III.

BELCOUR *enters to her.*

Bel. O, thou dear minister to my happiness, let me embrace thee! Why, thou art my polar star, my propitious constellation, by which I navigate my impatient bark into the port of pleasure and delight.

Mrs. Ful. Oh, you men are sly creatures! Do you remember now, you cruel, what you said to me this morning?

Bel. All a jest, a frolic; never think on't; bury it for ever in oblivion; thou! why thou art all over sugar and ambrosia, powder of pearl and odour of roses; thou hast the youth of Hebe, the beauty of Venus, and the pen of Sappho; but, in the name of wonder what's lovely, where's the lady? I expected to find her with you.

Mrs. Ful. No doubt you did, and these raptures were designed for her; but where have you loitered? the lady's gone, you are too late; girls of her sort are not to be kept waiting like negro slaves in your sugar plantations.

Bel. Gone! whither is she gone? tell me that I may follow her.

Mrs. Ful. Hold, hold, not so fast, young gentleman,

this is a case of some delicacy; shou'd C
ley know that I introduced you to his da
a man of such scrupulous honour——

Bel. What do you tell me! is she dau
old gentleman I met here this morning?

Mrs. Ful. The same; him you was so

Bel. There's an end of the matter the
shall never be said of me, that I took a
the father's necessities to trepan the daug

Mrs. Ful. So, so, I've made a wrong c
of your conscientious sinners I find; but
him thus——Ha, ha, ha!

Bel. What is it you laugh at?

Mrs. Ful. Your absolute inexperienc
lived so very little time in this country, a
that between young people of equal age
sister often is a cover for that of mistress
lady is, in that sense of the word, sist
Dudley, and consequently daughter to m

Bel. Indeed! are you serious?

Mrs. Ful. Can you doubt it? I mu
pretty well assur'd of that before I invi
ther.

Bel. That's true; she cannot be a w
nour, and Dudley is an unconscionable
to think of keeping one fine girl in pa
contributions on another; he shall there
up; she is a dear, bewitching, mischievo
vil; and he shall positively give her up

Ful. Ay, now the freak has tak

say, give her up; there's one way, indeed, and certain of success.

Bel. What's that?

Mrs. Ful. Out-bid him, never dream of out-blustering him; buy out his lease of possession, and leave her to manage his ejectment.

Bel. Is she so venal? Never fear me then: when beauty is the purchase, I sha'n't think much of the price.

Mrs. Ful. All things, then, will be made easy enough: let me see; some little genteel present to begin with: what have you got about you? Ay, watch; I can bestow it to advantage; there's no time to be lost.

Bel. Hang it, confound it; a plague upon't, say I. I hav'n't a guinea left in my pocket; I parted from my whole stock here this morning, and have forgot to supply myself since.

Mrs. Ful. Mighty well; let it pass then; there's an end; think no more of the lady, that's all.

Bel. Distraction! think no more of her? Let me only step home and provide myself, I'll be back with you in an instant.

Mrs. Ful. Pooh, pooh! that's a wretched shift: have you nothing of value about you? Money's a coarse slovenly vehicle, fit only to bribe electors in a borough; there are more graceful ways of purchasing a lady's favours; rings, trinkets, jewels!

Bel. Jewels! Gadso, I protest I had forgot: I have a *case of jewels; but they* won't do, I must not part

from them: no, no, they are appropria
none of my own.

Mrs. Ful. Let me see, let me see! A
were something-like:——pretty creatu
sparkle! these would ensure success.

Bel. Indeed!

Mrs. Ful. These would make her y
ever.

Bel. Then the deuce take 'em for bel
other person! I could find in my hea
the girl, and swear I've lost them.

Mrs. Ful. Ay, do; say they were stole
pocket.

Bel. No, hang it, that's dishonourabl
me the paltry things, I'll give you an
merchant for double their value.

Mrs. Ful. An order! No; order for
upon merchants, with their value receiv
days grace; their noting, protesting, a
and all their counting-house formalitie
nothing to do with them: leave your di
me, and give your order for the value of
owner: the money would be as good as t
warrant you.

Bel. Hey! how! I never thought of
breach of trust; 'tis impossible; I never
therefore, give me the jewels back again.

Mrs. Ful. Take 'em: I am now to tell
is in this house.

Bel. In this house?

Mrs. Ful. Yes, sir, in this very house; but what of that? You have got what you like better; your toys, your trinkets. Go, go: oh! you're a man of a notable spirit, are you not?

Bel. Provoking creature! bring me to the sight of the dear creature, and dispose of me as you think fit.

Mrs. Ful. And of the diamonds too?

Bel. Damn 'em, I would there was not such a bauble in nature! But come, come, dispatch: if I had the throne of Dehli, I should give it to her.

Mrs. Ful. Swear to me then that you will keep within bounds; remember, she passes for the sister of young Dudley. Oh! if you come to your flights and your rhapsodies, she'll be off in an instant.

Bel. Never fear me.

Mrs. Ful. You must expect to hear her talk of her father, as she calls him, and her brother, and your bounty to her family.

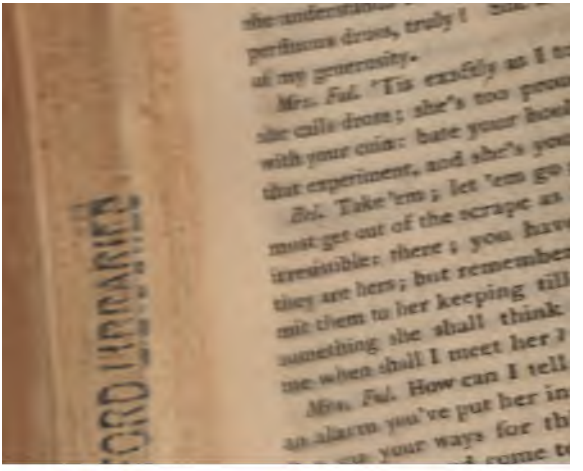
Bel. Ay, ay, never mind what she talks of, only mind her.

Mrs. Ful. You'll be prepared upon that head?

Bel. I shall be prepared, never fear: away with you.

Mrs. Ful. But hold, I had forgot: not a word of the diamonds; leave that matter to my management.

Bel. Hell and vexation! Get out of the room, or I shall run distracted. [*Exit Mrs.* Fulmer.] Of a certain, Belcour, thou art born to be the fool of woman: *are no man sins with so much* repentance, or repents *with so little amendment*, as I do. I cannot give


perfumes drugs, truly!
of my generosity.
Mrs. Fal. 'Tis exactly as I t
she calls drugs; she's too poo
with your coin: hate your hos
that experiment, and she's you
Fal. Take 'em; let 'em go
must get out of the scrape as
irresistible: there; you hav
they are hers; but remember
mit them to her keeping till
something she shall think
me when shall I meet her
Mrs. Fal. How can I tell
an alarm you've put her in
your ways for th
come t
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Enter STOCKWELL.

. Madam, your most obedient servant: I am
ed with your commands, by Captain Dudley,
ive brought the money with me as you di-
; I understand the sum you have occasion for
hundred pounds.

. It is, sir; I am quite confounded at your
this trouble upon yourself, Mr. Stockwell.

. There is a bank-note, madam, to the amount:
wels are in safe hands, and will be delivered to
rectly. If I had been happy in being better
to you, I should have hoped you would not
hought it necessary to place a deposit in my
for so trifling a sum as you have now required
supply you with.

. The baubles I sent you may very well be
; and, as they are the only security in my pre-
tuation I can give you, I could wish you would
them in your hands: when I am of age (which,
e a few months, I shall be), I will replace your
with thanks.

. It is obvious, Miss Rusport, that your charms
ffer no impeachment by the absence of those
icial ornaments; but they should be seen in the
of a woman of fashion, not as creditors, to
you are indebted for your appearance, but as
vient attendants, which help to make up your
ge.

Char. Mr. Stockwell is determined n
the confidence I reposed in his politeness

Stock. I have only to request, madam,
allow Mr. Belcour, a young gentleman i
piness I particularly interest myself, to
nour of delivering you the box of jewels.

Char. Most gladly; any friend of you
of being welcome here.

Stock. I flatter myself you will not fin
undeserving your good opinion; an educ
the strictest kind, and strong animal sp
sometimes to betray him into youthful i
but an high principle of honour, and a
benevolence, in the eye of candour will,
for any faults, by which these good qual
impaired.

Char. I dare say Mr. Belcour's behavi
apology; we've no right to be over strict
the morals of a common acquaintance.

Stock. I wish it may be my happiness
Belcour in the list, not of your commo
cular acquaintance—of your friends, Mi
I dare not be more explicit.

Char. Nor need you, Mr. Stockwell
studious to deserve his friendship; an
have long since unalterably placed my
another, I trust, I have not left myself
the merits of Mr. Belcour; and hope th
nor you will, for that reason, think me l

ood opinion and regards.

ck. Miss Rusport, I sincerely wish you happy: 'e no doubt you have placed your affection on a ving man; and I have no right to combat your e. [*Exit.*

ar. How honourable is that behaviour! Now, if les were here, I should be happy. The old lady fond of her new Irish acquaintance, that I have hole house at my disposal. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Enter BELCOUR, *preceded by a Servant.*

v. I ask your honour's pardon; I thought my g lady was here: who shall I inform her would : to her?

l. Belcour is my name, sir; and pray beg your to put herself in no hurry on my account; for ooner see the devil than see her face.—[*Exit Ser-*]—In the name of all that's mischievous, why Stockwell drive me hither in such haste? A y figure, truly, I shall make! an ambassador out credentials. Blockhead that I was, to charge :lf with her diamonds—officious, meddling puppy! they are irretrievably gone: that suspicious jade ner wou'dn't part even with a sight of them, tho' uld have ransomed them at twice their value.— ' must I trust to my poor wits to bring me off: a :ntable dependance. Fortune be my helper:—— e *comes the girl.*——If she is noble-minded, as

she is said to be, she will forgive me—
lost cause; for I have not thought of on
excuse.

SCENE VII.

Enter CHARLOTTE.

Char. Mr. Belcour, I'm proud to s
friend, Mr. Stockwell, prepared me to e
nour; and I am happy in the opportu
known to you.

Bel. A fine girl, by my soul! Now w
hang-dog do I look like!

Char. You are newly arrived in this co

Bel. Just landed, madam, just set a-
large cargo of Muscavado sugars, run
mahogany slabs, wet sweetmeats, and
quets.

Char. May I ask you how you like L

Bel. To admiration: I think the t
town's-folk are exactly suited; 'tis a grea
grown, noisy, tumultuous place: the w
is a bustle to get money, and the whole
hurry to spend it.

Char. Are these all the observatio
made?

Bel. No, madam; I have observed th
very captivating, and the men very soon

Char. Ay, indeed! Whence do you d
clusion?

Bel. From infallible guides; the first remark I col-
t from what I now see, the second from what I now
l.

Char. Oh, the deuce take you! But, to wave this
bject—I believe, sir, this was a visit of business,
t compliment: was it not?

Bel. Ay—now comes on my execution.

Char. You have some foolish trinkets of mine, Mr.
lcour; hav'n't you?

Bel. No, in truth, they are gone in search of a trin-
t, still more foolish than themselves. [*Aside.*

Char. Some diamonds, I mean, sir. Mr. Stockwell
ormed me you was charged with 'em.

Bel. Oh, yes, madam—but I have the most trea-
erous memory in life—here they are: pray put 'em
; they're all right; you need not examine 'em.
[*Gives a box.*

Char. Hey-day—right, sir! Why these are not my
monds; these are quite different; and, as it should
em, of much greater value.

Bel. Upon my life, I'm glad on't; for then I hope
u value 'em more than your own.

Char. As a purchaser I should, but not as an
ner: you mistake; these belong to somebody else.

Bel. 'Tis yours, I'm afraid, that belong to somebody
se.

Char. What is it you mean? I must insist upon your
king 'em back again.

Bel. Pray, madam, don't do that; I shall infallibly

lose them: I have the worst luck with
any man living.

Char. That you might well say, was yo
these in the place of mine; but pray, sir
reason of all this? Why have you change
and where have you disposed of mine?

Bel. Miss Rusport, I cannot invent
life; and, if it was to save it, I cou'dn
am an idle, dissipated, unthinking fello
your notice: in short, I am a West Ind
must try me according to the charter o
not by a jury of English spinsters. The
given away your jewels; caught with a
ling eyes, whose lustre blinded theirs,
property as I should my own, and lavi
let me not totally despair of your forgi
quently do wrong, but never with impu
displeasure is added to my own, my pu
be too severe. When I parted from the
not the honour of knowing their owner

Char. Mr. Belcour, your sincerity c
enter at once into your character, and
allowances for it you can desire. I tak
for the present, because I know there is
of reconciling you to yourself; but, if
your spirit in one point, you must yie
another: remember, I will not keep
value of my own jewels: there is no n
laged by more than one woman at a tim

Bel. Now, may every blessing that can crown your virtues, and reward your beauty, be showered upon you! May you meet admiration without envy, love without jealousy, and old age without malady! May the man of your heart be ever constant, and you never meet a less penitent or less grateful offender than myself!

Enter Servant, who delivers a Letter.

Char. Does your letter require such haste?

Serv. I was bade to give it into your own hands, madam.

Char. From Charles Dudley, I see—Have I your permission? Good Heaven, what do I read!——Mr. Belcour, you are concerned in this——'Dear Charlotte, in the midst of our distress, Providence has sent a benefactor in our way, after the most unexpected manner: a young West Indian, rich, and with a warmth of heart peculiar to his climate, has rescued my father from his troubles, satisfied his wants, and enabled him to accomplish his exchange: when I relate to you the manner in which this was done, you will be charmed; I can only now add, that it was by chance we found out that his name is Belcour, and that he is a friend of Mr. Stockwell's. I lose not a moment's time, in making you acquainted with this fortunate event, for reasons which delicacy obliges me to suppress; but, perhaps, if you have not received the money on your jewels, you will not think

it necessary now to do it. I have the
be,

Dear madam,

Most faithfully yours,

CHARLES D

Is this your doing, sir? Never was ge
worthily exerted.

Bel. Or so greatly overpaid.

Char. After what you have now done f
ble, but indigent family, let me not scrupl
the whole situation of my heart to you. I
sir (and don't think the worse of me for
ness of my declaration), that such is my
to the son of that worthy officer, whom yc
that the moment I am of age, and in pc
my fortune, I should hold myself the
women to share it with young Dudley.

Bel. Say you so, madam? then let me
don't love and reverence you above all wc
and, if such is your generous resolution,
till you're of age; life is too short, pleasu
tive; the soul grows narrower every hour
you for your escape; I'll convey you to
your heart, and away with you then to the
table parson that will take you in.

Char. O blessed be the torrid zone for
rapid vegetation quickens nature into such
These latitudes are made for politics and
p has no root in this soil. But,

:pt your offer, which is not improbable,
't it be a mortifying thing for a fond girl to
:self mistaken, and sent back to her home like
nt?—and such, for what I know, might be my

Then he ought to be proscribed the society of
d for ever——Ay, ay, 'tis the sham sister that
him thus indifferent; 'twill be a meritorious of-
ake that girl out of the way.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Servant.

, Miss Dudley to wait on you, madam.
Who?
. Miss Dudley.
·. What's the matter, Mr. Belcour? Are you
d at the name of a pretty girl? 'Tis the sister
we were speaking of—Pray admit her.
The sister! So, so; he has imposed on her
'his is an extraordinary visit, truly. Upon my
he assurance of some folks is not to be ac-
d for.
·. I insist upon your not running away; you'll
rmed with Louisa Dudley.
Oh, yes, I am charmed with her.
r. You've seen her then, have you?
Yes, yes, I've seen her.
r. *Well, isn't she* a delightful girl?
Very delightful.

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er? Speechless both——Why, you was merry gh before this lady came in.

u. I am sorry I have been any interruption to happiness, sir.

l. Madam!

ar. Madam! Is that all you can say? But come, dear girl, I won't tease you. Apropos, I must v you what a present this dumb gentleman has e me: are not these handsome diamonds?

u. Yes, indeed, they seem very fine; but I am udge of these things.

ar. Oh, you wicked little hypocrite, you are no e of these things, Louisa; you have no dia- ds, not you.

u. You know I hav'n't, Miss Rusport: you w those things are infinitely above my reach.

ar. Ha, ha, ha!

l. She does tell a lie with an admirable counte- e, that's true enough.

u. What ails you, Charlotte? What imperti- ce have I been guilty of, that you should find it sary to humble me at such a rate? If you are py, long may you be so; but, surely, it can be no on to it to make me miserable.

ar. So serious! There must be some mystery in Mr. Belcour, will you leave us together? reat you with all the familiarity of an old already.

all means, pray command me. Miss *your most* obedient. By your

scension in accepting these poor t
eternal obligations to you——To
I shall not offer a word on that su
finery; you have a soul above it;
rit; I was rather unprepared for
but I shall hope for an opportunity
better known to you.

SCENE IX.

CHARLOTTE *and* LO

Char. Louisa Dudley, you surp
saw you act thus before: can't y
nocent raillery before the man of

Lou. The man of my heart, ma
I never was so visionary to aspire
Miss Rusport honours with her ch

Char. My choice, my dear? Wh
cross-purposes: how enter'd it i
Mr. Belcour was the man of my c

Lou. Why, didn't he present y
monds?

Char. Well, perhaps he did——
have you no diamonds?

Lou. I diamonds, truly!—Wh
diamonds?

Char. Who, but this very gentle
here comes your brother.

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SCENE X.

Enter CHARLES.

I insist upon referring our dispute to him: your sister and I, Charles, have a quarrel; Belcour, the hero of your letter, has just left us—some how or other, Louisa's bright eyes have caught him; and the poor fellow's fallen desperately in love with her—don't interrupt me, hussy)—Well, that's excusable enough, you'll say; but the jest of the story is, that his hair-brain'd spark, who does nothing like other people, has given her the very identical jewels which you pledged for me to Mr. Stockwell; and will you believe that this little demure slut made up a face, and squeezed out three or four hypocritical tears, because I rallied her about it.

Charles. I'm all astonishment! Louisa, tell me, without reserve, has Mr. Belcour given you any diamonds?

Lou. None, upon my honour.

Charles. Has he made any professions to you?

Lou. He has; but altogether in a stile so whimsical and capricious, that the best which can be said of them is to tell you, that they seem'd more the result of good spirits than good manners.

Char. Ay, ay, now the murder's out; he's in love with her, and she has no very great dislike to him; trust to my observation, Charles, for that: as to the diamonds, *there's some* mistake about them, and you

must clear it up: three minutes conve
him will put every thing in a right tra
Charles, 'tis a brother's business; about
ten to one you'll find him over the way at
well's.

Charles. I confess I'm impatient to h
clear'd up; I'll take your advice, and fi
good bye to you.

Char. Your servant; my life upon i
Belcour a man of honour. Come, Louis
journ to my dressing-room; I've a little
siness to transact with you, before the old
up to tea and interrupts us.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

FULMER's *House. Enter* FULMER *and Mrs*
Fulmer.

PATTY, wasn't Mr. Belcour with you?

Mrs. Ful. He was; and is now shut up i
ber, in high expectation of an interview
Dudley: she's at present with her brother
with some difficulty I persuaded my hot-he
to wait till he has left her.

Ful. Well, child, and what then?

Mrs. Ful. Why then, Mr. Fulmer, I th
be time for you and me to steal a mar
gone.

Ful. So, this is all the fruit of your ingenious pro-ect; a shameful overthrow, or a sudden flight.

Mrs. Ful. Why, my project was a mere impromptu, nd can at worst but quicken our departure a few ays; you know we had fairly outliv'd our credit ere, and a trip to Boulogne is no ways unseasonable. ay, never droop, man.——Hark! Hark! here's ough to bear charges. [*Shewing a purse.*

Ful. Let me see, let me see: this weighs well; this of the right sort: why your West Indian bled freely.

Mrs. Ful. But that's not all: look here! Here are e sparklers! [*Shewing the jewels.*] Now what d'ye ink of my performances? Heh! a foolish scheme, n't it—a silly woman—?

Ful. Thou art a Judith, a Joan of Arc, and I'll arch under thy banners, girl, to the world's end. ome, let's begone; I've little to regret; my cre-itors may share the old books amongst them; they'll ve occasion for philosophy to support their loss; ey'll find enough upon my shelves: the world is y library; I read mankind—Now, Patty, lead the ay.

Mrs. Ful. Adieu, Belcour! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter CHARLES DUDLEY *and* LOUISA.

Charles. Well, Louisa, I confess the force of what 'll *say: I accept Miss* Rusport's bounty; and, when

you see my generous Charlotte, tell her——b
a care, there is a selfishness even in gratitude
it is too profuse; to be over-thankful for
favour, is in effect to lay out for another; t
return I cou'd make my benefactress wou'd b
to see her more.

Lou. I understand you.

Charles. We that are poor, Louisa, shou'd
tious: for this reason, I wou'd guard you
Belcour; at least till I can unravel the mys
Miss Rusport's diamonds. I was disappointed
ing him at Mr. Stockwell's, and am now
search of him again: he may intend hono
but, I confess to you, I am stagger'd; think
of him, therefore, for the present: of this
while I have life, and you have honour, I w
tect you, or perish in your defence.

Lou. Think of him no more! Well, I'll ob
if a wand'ring uninvited thought should
chance into my bosom, must I not give the h
wretch a shelter? Oh! yes; the great artifice
human heart knows every thread he wove int
bric, nor puts his work to harder uses tha
made to bear: my wishes then, my guiltless
mean, are free: how fast they spring withi
that sentence! Down, down, ye busy cr
Whither wou'd you carry me? Ah! ther
amongst you, a forward, new intruder, that
likeness of an offending, generous man, gr
favour with my heart. Fye, fye upon it

rsues, insults me; yet, such is the fatality of my idition, that what shou'd rouse resentment, only ls up love.

SCENE III.

BELCOUR *enters to her.*

Bel. Alone, by all that's happy!

Lou. Ah!

Bel. Oh! shriek not, start not, stir not, loveliest ature! but let me kneel, and gaze upon your auties.

Lou. Sir! Mr. Belcour, rise! What is it you do?

Bel. See, I obey you; mould me as you will, be-ld your ready servant! New to your country, ig-rant of your manners, habits, and desires, I put rself into your hands for instruction; make me ly such as you can like yourself, and I shall be ppy.

Lou. I must not hear this, Mr. Belcour: go; ould he that parted from me but this minute now turn, I tremble for the consequence.

Bel. Fear nothing; let him come: I love you, ma-m; he'll find it hard to make me unsay that.

Lou. You terrify me; your impetuous temper ghtens me; you know my situation; it is not ge-rous to pursue me thus.

Bel. *True; I do know* your situation, your real *Miss Dudley,* and am resolv'd to snatch you

from it; 'twill be a meritorious act; shall rejoice; Miss Rusport shall b and even he, even your beloved brot resentment you threaten me, shall in t and thank me. Come, thou'rt a d girl, and I'm determin'd not to live a without thee.

Lou. Hold, are you mad? I see you a suming man, and know not where to st

Bel. Who that beholds such beauty ca ven, you put my blood into a flame. girl! is it within the stretch of my fortun you? What is it you can further ask th ready to grant?

Lou. Yes, with the same facility that yo upon me Miss Rusport's diamonds. F for shame! was that a manly story?

Bel. So! so! these devilish diamonds every where—Let me perish if I meant you a Oh! I cou'd tear my tongue out for sayin about the matter.

Lou. Go to her then, and contradict it; t done, my reputation is at stake.

Bel. Her reputation! Now she has got up she'll go on for ever.——What is there I will for your sake? I will go to Miss Rusport.

Lou. Do so; restore her own jewels to her, I suppose you kept back for the purpose of pr ing others to her of a greater value; but for th ture, Mr. Belcour, when you wou'd do a g action to that lady, don't let it be at my expe

Bel. I see where she points: she is willing enough give up Miss Rusport's diamonds, now she finds e shall be a gainer by the exchange. Be it so! 'tis hat I wish'd.—Well, madam, I will return Miss usport her own jewels, and you shall have others of nfold their value.

Lou. No, sir, you err most widely; it is my good inion, not my vanity, which you must bribe.

Bel. Why, what the devil wou'd she have now?—iss Dudley, it is my wish to obey and please you, t I have some apprehension that we mistake each her.

Lou. I think we do: tell me, then, in few words, hat it is you aim at.

Bel. In few words, then, and in plain honesty, I ust tell you, so entirely am I captivated with you, at had you but been such as it would have become e to have call'd my wife, I had been happy in owing you by that name; as it is, you are welcome partake my fortune, give me in return your per-n, give me pleasure, give me love; free, disen-mber'd, anti-matrimonial love.

Lou. Stand off, and let me never see you more.

Bel. Hold, hold, thou dear, tormenting, tantalizing rl! Upon my knees I swear you shall not stir till u've consented to my bliss.

Lou. Unhand me, sir: O Charles! protect me, scue me, *redress me.* [Exit.

SCE

Enter CHA

Charles. How's this! yourself.

Bel. Villain!

Charles. The man wh —Draw!

Bel. Never fear me, for a coward if I baulk

Charles. Yet hold! L name, I think, is Belco

Bel. Well, sir.

Charles. How is it, this mean, unmanly wro nerosity to give this fata You might have had m my defiance now. 'Tis brother, the protector c

Bel. The brother? G

Charles. What is't yo

Bel. Come, come, I found you, sir, (but ho good graces of Miss R name!) I gave you no d in upon you in that rich when I cou'd have bl word, spar'd you, in rouz'd her from the tifice had lull'd her.

harles. No, sir, nor boasted to her of the splen-
present you had made my poor Louisa; the di-
nds, Mr. Belcour. How was that? What can
plead to that arraignment?

el. You question me too late; the name of Bel-
r and of villain never met before; had you en-
'd of me before you utter'd that rash word, you
ht have sav'd yourself or me a mortal error: now,
I neither give nor take an explanation; so, come
[*They fight.*

SCENE V.

Enter LOUISA, *and afterwards* O'FLAHERTY.

ou. Hold, hold, for Heaven's sake hold! Charles!
. Belcour! Help! Sir, sir, make haste, they'll
der one another.

Fla. Hell and confusion! What's all this uproar
? Cann't you leave off cutting one another's
ats, and mind what the poor girl says to you?
've done a notable thing, hav'n't you both, to
her into such a flurry? I think, o' my conscience,
's the most frighted of the three.

harles. Dear Louisa, recollect yourself; why did
interfere? 'Tis in your cause.

el. Now cou'd I kill him for caressing her.

Fla. O sir, your most obedient! You are the
ntleman *I had the* honour of meeting here before;
was then running off at full speed like a Cal-

ployment for you both.

Bel. Mr. Dudley, when you
you know where I am to be fo

O'Fla. Well then, cann't yo
and that will save the trouble
Yon volatile fellow thinks to g
by getting out of his way: by
about method that of his. Bu
Dudley. Hark'e, young man
friend the old captain?

Charles. I am. Help me to
chamber, and I shall be mo
your questions.

O'Fla. Ay, will I: come
you've had wrong done you,
look no further for a second;
your man for that: but never
fore a woman, Dudley; dam
live draw your sword before a

L. Rus. Shew him in; the very man I wish to see
arland, he was Sir Oliver's solicitor, and privy t
his affairs; he brings some good tidings; som
esh mortgage, or another bond come to light; the
art up every day.

Enter VARLAND.

r. Varland, I'm glad to see you; you're heartil
elcome, honest Mr. Varland; you and I hav'n't me
ce our late irreparable loss: how have you passe
ur time this age?

Var. Truly, my lady, ill enough: I thought
ust have followed good Sir Oliver.

L. Rus. Alack-a-day, poor man! Well, Mr. Var
nd, you find me here overwhelmed with trouble an
igue; torn to pieces with a multiplicity of affairs
great fortune poured upon me unsought for an
expected: 'twas my good father's will and plea
re it should be so, and I must submit.

Var. Your ladyship inherits under a will made i
e year forty-five, immediately after Captain Dud
y's marriage with your sister.

L. Rus. I do so, Mr. Varland; I do so.

Var. I well remember it; I engrossed every sy
lable; but I am surprised to find your ladyship set s
little store by this vast accession.

L. Rus. Why you know, Mr. Varland, I am a mo
derate woman; I had enough before; a small matte
satisfies me; and Sir Stephen Rusport (Heaven be'
portion!) took care I shou'dn't want that.

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some prejudice to your ladysl

L. Rus. News, sir! What

Var. Nay, nothing to alar
present way of thinking: I h
you have never seen.

L. Rus. A will! Impossibl
pray?

Var. I drew it up, at his c
ness: it will save you a wor
his whole estate from you to
Dudley.

L. Rus. To Dudley? His
ley? I cann't support it!
killed me, you vile man! I n

Var. Look'e there now: I
would have rejoiced at bein
brance.

L. Rus. 'Tis false; 'tis all

which confined me in extreme danger for several days; upon my recovery, I pursued my journey, and young Dudley had left Scotland in the interim, and I am now directed hither; where, as soon as I can find him, doubtless, I shall discharge my conscience, and fulfil my commission.

L. Rus. Dudley then, as yet, knows nothing of his will?

Var. Nothing; that secret rests with me.

L. Rus. A thought occurs: by this fellow's talking of his conscience, I should guess it was upon sale. *[Aside.]* Come, Mr. Varland, if 'tis as you say, I will not submit. I was somewhat flurried at first, and forgot myself; I ask your pardon: this is no place to talk of business; step with me into my room; we will there compare the will, and resolve accordingly —Oh! would your fever had you, and I had your temper. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Miss RUSPORT, CHARLES, *and* O'FLAHERTY.

Char. So, so! My lady and her lawyer have retired to close confabulation: now, major, if you are the generous man I take you for, grant me one favour.

O'Fla. Faith will I, and not think much of my generosity neither; for, though it may not be in my power to *do the favour* you ask, look you, it can never be *in my heart* to refuse it.

Charles. Cou'd this man's tongue do justic
thoughts, how eloquent would he be!

Char. Plant yourself then in that room
guard, for a few moments, upon the ener
tions, in the chamber beyond; and, if they sh
tempt a sally, stop their march a moment,
friend here can make good his retreat down t
stairs.

O'Fla. A word to the wise! I'm an o
paigner; make the best use of your time;
me for tying the old cat up to the picket.

Char. Hush! hush! not so loud.

Charles. 'Tis the office of a centinel, m
have undertaken, rather than that of a field

O'Fla. 'Tis the office of a friend, my d
and therefore no disgrace to a general.

SCENE VIII.

Enter CHARLES *and* CHARLOTTE.

Char. Well, Charles, will you commit y
me for a few minutes?

Charles. Most readily; and let me, before
by, tender you the only payment I can ever
your abundant generosity.

Char. Hold, hold! so vile a thing as mo
not come between us. What shall I say! O
O Dudley! What difficulties have you thro
me! Familiarly as we have lived I sh

I'm doing; and, anxiously as I have sought
opportunity, my fears almost persuade me to
on it.

rles. You alarm me.

r. Your looks and actions have been so dis-
and at this moment are so deterring, that, was
for the hope that delicacy, and not disgust, in-
this conduct in you, I should sink with shame
pprehension: but time presses, and I must
—and plainly too———Was you now in pos-
n of your grandfather's estate, as justly you
to be; and, was you inclined to seek a compa-
or life, should you, or should you not, in that
honour your unworthy Charlotte with your
?

rles. My unworthy Charlotte! So judge me
n, there is not a circumstance on earth so valu-
s your happiness, so dear to me as your per-
but to bring poverty, disgrace, reproach from
s, ridicule from all the world, upon a generous
ctress; thievishly to steal into an open, unre-
l, ingenuous heart, O Charlotte! dear, unhappy
t is not to be done.

r. Nay, now you rate too highly the poor ad-
ges fortune alone has given me over you: how
wise could we bring our merits to any balance?
, my dear Charles, I have enough; make that
h still more, by sharing it with me: sole heiress
father's fortune, a short time will put it in my
al; in the mean while you will be sent to join

your regiment: let us prevent a separation, by sett
out this very night for that happy country wh
marriage still is free: carry me this moment to B
cour's lodgings.

Charles. Belcour's?—The name is ominous; the
murder in it: bloody inexorable honour! [As

Char. D'ye pause? Put me into his hands, w
you provide the means for our escape: he is
most generous, the most honourable of men.

Charles. Honourable! most honourable!

Char. Can you doubt it? Do you demur? H
you forgot your letter? Why, Belcour 'twas
prompted me to this proposal, that promised to
ply the means, that nobly offered his unask'd ass
ance——

Enter O'FLAHERTY, *hastily.*

O'Fla. Run, run, for holy St. Antony's sake,
horse and away! The conference is broke up,
the old lady advances upon a full Piedmontese tr
within pistol-shot of your encampment.

Char. Here, here, down the back-stairs! O Charl
remember me!

Charles Farewell! Now, now I feel myself a co
ard. [Ex

Char. What does he mean?

O'Fla. Ask no questions, but be gone: she h
cooled the lad's courage, and wonders he feels like
coward. There's a damn'd deal of mischief brewi
between this hyena and her lawyer: egad I'll st

behind this screen and listen: a good soldier must sometimes fight in ambush as well as open field.

[*Retires.*

SCENE IX.

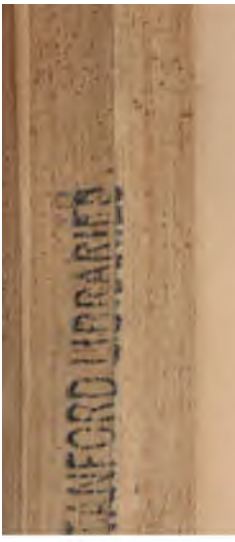
Lady RUSPORT *and* VARLAND.

L. Rus. Sure I heard somebody. Hark! No; only the servants going down the back-stairs. Well, Mr. Varland, I think then we are agreed: you'll take my money; and your conscience no longer stands in your way.

Var. Your father was my benefactor; his will ought to be sacred; but, if I commit it to the flames, how will he be the wiser? Dudley, 'tis true, has done me no harm; but five thousand pounds will do me much good: so, in short, madam, I take your offer; I will confer with my clerk, who witnessed the will; and to-morrow morning put it into your hands, upon condition you put five thousand good pounds into mine.

L. Rus. 'Tis a bargain: I'll be ready for you: farewell. [*Exit.*

Var. Let me consider—Five thousand pounds prompt payment for destroying this scrap of paper, not worth five farthings; 'tis a fortune easily earned; yes; and 'tis another man's fortune easily thrown away: 'tis a good round sum to be paid down at once for a bribe; but 'tis a damned rogue's trick in me to take it.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proach me with it: and 'tis rob
his lawful patrimony; that's a
alive, and knows nothing of th

O'Fla. These lawyers are so
rogueries of others, that they
excuse for their own.

Var. Were I assured now th
me half the money for produci
Rusport does for concealing
him, and be an honest man a
every gentleman of my professi
on his heart and say the same th

O'Fla. A bargain, old gentle
nor stare, you wasn't afraid of
never be afraid of me.

Var. Of you, sir; who are y

O'Fla. I'll tell you who I am
be honest, but want the heart

: to think it will be safer in my hands than in
therefore give it me without more words, and
ourself a beating: do now, you had best.

Well, sir, I may as well make a grace of ne-
. There! I have acquitted my conscience, at
pence of five thousand pounds.

a. Five thousand pounds! Mercy upon me!—
there are such temptations in the law, can we
r if some of the corps are a disgrace to it?

Well, you have got the paper; if you are an
man, give it to Charles Dudley.

a. An honest man! look at me, friend, I am a
, this is not the livery of a knave; I am an
an, honey, mine is not the country of disho-
Now, sirrah, be gone; if you enter these doors,
e Lady Rusport the least item of what has
, I will cut off both your ears, and rob the pil-
f its due.

. I wish I was once fairly out of his sight.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.

m in STOCKWELL's *House.* *Enter* STOCKWELL.

k. I must disclose myself to Belcour; this noble
ce of his generosity, which old Dudley has been
ng, allies me to him at once; concealment be-
s too painful; I shall be proud to own him for
n——*But see,* he's here.

BELCOUR *enters, and throws himself upon a sofa.*

Bel. O my curst tropical constitution! Would to Heaven I had been dropt upon the snows of Lapland, and never felt the blessed influence of the sun, so I had never burnt with these inflammatory passions!

Stock. So, so, you seem disordered, Mr. Belcour!

Bel. Disorder'd, sir! Why did I ever quit the soil in which I grew? what evil planet drew me from that warm sunny region, where naked nature walks without disguise, into this cold, contriving, artificial country?

Stock. Come, sir, you've met a rascal—what of that! general conclusions are illiberal.

Bel. No, sir, I've met reflection by the way; I've come from folly, noise, and fury, and met a silent monitor—Well, well, a villain—'twas not to be pardoned—pray never mind me, sir.

Stock. Alas, my heart bleeds for him!

Bel. And yet I might have heard him: now plague upon that blundering Irishman for coming in as he did; the hurry of the deed might palliate the event; deliberate execution has less to plead—Mr. Stock—well, I am bad company to you.

Stock. Oh, sir, make no excuse. I think you have not found me forward to pry into the secrets of your pleasures and pursuits; 'tis not my disposition; but there are times, when want of curiosity would be want of friendship.

el. Ah, sir, mine is a case wherein you and I shall
:r think alike; the punctilious rules, by which I
bound, are not to be found in your ledgers, nor
pass current in the compting-house of a trader.

ock. 'Tis very well, sir: if you think I can ren-
you any service, it will be worth your trial to
:de in me; if not, your secret is safer in your own
m.

l. That sentiment demands my confidence: pray,
own by me. You must know, I have an affair of
ur on my hands with young Dudley; and, though
: up with no man's insult, yet I wish to take away
an's life.

ck. I know the young man, and am apprised of
generosity to his father: what can have bred a
rel between you?

l. A foolish passion on my side, and a haughty
ocation on his. There is a girl, Mr. Stockwell,
n I have unfortunately seen, of most uncommon
ty: she has withal an air of so much natural
:sty, that had I not had good assurance of her
; an attainable wanton, I declare I should as soon
thought of attempting the chastity of Diana.

Enter Servant.

ck. Hey-day, do you interrupt us?

v. Sir, there's an Irish gentleman will take no
.l; he says he must see Mr. Belcour directly,
business of the last consequence.

'. Admit him: 'tis the Irish officer that parted

us, and brings me young Dudley's challenge: I should have made a long story of it, and he'll tell you in three words.

Enter O'FLAHERTY.

O'Fla. Save you, my dear: and you, sir! I have a little bit of a word in private for you.

Bel. Pray deliver your commands: this gentleman is my intimate friend.

O'Fla. Why, then, Ensign Dudley will be glad to measure swords with you, yonder, at the London Tavern, in Bishopsgate-street, at nine o'clock—you know the place.

Bel. I do; and shall observe the appointment.

O'Fla. Will you be of the party, sir? We shall want a fourth hand.

Stock. Savage as the custom is, I close with your proposal; and, though I am not fully informed of the occasion of your quarrel, I shall rely on Mr. Belcour's honour for the justice of it; and willingly stake my life in his defence.

O'Fla. Sir, you're a gentleman of honour, and I shall be glad of being better known to you——But hark'e, Belcour, I had like to have forgot part of my errand: there is the money you gave old Dudley; you may tell it over, 'faith; 'tis a receipt in full: now the lad can put you to death with a safe conscience; and when he has done that job for you, let it be a warning how you attempt the sister of a man of honour.

Bel. The sister!

O'Fla. Ay, the sister; 'tis English, is it not? Or Irish; 'tis all one: you understand me, his sister, or Louisa Dudley, that's her name, I think, call her which you will: by St. Patrick, 'tis a foolish piece of business, Belcour, to go about to take away a poor girl's virtue from her, when there are so many to be met in this town, who have disposed of theirs to your hands. [*Exit.*

Stock. Why, I am thunderstruck. What is it you have done, and what is the shocking business in which I have engaged? If I understood him right, is the sister of young Dudley you've been attempting: you talked to me of a profest wanton: the girl I speaks of has beauty enough indeed to inflame our desires, but she has honour, innocence, and simplicity, to awe the most licentious passion: if you have done that, Mr. Belcour, I renounce you, I abandon you, I forswear all fellowship or friendship with you for ever.

Bel. Have patience for a moment: we do indeed speak of the same person—but she is not innocent, she is not young Dudley's sister.

Stock. Astonishing! Who told you this?

Bel. The woman where she lodges; the person who put me on the pursuit, and contrived our meetings.

Stock. What woman? what person?

Bel. Fulmer her name is: I warrant you I did not proceed without *good* grounds.

Stock. Fulmer! Fulmer!——Who waits?

Enter a Servant.

Send Mr. Stukely hither directly. I be
way into this dark transaction. Mr.
Belcour, you are no match for the cunn
trivances of this intriguing town.

Enter STUKELY.

Pr'ythee, Stukely, what is the name o
and her husband, who were stopt upon
selling stolen diamonds at our next-doo
the jeweller?

Stukely. Fulmer.

Stock. So!

Bel. Can you procure me a sight
monds?

Stuke. They are now in my hand; I
shew them to Mr. Stockwell.

Stock. Give 'em to me: what do I se
the very diamonds Miss Rusport sen
which I intrusted to you to return.

Bel. Yes, but I betrayed that trust, a
to Mrs. Fulmer to present to Miss Dud

Stock. With a view, no doubt, to brib
pliance.

Bel. I own it.

Stock. For shame, for shame; and 't
man's intelligence you relied upon for
character?

Bel. I thought she knew her; by

have died sooner than have insulted a woman of virtue, or a man of honour.

Stock. I think you would: but mark the danger of licentious courses: you are betrayed, robbed, abused, and, but for this providential discovery, in a fair way of being sent out of the world with all your follies on your head——Dear Stukely, go to my neighbour, tell him I have an owner for the jewels, and beg him to carry the people under custody to the London Tavern, and wait for me there.——[*Exit* Stukely.]——I fear the law does not provide a punishment to reach the villany of these people; but how, in the name of wonder, could you take any thing on the word of such an informer?

Bel. Because I had not lived long enough in your country to know how few informers' words are to be taken; persuaded however as I was of Miss Dudley's guilt, I must own to you I was staggered with the appearance of such innocence, especially when I saw her admitted into Miss Rusport's company.

Stock. Good Heaven! did you meet her at Miss Rusport's, and could you doubt her being a woman of reputation?

Bel. By you, perhaps, such a mistake could not have been made; but in a perfect stranger I hope it is venial. I did not know what artifices young Dudley might have used to conceal her character; I did not know what disgrace attended the detection of it.

Stock. *I see it was a trap laid for you, which you have narrowly escaped;* you addressed a woman of

honour with all the loose incense of a profane admirer, and you have drawn upon you the resentment of a man of honour, who thinks himself bound to protect her.—Well, sir, you must atone for this mistake.

Bel. To the lady the most penitent submission I can make is justly due; but, in the execution of an act of justice, it shall never be said my soul was swayed by the least particle of fear: I have received a challenge from her brother; now, though I would give my fortune, almost my life itself, to purchase her happiness, yet I cannot abate her one scruple of my honour; I have been branded with the name of villain.

Stock. Ay, sir, you mistook her character, and he mistook yours; error begets error.

Bel. Villain, Mr. Stockwell, is a harsh word.

Stock. It is a harsh word, and should be unsaid.

Bel. Come, come, it shall be unsaid.

Stock. Or else what follows? Why the sword is drawn, and to heal the wrongs you have done to the reputation of the sister, you make an honourable amends by murdering the brother.

Bel. Murdering!

Stock. 'Tis thus religion writes and speaks the word; in the vocabulary of modern honour there is no such term—But come, I don't despair of satisfying the one without alarming the other; that done, I have a discovery to unfold, that you will then, I hope, be fitted to receive. [Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I.

ondon Tavern. Enter O'FLAHERTY, STOCK-WELL, CHARLES, *and* BELCOUR.

O'Flaherty.

LEMEN, well met! you understand each other's , and as I see you have brought nothing but words, you may set to without any further ce-ıy.

k. You will not find us backward in any worthy ; but before we proceed any further, I would ıis young gentleman, whether he has any ex-ion to require of Mr. Belcour.

rles. Of Mr. Belcour none; his actions speak emselves: but to you, sir, I would fain propose uestion.

k. Name it.

rles. How is it, Mr. Stockwell, that I meet a f your character on this ground?

k. I will answer you directly, and my answer not displease you. I come hither in defence of putation of Miss Dudley, to redress the injuries innocent young lady.

la. By my soul the man knows he's to fight, ıe mistakes which side he's to be of.

k. You are about to draw your sword to refute *ge against your* sister's honour; you would do *f there were* no better means within reach;

but the proofs of her innocence are
bosoms, and if we fall, you destroy the
most effectually can clear her fame.

Charles. How's that, sir?

Stock. This gentleman could best exp
but you have given him an undeserv
seals his lips against you: I am not u
inhibition, and if your anger can keep
minutes, I desire I may call in two w
will solve all difficulties at once. Here,
those people in that are without.

O'Fla. Out upon it, what need is ther
talking about the matter; cann't you se
ferences first, and dispute about 'em aft

FULMER *and Mrs.* FULMER *brou*

Charles. Fulmer and his wife in custo

Stock. Yes, sir; these are your honest
landlady, now in custody for defraudin
man of certain diamonds intended to ha
sented to your sister. Be so good, Mrs.
inform the company why you so grossl
the reputation of an innocent lady, by
Mr. Belcour that Miss Dudley was not t
the mistress, of this gentleman.

Mrs. Ful. Sir, I don't know what rig
to question me, and I shall not answer
casion.

Stock. Had you been as silent heretof
it would have saved you some trouble

ur confession. This letter, which you wrote Belcour, will explain your design; and these ls, which of right belong to Miss Rusport, firm your guilt: the law, Mrs. Fulmer, will ou speak, tho' I cann't. Constable, take of your prisoners.

Hold a moment. Mr. Stockwell, you are a an that knows the world, and a member of nt; we shall not attempt to impose upon e know we are open to the law, and we know ost it can do against us. Mr. Belcour has used to be sure, and so has Miss Dudley; my own part, I always condemn'd the plot y foolish plot, but it was a child of Mrs. Ful- ain, and she would not be put out of conceit

Ful. You are a very foolish man, Mr. Ful- pr'ythee hold your tongue.

Therefore, as I was saying, if you send her to ll, it won't be amiss; and if you give her a olesome discipline, she may be the better for : but for me, Mr. Stockwell, who am a man s, I must beseech you, sir, not to bring any upon my profession.

'Tis you, Mr. Fulmer, not I, that disgrace ofession, therefore begone, nor expect that I ay the interests of mankind so far as to shew o such incendiaries. Take 'em away; I blush *such wretches* should have the power to set *st men at* variance. [*Exeunt* Fulmer, &c.

Charles. Mr. Belcour, we have mistaken each other; let us exchange forgiveness. I am convinced you intended no affront to my sister, and ask your pardon for the expression I was betrayed into.

Bel. 'Tis enough, sir; the error began on my side, and was Miss Dudley here, I would be the first to atone.

Stock. Let us all adjourn to my house, and conclude the evening like friends: you will find a little entertainment ready for you; and, if I am not mistaken, Miss Dudley and her father will make part of our company. Come, major, do you consent?

O'Fla. Most readily, Mr. Stockwell; a quarrel well made up, is better than a victory hardly earned. Give me your hand, Belcour; o' my conscience you are too honest for the country you live in. And my dear lad, since peace is concluded on all sides, have a discovery to make to you, which you must out for yourself, for deuce take me if I rightly prehend it, only that your aunt Rusport is in spiracy against you, and a vile rogue of a whose name I forget, at the bottom of it.

Charles. What conspiracy? Dear major, yourself.

O'Fla. By my soul, I've no faculty at re myself; but I've a paper somewhere abou will tell you more of the matter than I ca I get to the merchant's, I will endeavour

Charles. Well, it must be in your ow confess you have thoroughly rous'd my

SCENE II.

.L's *House.* *Enter Captain* DUDLEY, LOUISA, *and* STUKELY.

are those wretches, Fulmer and his wife, ly?

ey are in good hands, I accompanied them , where your son was to be, and then h of you. You may be sure Mr. Stock- force the law against them as far as it

it mischief might their cursed machina- oduced, but for this timely discovery! I am terrified; I tremble with apprehen- Belcour's impetuosity and Charles's spi- ot wait for an explanation, but drive o extremes, before the mistake can be

. Stockwell is with them, madam, and thing to fear; you cannot suppose he u hither for any other purpose but to ir reconciliation, and to receive Mr. Bel- ient.

o, Louisa, Mr. Stockwell's honour and ard us against all danger or offence; he e will endure no imputation on the ho- amily, and he certainly has invited us isfaction on that score in an unexcep-

Lou. Wou'd to Heaven they w

Stuke. You may expect then see, madam, agreeable to your w

SCENE III

Enter CHARLES, *and afterwar* O'FLAHERT

Lou. O Charles, O brother, me so, how cou'd you tell me y Rusport's, and then set out with Mr. Belcour? But where is he tagonist?

Stock. Captain, I am proud Miss Dudley, do me particular been adjusting, sir, a very extr gerous mistake, which I take fo Stukely has explain'd to you.

Dud. He has; I have too goo Belcour to believe he cou'd be affront to an innocent girl, and acquainted with your character t abet him in such design; I ha fore, all things will be set to words, when we have the plea Belcour.

Stock. He has only stept into and will wait upon you direc over strict, madam, in weigh

duct to the minutest scruple; his manners, passions, and opinions are not as yet assimilated to this climate; he comes amongst you a new character, an inhabitant of a new world, and both hospitality, as well as pity, recommend him to our indulgence.

SCENE IV.

Enter BELCOUR, *who bows to Miss* DUDLEY.

Bel. I am happy and asham'd to see you; no man in his senses wou'd offend you; I forfeited mine, and err'd against the light of the sun, when I overlook'd your virtues; but your beauty was predominant, and hid them from my sight; I now perceive I was the dupe of a most improbable report, and humbly entreat your pardon.

Lou. Think no more of it; 'twas a mistake.

Bel. My life has been compos'd of little else; 'twas founded in mystery, and has continued in error: I was once given to hope, Mr. Stockwell, that you was to have deliver'd me from these difficulties; but either I do not deserve your confidence, or I was deceiv'd in my expectations.

Stock. When this lady has confirm'd your pardon, I shall hold you deserving of my confidence.

Lou. That was granted the moment it was ask'd.

Bel. To prove my title to his confidence, honour me so far with yours, as to allow me a few minutes conversation *in private* with you.

[*She turns to her father*

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promise of a sight of the paper,
conspiracy of my aunt Ruspor
waited with great patience.

O'Fla. I have been endeavou
what it was I overheard; I've g
give you the best account I ca
action.

SCENE V.

Enter BELCOUR *and*

Bel. Miss Dudley, I have sol
to repeat to you my penitence a
shall I atone? What reparatio
and virtue?

Lou. To me there's nothing
demanded of you but your mor
for the future, if you should ch
Upon the part of virtue I'm not

ı me. But tell me, loveliest, when you pardon
fence, can you, all perfect as you are, approve
e offender? As I now cease to view you in that
light I lately did, can you, and in the fulness of
bounty will you, cease also to reflect upon the
ine addresses I have paid you, and look upon me
ır reformed, your rational admirer?

ı. Are sudden reformations apt to last? and how
be sure the first fair face you meet will not en-
affections so unsteady, and that I shall not lose
ightly as I gained you?

'. Because, though you conquered me by sur-
, I have no inclination to rebel; because, since
irst moment that I saw you, every instant has
oved you in my eyes, because by principle as
as passion I am unalterably yours: in short,
: are ten thousand causes for my love to you:—
d to Heaven I could plant one in your soft bo-
that might move you to return it!

u. Nay, Mr. Belcour——

l. I know I am not worthy your regard; I know
tainted with a thousand faults, sick of a thousand
:s; but there's a healing virtue in your eyes that
:s recovery certain; I cannot be a villain in your
ı.

u. That you can never be: whomever you shall
ıur with your choice, my life upon't that woman
be happy: it is not from suspicion that I hesi-
it is from honour: 'tis the severity of my condi-

tion, it is the world, that never will inter
our case.

Bel. Oh, what am I? and who in this
concerns himself for such a nameless, su
less thing as I am? I see, Miss Dudley,
obtained your pardon.

Lou. Nay, that you are in full possessio

Bel. Oh, seal it with your hand then,
women, confirm it with your heart; m
nourably happy, and crown your penite
your pardon only, but your love.

Lou. My love!——

Bel. By Heaven, my soul is conquere
virtues more than my eyes are ravishe
beauty. Oh, may this soft, this sensiti
happy, be auspicious! Doubt not, deli
delay not. If happiness be the end of
we slip a moment?

SCENE VI.

Enter O'FLAHERTY, *and afterwards* DU
CHARLES *with* STOCKWELL.

O'Fla. Joy, joy, joy! Sing, dance, lea
joy! Ha' done making love, and fall do
knees to every saint in the calendar; fo
on your side, and honest St. Patrick at t
them.

Charles. O Louisa, such an event! By

we have discovered a will of my grand-
in his last illness, by which he cuts off
ort with a small annuity, and leaves me
ole estate, with a fortune of fifteen thou-
o yourself.

is it you tell me? O sir, instruct me to
nexpected turn of fortune.

[*To her Father.*

: not fortune; 'tis the work of Provi-
e justice of Heaven, that would not suf-
to be oppressed, nor your base aunt to
r cruelty and cunning.

Servant whispers Belcour, *and he goes out.*

shall pardon me, Captain Dudley, but
overlook St. Patrick neither; for, by
had not put it into my head to slip be-
en when your righteous aunt and the
lotting together, I don't see how you
ve come at the paper there, that Master
eading.

, my good friend, you are the father of
; but how did you contrive to get this
lawyer?

orce, my dear—the only way of getting
n a lawyer's clutches.

, major, when he brings his action of
ttery against you, the least Dudley can
id you with the weapons you have put

.

at I am bound to do; and after the

happiness I shall have in sheltering a father's age from the vicissitudes of life, my next delight will be in offering you an asylum in the bosom of your country.

O'Fla. And upon my soul, my dear, 'tis high time I was there; for 'tis now thirty long years since I set foot in my native country—and by the power of St. Patrick I swear I think it's worth all the rest of the world put together.

Dud. Ay, major, much about that time have I been beating the round of service, and 'twere well for us both to give over: we have stood many a tough gale, and abundance of hard blows; but Charles shall lay us up in a little private, but safe, harbour, where we'll rest from our labours, and peacefully wind up the remainder of our days.

O'Fla. Agreed; and you may take it as a proof of my esteem, young man, that Major O'Flaherty accepts a favour at your hands—for by Heaven I'd sooner starve, than say 'I thank you' to the man I despise. But I believe you are an honest lad, and I'm glad you've trounced the old cat—for on my conscience I believe I must otherwise have married her myself, to have let you in for a share of her fortune.

Stock. Hey-day, what's become of Belcour?

Lou. One of your servants called him out just now, and seemingly on some earnest occasion.

Stock. I hope, Miss Dudley, he has atoned to you as a gentleman ought.

Lou. Mr. Belcour, sir, will always do what's r

ht—and in my case I fear only you will
s done too much.
'hat has he done; and what can be too
y Heaven it may be as I wish! [*Aside.*
us hear it, child.
h confusion for my own unworthiness, I
ou he has offered me——
mself.
; true.
ıen I am happy: all my doubts, my cares
ıd I may own him for my son.——Why
yful tidings: come, my good friend, assist
sing your lovely daughter to accept this
›rodigal; he is no unprincipled, no hard-
ne; his love for you and virtue is the

vere vile ingratitude in me to doubt his
at says my child?
:gging your pardon now, 'tis a frivolous
uestion, that of yours; for you may see
ugh by the young lady's looks, that she
deal, though she speaks never a word.
Vell, sister, I believe the major has fairly
the state of your heart.
n it; and what must that heart be, which
r and beneficence like Mr. Belcour's can
pression on?
hank you. What happiness has this hour
›ass!

O'Fla. Why don't we all sit down to
and make a night on't?

Stock. Hold, here comes Belcour.

SCENE VII.

BELCOUR *introducing Miss* RUS

Bel. Mr. Dudley, here is a fair refu
perly comes under your protection: sh
Scotland; but your good fortune, whi
lated to her, seems inclined to save
journey——Nay, madam, never go b
amongst friends.

Charles. Charlotte!

Char. The same; that fond offici
haunts you every where; that persecuti

Charles. Say rather, that protecting
you have been to me.

Char. O Charles, you have an hone
heart.

Charles. Nay, chide me not, dear Cha

Bel. Seal up her lips then: she is an
her arms are open to you; and love
are ready to receive you.

Charles. Thus then I claim my dea
wife. [

SCENE VIII.

Enter Lady RUSPORT.

s. Hey-day! mighty fine! wife truly! mighty
issing, embracing—did ever any thing equal
Why, you shameless hussy!—But I won't
nd to waste a word upon you.——You, sir,
. Stockwell, you fine, sanctified, fair-dealing
conscience, is this the principle you trade
Is this your neighbourly system, to keep a
of reception for run-away daughters, and
eggarly fortune-hunters?

Be advised now, and don't put yourself in
passion: we were all very happy till you

s. Stand away, sir; hav'n't I a reason to be
sion?

. Indeed, honey, and you have, if you knew

s. Come, madam, I have found out your
dispose yourself to return home with me.
man, let me never see you within my doors
Mr. Stockwell, I shall report your behaviour,
on it.

Hold, madam; I cannot consent to lose
usport's company this evening, and I am per-
you won't insist upon it: 'tis an unmotherly
o interrupt your daughter's happiness in this
, believe me it is.

L. Rus. Her happiness, truly; upon my word! and I suppose it's an unmotherly action to interrupt her ruin; for what but ruin must it be to marry a beggar?—I think my sister had a proof of that, sir, when she made choice of you. [*To Captain* Dudley.

Dud. Don't be too lavish of your spirits, Lady Rusport.

O'Fla. By my soul you'll have occasion for a sip of the cordial Elixir, by-and-bye.

Stock. It don't appear to me, madam, that Mr. Dudley can be called a beggar.

L. Rus. But it appears to me, Mr. Stockwell—I am apt to think a pair of colours cannot furnish settlement quite sufficient for the heiress of Sir Stephen Rusport.

Char. But a good estate in aid of a commission may do something.

L. Rus. A good estate, truly! where should he get a good estate, pray?

Stock. Why suppose now a worthy old gentleman, on his death-bed, should have taken it in mind to leave him one——

L. Rus. Ha! what's that you say?

O'Fla. O ho! you begin to smell a plot, do you?

Stock. Suppose there should be a paper in the world that runs thus——'I do hereby give and bequeath all my estates, real and personal, to Charles Dudley, son of my late daughter Louisa,' &c. &c. &c.

L. Rus. Why I am thunderstruck!—By what contrivance, what villany did you get possession of that paper?

Stock. There was no villany, madam, in getting possession of it; the crime was in concealing it, none in bringing it to light.

L. Rus. Oh, that cursed lawyer, Varland!

O'Fla. You may say that, faith, he is a cursed lawyer, and a cursed piece of work I had to get the paper from him. Your ladyship now was to have paid him five thousand pounds for it—I forced him to give it me of his own accord, for nothing at all, at all.

L. Rus. Is it you that have done this? Am I foiled by your blundering contrivances, after all?

O'Fla. 'Twas a blunder, faith, but as natural a one as if I had made it o' purpose.

Charles. Come, let us not oppress the fallen; do right even now, and you shall have no cause to complain.

L. Rus. Am I become an object of your pity, then? —Insufferable!—Confusion light amongst you!—— Marry and be wretched: let me never see you more. [*Exit.*

Char. She is outrageous; I suffer for her, and blush to see her thus exposed.

Charles. Come, Charlotte, don't let this angry woman disturb our happiness: we will save her in spite of herself; your father's memory shall not be stained by the discredit of his second choice.

Char. I trust implicitly to your discretion, and am in *all things yours.*

Bel. Now, lovely but obdurate, does not this example soften?

Lou. What can you ask for more? Accept my hand, accept my willing heart.

Bel. O bliss unutterable! brother, father, friend, and you, the author of this general joy——

O'Fla. Blessing of St. Patrick upon us all! 'Tis a night of wonderful and surprising ups and downs: I wish we were all fairly set down to supper, and there was an end on't.

Stock. Hold for a moment! I have yet one word to interpose——Intitled by my friendship to a voice in your disposal, I have approved your match: there yet remains a father's consent to be obtained.

Bel. Have I a father?

Stock. You have a father: did not I tell you I had a discovery to make? Compose yourself: you have a father, who observes, who knows, who loves you.

Bel. Keep me no longer in suspense: my heart is softened for the affecting discovery, and nature fits me to receive his blessing.

Stock. I am your father.

Bel. My father! Do I live?

Stock. I am your father.

Bel. It is too much; my happiness o'erpowers me: to gain a friend and find a father is too much: I blush to think how little I deserve you.

[*They embrace.*

Dud. See, children, how many new relations spring

from this night's unforeseen events, to endear us to each other.

O'Fla. O' my conscience, I think we shall be all related by-and-bye.

Stock. How happily has this evening concluded, and yet how threatening was its approach! Let us repair to the supper-room, where I will unfold to you every circumstance of my mysterious story. Yes, Belcour, I have watched you with a patient, but enquiring eye, and I have discovered, through the veil of some irregularities, a heart beaming with benevolence, an animated nature, fallible indeed, but not incorrigible; and your election of this excellent young lady makes me glory in acknowledging you to be my son.

Bel. I thank you—and in my turn glory in the father I have gained: sensibly impress with gratitude for such extraordinary dispensations, I beseech you, amiable Louisa, for the time to come, whenever you perceive me deviating into error or offence, bring only to my mind the Providence of this night, and I will turn to reason, and obey.

EPILOGUE.

WRITTEN BY DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

Spoken by Mrs. ABINGTON.

The Lines in Italics are to be spoken in a catechise Tone.

CONFESS, good folks, has not Miss Rusport shewn
Strange whims for SEVENTEEN HUNDRED SEVENTY-ONE?
What, pawn her jewels—There's a precious plan!—
To extricate from want a brave *old* man;
And fall in love with poverty and honour—
A girl of fortune, fashion?——Fie upon her.
But do not think we females of the stage,
So dead to the refinements of the age,
That we agree with our old-fashion'd poet:
I am point blank against him, and I'll shew it:
And that my tongue may more politely run,
Make me a lady——Lady Blabington.
Now, with a rank and title to be free,
I'll make a catechism——and you shall see
What is the *veritable beaume de vie:*
As I change place I stand for that, or this——
My Lady questions first——then answers Miss.

[*She speaks as my Lady.*]

ıe, tell me, child, what were our modes and
‘ dress,
ıose strange times of that old fright, Queen
‘ Bess?’——
ɴ for Miss———

[*She changes place, and speaks for Miss.*]

When Bess was England's queen,
lies were dismal beings, seldom seen;
y rose betimes, and breakfasted as soon
beef and beer—then studied Greek till noon:
ainted cheeks with blush of health did glow,
uff'd and fardingal'd from top to toe,
necks, nor ancles, would they ever shew.

Greek!—[*Laughs.*]—Our outside head takes
half a day;
e much time to dress the *inside*, pray?
ls dress'd *à-la-Greque*; the ancients quote,
nay be learning in a *papillote:*
re *our* classics; and I, Lady B,
ing will not yield to any she
ate founded *female* university.
ᴠ for Lady Blab——

[*Speaks as my Lady.*]

‘ Tell me, Miss Nancy,
at sports and what employments did
‘ fancy?’——

[*Speaks as Miss.*]

The vulgar creatures seldom left their houses,
But taught their children, work'd, and lov'd their spouses;
The use of cards at Christmas only knew,
They play'd for little, and their games were few,
One-and-thirty, Put, All-fours, and Lantera-loo.
They bore a race of mortals stout and bonny,
And never heard the name of Macaroni.

[*Speaks as my Lady.*]

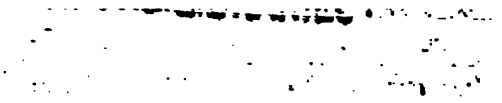
'Oh brava, brava! that's my pretty dear!
'Now let a modern, modish fair appear;
'No more of these old dowdy maids and wives,
'Tell how superior beings pass their lives.'

[*Speaks as Miss.*]

Till noon they sleep, from noon till night they dress,
From night till morn they game it more or less,
Next night the same sweet course of joy run o'er,
Then the night after as the night before,
And the night after that, encore, encore! ——

[*She comes forward.*]

Thus with our cards we *shuffle* off all sorrow,
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow!
We *deal apace*, from youth unto our prime,
To the last moment of our tabby time;



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By Mr. WILLIAM HAVARD.

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TO HER GRACE THE

DUTCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

MADAM,

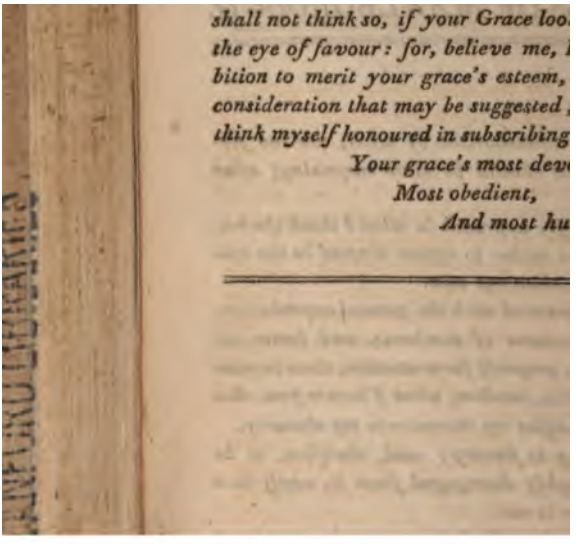
ADDRESSES, unauthorised by merit, are too frequent, and (what should be more surprising) often successful.

I would willingly approach in what I think the best shape, and choose rather to appear dressed in the opinion of the town, than my own.

I have been favoured with the general approbation, yet am still conscious of weakness, and know not where to sue more properly for protection, than to your Grace; believe this, madam, when I assure you, that I will always sacrifice my interest—to my sincerity.

I am an enemy to flattery; and, therefore, to be sure to be thoroughly disengaged from it, apply to a person who wants it not.

The greatness of mind I have constantly considered beyond that of the person; and when I say that you are a good woman, I think I say more than I should by stiling you a good dutchess. By confirming yourself the first, you have eminently proved yourself the latter. In this last opinion I apply myself to the world—not to your Grace, conscious that you are the only person that will not join in it.



shall not think so, if your Grace loo
the eye of favour: for, believe me,
bition to merit your grace's esteem,
consideration that may be suggested
think myself honoured in subscribing
Your grace's most dev
Most obedient,
And most hu

PREFACE.

obviate any criticism that may justly fall upon the inac-
y of this play, I judged it necessary to publish a few lines
apology for the liberties I have taken with the history,
he faults that may appear to the judicious reader. And
h the uncommon and general applause it has met with in
presentation may seem to make it unnecessary, yet, with-
, I could not acquit myself to my own judgment.
d first, as to the liberties I have taken with history, I hope
be forgiven my introducing the queen, who was in France
time I have laid the action of the play; but it being a
barren of female characters, I was induced to make her
·; and because I thought there would very naturally arise
ding distress at their parting, which I have introduced at
ginning of the fourth act.
din, to heighten the distress in the last act, and to bring
: supposed to receive and convey the advice better, that
ng sends by him to his eldest son, Charles, James appears,
t that juncture was in Holland. I have made an excuse
ornwell's coming to the king, because I thought an inter-
etween them was necessary, and would add to the spirit
whole.
n not conscious of any other liberties I have taken, ex-
cightening the characters of Fairfax and his lady; which
ded a warmth to the piece, and in some measure supplied
mt of real matter to constitute five acts. The other
s *in the drama* are as strongly characterised, and as im-

which I have restored in print; and the
larize them, if he thinks it worth while,
mas prefixed to each line.

I must now do myself the pleasure to ad
of known judgment and great candour
(though in so short a time for making the
nour, and given reputation to the piece.
opportunity of thanking personally; and
publicly, and declare, that nothing coul
their remarks, but their sincerity and h
them.

I now throw the piece before the re
prove as agreeable an entertainment in the
to be upon the stage.

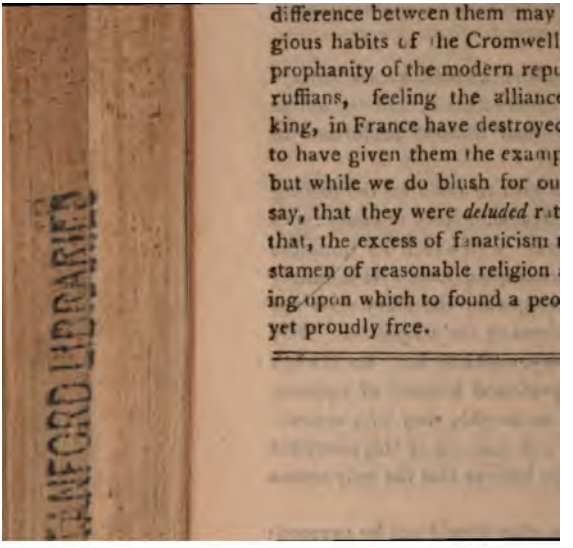
ING CHARLES I.

itten by WILLIAM HAVARD, an ac-
ars under GARRICK, and for whose
t great man himself performed at
atre.

t written with an aim after the soaring
r early Drama, neither of course does
turgid trash with which its imitators
atisfied corrupted taste. It is simply
lacidly eloquent: the story does not
by the dress of the tragedian. Why
stock play, we know not; for though
FIELD professed himself of opinion,
he was *too horrible*, they who remem-
lictions and maxims of this conceited
incline to believe *that* the only reason
signed.

like this play should not be perpetu-
Englishmen, it is hard to say. The
s rebels might warn them of the con-
of our own innovators—and we should
it the wiles and impositions of modern

this preface has unhappily lived dur-
r in its mode, superior in its horrors,


STANFORD LIBRARIES

difference between them may
gious habits of the Cromwell
prophanity of the modern repu
ruffians, feeling the alliance
king, in France have destroyed
to have given them the examp
but while we do blush for ou
say, that they were *deluded* rat
that, the excess of fanaticism
stamen of reasonable religion
ing upon which to found a peo
yet proudly free.

PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN BY A FRIEND.

IN former times, when wit was no offence,
And men submitted to be pleas'd with sense—
Then was the stage fair virtue's fav'rite school,
Scourge of the knave, and mirror of the fool.
Here oft the villain's conscious blush would rise,
And fools become, by viewing folly, wise.
Our bard, as then, despises song and dance,
The notes of Italy, and jigs of France:
With home distress he nobly hopes to move,
And fire each bosom with its country's love——
So much a Briton—that he scorns to roam
To foreign climes, to fetch his hero home——
Conscious that in these scenes is clearly shown
Britain can boast true heroes of her own.
Murder avow'd by law he boldly paints,
Heroes and patriots, hypocrites and saints;
Rebellion fighting for the public good,
And treason smiling in a monarch's blood.
Party, be dumb——in each pathetic scene,
Our muse, to-night, asserts an honest mean;

Shows you a prince triumphant o'er his
Glorious in death, as in misfortunes gr
By nature virtuous, tho' misled by sl
By tools of power, by sycophants and kn
When Charles submits to faction's deadly
What loyal heart but shares the monarch'
Nor less Maria's grief, ye gentle fair,
Claims the sad tribute of a tender tear.
From British scenes to night we hope a
And Britons sure will aid a British cau

Dramatis Personæ.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Men.

King CHARLES	Mr. Wrighten.
Duke of YORK	———
Duke of GLOUCESTER	———
Bishop JUXON	Mr. Hull.
Duke of RICHMOND	Mr. Davies.
Marquis of LINDSEY	Mr. Thompson.
OLIVER CROMWELL	Mr. Aickin.
FAIRFAX	Mr. Lewis.
BRADSHAW	Mr. Lestrange.
IRETON	Mr. Peile.
Colonel TOMLINSON	Mr. J. Wilson.

Women.

QUEEN	Mrs. Inchbald.
Princess ELIZABETH	———
Lady FAIRFAX	Mrs. Lewis.

SCENE, partly at *St. James's*, and partly at *Whitehall.*

KING CHARLES I.

ACT I. SCENE I.

nter Bishop JUXON *and* Duke of RICHMOND.

Juxon.

OD day, my lord, if, in a time like this,
ht that is fortunate or good can happen;
en desolation, wedded to despair,
ies o'er the land, and marks her way with ruin:
ty is fled with justice; rage and rapine
e robb'd the widow'd matron, England, quite,
left her now no dowry—but her tears.
ch. Is it then certain that the lawless commons
e form'd a court of justice (so they call it)
ring the king to trial?
ixon. 'Tis most true;
though the lords refus'd to join the bill,
they proceed without them. Lawless man!
ther, at last, will thy impieties,
daring insolence extend, when kings
rom a subject's hand the scourge of pow'r?

Where may an injur'd monarch hope for safety,
If he not find it in his people's hearts?

Rich. Oh, Naseby, Naseby, what a deadly stroke
Was thy ill-fated field to royalty!
On thy success depended monarchy;
The fate of rebels and the fate of kings
Hung on thy battle: but thou, faithless too,
Conspir'd with faction to o'erthrow us all,
And bring to sight these more than bloody times.

Juxon. To-morrow does the black tribunal sit;
When majesty is cited to appear
Before his tyrant subjects. Oh, preposterous!
Is 't not as bad as if these rebel hands
Should from their seats tear forth their ruling eyes,
Whose watch directs the body's use and safety?

Rich. It cannot be! 'Tis not in cruelty
To think of spilling royal blood. Mercy, sure,
And the pretended justice of their cause,
Will save them from the weight of so much guilt.

Juxon. What added guilt can that black bosom feel,
That has shook off allegiance to its king?
Whole seas of common and of noble blood
Will not suffice; the banquet must be crown'd,
And the brain heated with the blood of kings.
But see where Cromwell comes! upon his brow
Dissimulation stamp'd. If I can judge
By lineament and feature, that man's heart
Can both contrive and execute the worst
And the most daring actions yet conceiv'd.
Ambitious, bloody, resolute and wise,

'er betrays his meaning till he acts,
e'er looks out but with the eye of purpose.
ad so cool, that it appears the top
pine hill, clad with slow-wasting snow;
ecution rapid as the force
ling waters thund'ring down its base.
avoid him; for my conscious soul
him in wonder, and in praise condemns him.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter CROMWELL.

n. Now through the maze of gloomy policy
re-eyed faction work'd her way to light,
leck'd ambition in the robe of power.
ears in Charles's safety are remov'd,
out one blow remains to fix our state——
opping off his head. No more the royal tree
from legitimacy's root, presume
rout forth tyrant branches. Commonwealths
no hereditary right, unless our worth
equal to our birth. Wherefore, at once,
with nobility—the commons rule!
int prerogative and lineal title,
be the right superior merit.

Enter FAIRFAX.

ir. I was to seek you, sir; some lab'ring doubts,
ch, in th' uncertainty of these strange times,
for the ray of clearness, make me press
haps unseasonably) to your ear.

You will forgive th' impatience of a man
Who labours to be right—by your example.

Crom. Good Fairfax, spare me; I am ill at words,
And utter badly where I mean respect:
Uncouth my answers are to truth and plainness;
But to a compliment I ne'er could speak:
Yet could you look into my secret mind,
There my soul speaks to Fairfax as to one
Book'd in the fairest page of my esteem,
And written on my heart——But to your doubts.

Fair. You may remember, sir, when first my sword,
My fortune, life, and still, yet more—my honour,
Were all engag'd to fight the cause of justice;
You thought, with me, the wrongs to be redress'd
Were the attempts upon the subjects' right,
The unregarded laws, and bold design
To stretch prerogative to boundless rule.
Design full fair and noble! and th' event
Has crown'd our utmost wishes. England owns
No arbitrary sway; the king's adherents
Are all dispers'd, or the remains so few,
They are not worth a fear; the king himself
In close confinement. Now, let reason judge,
And blend discretion with success.
Let us be just—but let us stop at justice,
Nor by too hasty zeal o'ershoot the mark.
The Roman spirits, savage as they were,
When they determin'd to abolish kings,
Shed not the blood of Tarquin, but expell'd him;

e, owners of the christian law,
y shines the foremost attribute,
appease? If not more mild,
: more cruel than barbarians.
p'd, we own, at arbitrary sway,
ave been a tyrant—for which crime,
ns he was born to we have seiz'd.
ıt despoil him of his life.
the gift of men, men may resume;
gift of Heaven, let Heaven dispose of.
ll have you weigh'd each growing cir-
nstance,
scretion in the nicest scale.
mov'd, the subject right restor'd,
ve more to do, than to sit down,
joy the vineyard of his toil?
ut yet some clamours are abroad;
ly crowd the parliament,
call for justice on the king,
his charge the guilt of murders,
ion that has bared the land,
he crops of plenty from our fields.
at, shall the rabble judge—those servile
's,
ey eat in plenty, snarl sedition?
be regarded?
u mistake me.
ir outcries only; but, indeed,
see *farther*, and with better judgment,
he lives, his friends will never die;

But, by some foreign force or home design,
May some time shake the safety of the state.
Besides, they speak of an approv'd good maxim,
Remove the cause, and the effect will cease.
Oh, worthy Fairfax, thou art wise and valiant!
I have seen thee watch occasion, till advantage
Came smiling to thy arms, and crown'd thy patience:
And then, in fight, I have beheld thy sword
Outfly the pace of pestilential air,
And kill in multitudes.

Fair. Good sir, forbear.

Crom. Blush not to hear a truth, when Cromwell speaks it:
My uncouth manner, ill at varnishing,
Beggars my will, and dresses praise uncomely.
Methinks I see thee in the rage of battle,
When Naseby's field confess'd thy victor arm,
And thy decision was the fate of kings.
Methinks I view thee in the bustling ranks,
Where danger was the nearest—(for you brought it)
Unhelm'd, encounter armies, and despise
The safety that the meanest soldier wore;
And when a private man, with bold assertion,
Challeng'd a conquest which your arm had gain'd,
And was reprov'd; methinks, I hear you say,
I have enough of glory, let him own it.

Fair. Whither does all this tend? I pray forbear—
I never fought in hopes to have it told:
The man whose actions speak, expects no answer.

Crom. I do but barely tell thee what thou art,

the world may yet expect of Fairfax.
nd, merit, in the quarry hid,
own, unseen, attracts no eyes;
l up by the lab'rer's curiosity,
'd by the hand of gratitude,
e ornament of human life.——
efore what you are, and what this juncture
lock of fortune is display'd,
l be seiz'd on by the bold and worthy.
ou talk in clouds above my purpose quite;
but to enforce the cause of mercy,
how much is gain'd by stopping here;
what my conscience makes opinion,
then that opinion by your voice.
is true indeed—I had forgot myself;
r was I hurried in my zeal?
descant on a pleasing theme:
rgive me? though 'tis hard indeed;
tue can with ease forgive
, but not a praise.——No more.
witness for me, with what true accord
ts meet yours! how willing I would stop
f violence, and make the law,
e is, assume a face of smiles.
of Charles is far from my design—
e general outcry is for justice:
n much to blame, you know he has;
soften those unruly thoughts)
speak the dictates of my heart,

I could not find a punishment too great,
To fall upon the man, who should, like Charles,
Forget all right, and waste with lavish hand
The rich revenue of his people's love.

Fair. Dearly he suffers for misguided steps,
And knows that misery he meant to give;
He feels the bondage he design'd for us,
And by the want of freedom counts its value.

Crom. I pity him; and would the commons think with me,
He were as safe as Cromwell; and, brave Fairfax,
We will endeavour it; and may that power,
Whose arm has fought the battle of our cause,
Incline them all to think like you—or me! [*Aside.*
I will about it. Yet remember, Fairfax,
The posture of these times: consider too,
How great your expectations ought to be:
Would Fairfax listen to the voice of Cromwell,
He should have nearer hopes than Charles's life:
Somewhat as great as your desert should crown you,
And make you partner of the highest honours. [*Exit.*

Fair. The highest honours! what can Cromwell mean?
Acquit me, Heav'n! I fought not but for justice;
Rage fir'd me not, nor did ambition blind;
No party led me, and no interest bound;
My tie was conscience, and my cause was freedom.
When Fairfax listens to another call,
May his next stroke in battle be his last!

Enter IRETON.

ɾ, I come, commission'd by the army,
ır pleasure, if you think it meet
ould march and quarter nearer London:
afety makes it requisite:
nd your orders ere they move.
public safety! Say what new alarm,
so awakes security,
right she thus lays hold of caution?
afety of the commons, of yourself,
court of justice; who to-morrow
ant proves the people's pow'r,
offending majesty to justice:
cite his yet remaining friends,
despair, to some attempt of danger.
too secure? The man whose pillow
uards, may sleep in ease and safety.
oring offending majesty to justice?
e scaffold.

do you start?
ır zeal too much transports you.
well—and let me gain belief,
m this moral to thy ear:
han empire more content can bring,
ıst, is to be more than king. [*Exit.*

Enter CROMWELL.

enough, good kinsman, let him go——

d yet I could well wish that he was O
t 'tis no matter—You began to warm,
nd the good cause sat burning on thy cheek;
hou hast a well-turn'd tongue: but list thee, I
Hear my design (for still my heart is thine)—
The commons most are ours: the weeder's care
Has, from the garden of our enterprise,
Thrown out the rubbish that disgrac'd the soil,
And now our growth looks timely. This you saw,
When by my means a hundred doubted members
Were by the army seiz'd upon their entrance,
And since expell'd the house. Independency
Roots itself fast; while presbytery force
Withers unseen. Would Fairfax had been ours!
Ire. I cannot see that his adherence to us
Could prosper much our cause, or his defection
Make us decline one moment from our purpose.
Crom. You mistake, Ireton: Fairfax stands the first
In interest with the very men I hate:
Therefore his joint endeavour would be found
The easiest means to bring my point to bear;
Besides, he stands the fairest in the love
Of our whole party. Were we link'd together,
The army too were ours; and their keen swords
Are powerful arguments. We shall thrive, however
I have it—He shall hence, and on an expedition
Not the most just; I know his squeamish honour
If it surmise an action the least tainted,
Will throw up this employment: then 'tis ours
while I have dame Fortune, she shall

ıe main turn of all your enterprise
·morrow, on the death of Charles:
; scaffold only you must mount
.r wishes aim at.
r not that.
with men, upon whose tempers
)rk—Those who love piety,
:hemence of prayer encounter,
i the spirit practise on their passions.
re crafty, I subdue with fraud,
:m to my purpose. To the bloody
ughters, deaths and executions:
ıe covetous; and praise the proud.
ther sort—but they are easy;
men, who never wear distrust;
's the jaundice of the mind,
us think our neighbours like ourselves:
ıer. Ireton, here it lies;
)elieve, wise men are sure to rise.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter FAIRFAX.

Fairfax.

how deceitful is thy view!
charms, that o'er th' uncertain way
tion, thou, to hide the danger,
tward eye show fair appearance;

Which, when the follower steps on, down he sinks,
And then too late looks backward to the path
Of long neglected virtue.

Enter Lady FAIRFAX.

Lady Fair. My dearest Fairfax, call not this intrusion;
Long has obedience combated with love,
Ere I would press upon your privacy:
If love has conquer'd, love may be forgiven.
The faults of tenderness (if faults they are)
E'en in offending wear the seal of pardon.
Why are you thus alone; and why thus chang'd?

Fair. My gentle lady, thoughts of deep concern,
That to the last recesses of my soul
Travel, with pain and penitence their guides,
At length have found the company they like;
Busy reflection, moping melancholy,
And silence, the sure guard that keeps the door.

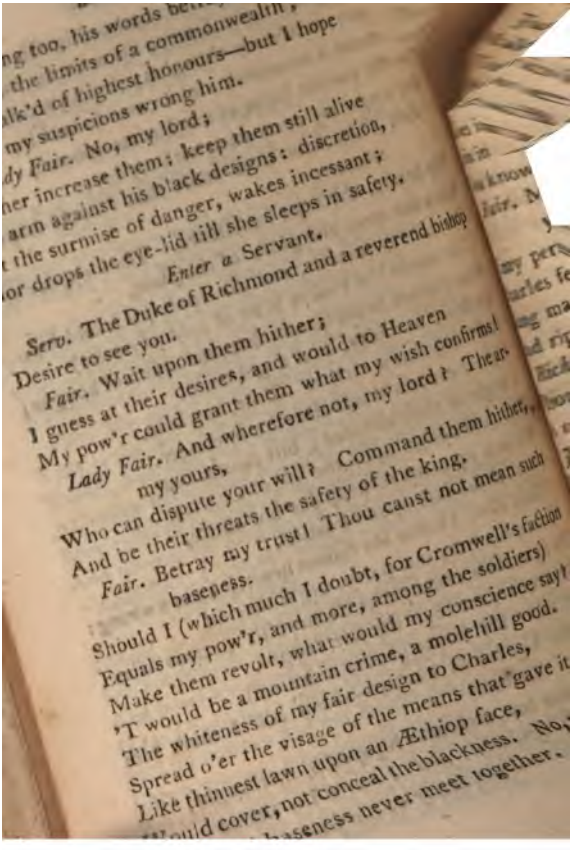
Lady Fair. I cannot blame your griefs, but come to share them.
Indeed the cause is just: but, good my lord,
Let not despair take hold of that brave heart,
And boast a conquest which your foes ne'er could.
If (as I long have thought) the King be wrong'd,
Seek to redress, and not lament his fortunes.
I am a woman, not design'd for war;
Yet could this hand (weak as you think its grasp),
Nerv'd by my heart's companion, resolution,
Display the royal banner in the field,

shame the strength of manhood in this cause.
ve this warmth: I ne'er till now, my lord,
you unask'd my thoughts; but I perceive
heart is wounded, and I came to heal it;
fer you the balm of wholesome counsel,
emper my persuasion with my love.

r. Thou hast been more than I could hope in woman:
eauty, thy least excellence. Thou appear'st
fair tree, the glory of the plain,
oot thy honour, and the trunk thy friendship,
stands the rudest blast of cold adversity)
whence branch out a thousand different boughs;
our, humility, and angel truth,
very leaf a virtue. True, my love,
I conceiv'd our liberties in danger,
ht in their defence; but cannot bear
old design upon the life of Charles.
ok up arms to keep the law entire,
defend its open violation.

y Fair. I know thy honest heart, it hates a wrong:
principle, not party, urg'd thee on
ht their cause: but Cromwell's specious wiles
rt the justice of thy fair designs,
nake thy virtue pander to his will.

r. Cromwell has art——but still I think him honest:
our late discourse his speech, methought,
r'd *disjointed*; and he wav'd the theme
about——*the* safety of the king——



ng too, his words bet
the limits of a commonwealth,
lk'd of highest honours—but I hope
my suspicions wrong him.
dy Fair. No, my lord;
her increase them; keep them still alive
arm against his black designs: discretion,
the surmise of danger, wakes incessant;
or drops the eye-lid till she sleeps in safety.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The Duke of Richmond and a reverend bishop
Desire to see you.
Fair. Wait upon them hither;
I guess at their desires, and would to Heaven
My pow'r could grant them what my wish confirms!
Lady Fair. And wherefore not, my lord? These
my yours,
Who can dispute your will? Command them hither,
And be their threats the safety of the king.
Fair. Betray my trust! Thou canst not mean such
baseness.
Should I (which much I doubt, for Cromwell's faction
Equals my pow'r, and more, among the soldiers)
Make them revolt, what would my conscience say?
'T would be a mountain crime, a molehill good.
The whiteness of my fair design to Charles,
Spread o'er the visage of the means that gave it
Like thinnest lawn upon an Æthiop face,
Would cover, not conceal the blackness. No,
baseness never meet together.

ter Bishop JUXON *and* Duke of RICHMOND.

uxon. A mournful errand, good my lord of Fairfax,
es us thus rude. My gentle lady, stay;——
r voice will help the music of our plaint,
l swell the notes to moving melody:
ated Charles, deserted as he is,
s in your fair report (or fame has err'd);
in our concert, as you are next his heart,
know to touch the string that sounds to pity.
ir. My lords, I guess your purpose, and assure you,
y persuasion or my wish avail,
les feels no stroke till nature gives the blow.
; may the fruit of health adorn the tree,
ripen with his years in warmer times!
ch. 'Tis truly spoke, my lord, and worthy Fairfax,
m I have still consider'd in this light;
obly just, and but at worst misled.
uxon. How would this man adorn the royal cause,
makes rebellion wear the face of virtue!
[*Aside to* Richmond.
I am pleas'd to find you feel this woe,
strive for its prevention—let these speak——
[*Weeps.*
e eyes must else have known the dismal office
ee the widow's and the orphan's sorrows;
plaint had been my language, care my bed,
contemplation my uneasy pillow.
by your hopes of mercy plead this cause,

Know it a labour that will pay itself,
E'en in this world—and when you mount above,
You will behold it of so vast a value,
It will outweigh th' offences of your life.

Fair. Without this intercession, good my lord,
I had done all within my feeble power;
Yet think what outcries din the parliament,
How many zealots call aloud for justice!
Then think what you may hope, and what not fear.

Lady Fair. No matter, Fairfax; 'tis a virtuous cause,
And Heaven will bless the purpose with success.

Juxon. There mercy spoke, and in her softest voice!
And Heaven, I doubt not, signs the prophecy.

Enter CROMWELL.

Crom. Indeed! does Fairfax keep such company!
Shame on his pitying heart! his soul 's unmann'd,
His resolution dwindled to a girl's:
Now, in the name of fight, is this the man
Whom armies fled from, and whom conquest lov'd?
Behold him now crept to a private corner,
Counting out tears with priests and women. [*Aside.*

Fair. See
Where Cromwell comes; I will once more assail him,
And be yourselves the witness of his answer.
Good Cromwell, welcome! And let my petition,
Join'd with these lords, prevail upon your pity;
Let Charles have life: is that so hard a boon?
In lieu of three fair kingdoms, give him life.

n. Why this address to me? Am I the parliament?
hey who justly call him to account,
form this high tribunal.
:on. Justly, Cromwell!
m. Ay, good bishop, justly!
your mercy. By the good old cause!
)ut gratitude in you to plead:
opacy was the rock he split on;
he has ventur'd fairly for your lawn;
learnedly did he uphold your cause,
n Henderson inveigh'd against your mitres?
ıe not write full nobly? Say'st thou, bishop?
xon. His conscience prompted him to what he did;
:eal for us can never be forgotten.
m. His conscience! you say true—his conscience did it:
'ould have stretch'd to arbitrary sway,
swallow'd down our liberties and laws:
:onscience would have soon digested them.
ir. Let us not into insult turn our power;
d fortune is not wedded to our arms:
quest, like a young maiden with her lover,
ughly treated, turns her smiles to frowns,
hates where once she lov'd.
om. I stand corrected.
ne then you apply in Charles's favour,
wait my answer, which is briefly thus:
ı but one, and (as the weaker must)
in the current of majority;

STANFORD LIBRARIES

This is the sum of all I can deliver
Fairfax, I have matter for your pr
Juxon. We humbly take our lea
Fair. My lords, farewell!
[*Exeunt* Jux. R
Crom. How can you waste your
this?
Were Fairfax' honour to be doubt
The child suspicion grow to certai
But we are confident in you: your
Yet, Fairfax, do not let thy noble e
Catch the contagion of weak-judgi
And sympathise with beggars. T
The council, at whose head your w
Weighing some depositions 'gainst
Would have your judgment's sanc
Your presence there; I bear their
Fair. It is not needed, sir.
As to the purpose of their meeting

lination holds me ; nay, yet more,
impulse strikes upon my soul,
though I had the will, would yet detain me.
Folly and superstition! Drive them hence ;
exchange, wear honours and renown :
've said—And, noble Fairfax, believe me,
en the wind of promise and of hope
the canvass out of resolution,
, design, flies swift before the gale,
kly anchors in good-fortune's bay ;
unlade our freight of doubts and fears,
ter them for happiness and glory. [*Exit.*
He who embarks himself in Cromwell's ship,
fair truth and ev'ry honest purpose.
too plain—How could I doubt so long?
sty has made me Cromwell's tool :
have turn'd my virtue to a sword,
'tis bared against me.
shall Fairfax, whom in open field
could not conquer, fall a prey
mbitious prospects of one man?
fax—rouse up thy resentment's force,
ue thy renown from infamy. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

mber. King CHARLES *discovered reading.*

What art thou, life, so dearly lov'd by all?—
thy *charms*, that thus the great desire thee,
ain thee part with pomp and titles?

To buy thy presence, the gold-watching miser
Will pour his bags of mouldy treasure out,
And grow at once a prodigal. The wretch
Clad with disease and poverty's thin coat,
Yet holds thee fast, though painful company.
Oh, life! thou universal wish, what art thou?——
Thou 'rt but a day——a few uneasy hours:
Thy morn is greeted by the flocks and herds,
And every bird that flatters with its note,
Salutes thy rising sun: thy noon approaching,
Then haste the flies and every creeping insect
To bask in thy meridian; that declining,
As quickly they depart, and leave thy evening
To mourn the absent ray: night at hand,
Then croaks the raven conscience, time mispent;
The owl despair screams hideous, and the bat
Confusion flutters up and down———
Life's but a lengthen'd day not worth the waking for.

Enter QUEEN.

My dearest queen!
I have been summing up the amount of life,
But found no value in it, till you came.

Queen. Do not perplex yourself with thoughts like those:
Ill-fortune at the worst, returns to better;
At least we think so, as it grows familiar.

King. No, I was only arming for the worst.
I have try'd the temper of my inmost soul,
And find it ready now for all encounters:
Death cannot shake it.

Queen. Do not talk of death:
he apprehension shakes my tender heart;
ges of love, I hope, are yet to come,
re that black hour arrives: such chilling thoughts
isgrace the lodging of that noble breast.

King. What have I not to fear? thus close confin'd;
o-morrow forc'd to trial. Will those men,
Who insolently drag me to the bar,
top in the middle of their purpose? No.
must prepare for all extremities:
And (be that Power ador'd, that lends me comfort)
feel I am.——Oh, do not weep, my queen!
Rather rejoice with me, to find my thoughts
Outstretch the painful verge of human life,
And have no wish on earth—but thee! 'Tis there
Indeed I feel: peace and resignation
Had wander'd o'er the rooms of every thought,
To shut misfortune out, but left this door
Unclos'd, through which calamity
Has enter'd in thy shape to seize my heart.

Queen. Be more yourself, my lord; let majesty
Take root within thy heart, nor meanly bend
Before ill-fortune's blast.

King. Oh, doubt me not!
'Tis only on the side where you are plac'd,
That I can know a fear. For Charles's self,
Set fierce encounter with the sword of danger
Bring him to bloodiest proof; and if he shrinks,
Despise him. Here, I glory in my weakness.
He is no man whom tenderness not melts,

And love so soft as thine. Let us go in.
And if kind Heaven designs me longer stay
On this frail earth, I shall be only pleas'd,
Because I have thy presence here to crown me.
But if it destines my immediate end,
(Hard as it is, my queen, to part with thee)
I say, farewell, and to the blow resign,
That strikes me here—to make me more divine. [*Ex.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter CROMWELL *and* BRADSHAW.

Cromwell.

IT shall be better, Bradshaw: do not think
Desert, though lowly plac'd, escapes our eye;
To me it is as precious in the valley,
As glittering on the mountain's top:——
I praise myself that I have found thee out:
'Tis not my favour, Bradshaw, but thy worth
Brings thee to light; thou dost not owe me aught.
Now, Bradshaw, art thou our high president.
Thou hast a heart well temper'd to the cause:
Thou look'st on monarchy in a true light,
And where the cause is just wilt shut out pity.
Pity!
The fool's forgiveness and the mother's tear:
The indiscretion of th' unpractis'd maid,
Who through that organ hears her lover's plaint,
And listens to her ruin.

Brad. My good sir,

ıot of Bradshaw thus. My soul is firm;
lting eye and the relenting heart
rong'd my resolution. As to kings,
archy, and to superior state,
disclaim'd; till your exalted merit
my purpose in my own despite,
hen I meant to level, rais'd you high.
Spoke in a hearty zeal for our good cause.
ıave the same thoughts of thee, let this,
sent weighty office, speak, which should,
ıwell's nature bent to partiality,
len upon my kinsman, Ireton; one
regard, and hearty in the service:
mwell's heart points only to desert,
th of all his purpose. Thou art ours;
ugh thy modesty at first declin'd
ır head, and lead our counsels right,
termin'd not to lose thy worth,
tunity could win it.
True, sir;
thought myself unequal to it;
[yet convinc'd: yet what I want in merit,
ike out in rigour on the King,
: to the people and to Heaven.
Bradshaw,
the very sinew of our cause;
t of design and warmth of zeal
thy purpose. I adore that man,
ce resolv'd, outflies e'en expedition.
the glory of our brotherhood!
not to reproach, to taunt and blacken

T' insult their party; nay, the king himself;
Mindful that all his dignity is lost,
And he, for monstrous crime, brought forth to justice,
Seek an occasion too to talk with Fairfax,
And urge to him the strong necessity
Of the king's death—Perhaps he may prove angry—
But do not thou regard it. The time presses;
And thou hast liv'd too long to squander that.

Brad. Good sir, farewell! my love would offer more,
But my haste wrongs it. [*Exit.*

Crom. Go to, Bradshaw.
Such are the tools with which the wise must work:
And yet he too is wise, and might cajole
A weaker than himself, and does.
He is my proper instrument
To operate on those below my notice.
Thus by comparison are all things known;
And by such under-steps as him, and lower,
Do the ambitious mount to fame and honour.
Besides, I choose me those whom zeal inflames,
Who failing to convince you, will compel:
Such, prompted by enthusiasm's force,
And in predestination's armour cas'd,
Will to the mouth of danger plant their breasts,
And out-fight phrensy and despair. But lo!
Where Ireton comes!

Enter IRETON.

My trusty friend,
What look wears our design?

Ire. Such as a bride,

ning after bliss; she smiles upon us,
ghs at what she fear'd. Petitions call
ce on the king—Our faction thrives;
increases to a public outcry.
gainst Charles, save a few pitying hearts,
lt with Fairfax, and incline to mercy.
'Tis well. Send post unto the army, Ireton,
hose sums of money I have order'd
ly dispers'd among the soldiers;
mind them of their promises:
pecific for the memory.
wer 't not for thee, what great design,
ld ambition, that outstretches justice,
ve success? Thou buy'st our very prayers:
t the heart of opposition,
tooth of faction. Wer 't not for thy aid,
would vary like the uncertain wind,
esty might prosper! Hie thee, Ireton;
o the king; I have some bills to offer him,
or the life of Charles, Charles would not sign;
refusal turns to our advantage.
alt know more hereafter—Now dispatch.
ood sir, I fly. [*Exit.*
Ha! whom have we yonder?
he wife of Fairfax: once as hearty,
us for the cause, as Cromwell's self,
ught her lord to think so. Now, O woman,
hy varying nature, that the waves
more fluctuating than thy opinions,
ier are displac'd. To her is owing
ward pity of her vassal lord.

Oh, 'tis certain danger to have such a woman,
Who, when man leaves himself to toy with her,
Knows how to win, and practise on his weakness.
But let me think—All women may be won.
The dame of Ephesus, the Anne of Richard,
Show us a woman's grief and resolution.
Why may not she be wrought up to my purpose?
I can appproach in what they like, in flattery.

Enter Lady FAIRFAX.

Lady Fair. Stay, worthy Cromwell, and attend my prayer—
Hear me—and may thy answer be propitious,
As this kind hour that favours my address!
O may my falling tears, that plead for mercy,
Drop on thy heart, and melt it to compliance,
Nor disregard the suit because a woman's!
Cromwell is noble; and the noble soul
Grants the most free indulgence to the weak,
Because its generous nature pleads their cause.

Crom. Such is a woman's weakness, that she thinks
T' impose on us by what allures herself:
But I must turn this project upon her,
And fairly put it to an equal proof,
Who best dissembles, Cromwell—or a woman. [*Aside.*
Lady, I must esteem a compliment,
When from a tongue that seldom errs that way.
From what I know, and what I oft have heard,
You can dress praise like truth: that praise I mean,
Which, from our liking to the theme we speak of,
Swells to extravagance (though still our thoug

warmth is virtue's fault; and such, I hope,
be your kind excuse for praising me.
dy Fair. Talk not of praise, good sir, your merit shames it,
:n from a woman's mouth.
om. Well turn'd again. [*Aside.*
dy, were I but to speak my thoughts
you, and your brave lord, you would conclude
ere praise indeed—for virtue looks within
her faults only, not for her perfections.
r some of those: you once espous'd our cause,
with persuasion's warmth; and well you sued.
have not, sure, o'erlook'd desert so far,
nerit opposition!
state is busy—but the time will come
:n her best office shall be pleasing you.
dy Fair. You mock me, sir; I do not wish that time,
as you think my sex. I came to say——
om. E'en to that purpose, to the life of Charles.
:nnot be, the people cry for justice:
ıld I could stop its course! But, gentle lady,
ık it more wise to fly a falling pile,
n strive to prop its ruin. Charles must die.
dy Fair. O gracious Cromwell!——
om. Nay, but hear me on.
/ will you thus employ your eloquence,
ch our whole council would with liking hear,
ıelp impossibilities? Good lady,
ıer employ it (*and you know the way*)
:ach your lord to value rising fortune,
nake his fame——

Lady Fair. As black as yours will be.
Shame on thy dark designs, and the whole cause,
If only such a deed can make it prosper!
Be the heart bloodless that conceives the act,
The tongue accurst that dares avow the purpose,
And the hand blasted that obeys the order!
May his life here be all the hell we think of,
Yet find a greater in the other world! [*Exit.*

Crom. How wayward and perverse a thing is woman!
How much unlike the softness we expect,
When rage and trifles vex them! In the heat
And the full vigour of their first enjoyment,
Distrust succeeds their love; and he who pleases,
Is hunted by their jealousy to hate.—
Fairfax and Bradshaw earnest in dispute!
I will not interrupt them, but to Charles. [*Exit.*

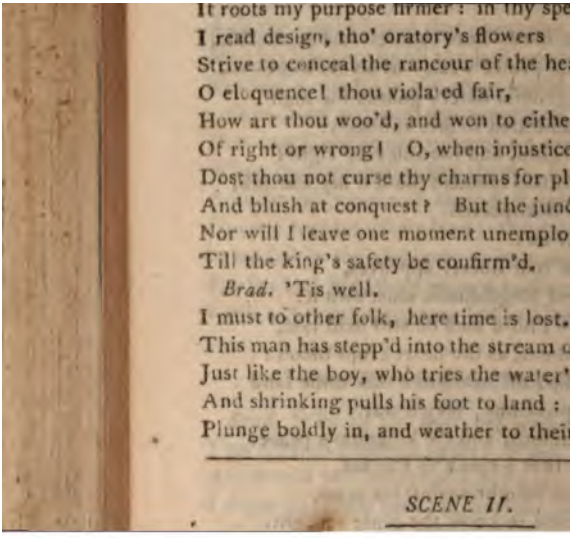
Enter FAIRFAX *and* BRADSHAW.

Brad. Why all this heat, my lord—because I said
That Charles deserves to die? Why, I repeat it:
And would you master this unmanly rage,
I might to reason prove it, but not phrensy.

Fair. Well, I am calm—speak out your blood
purpose,
What hell devises, and what Bradshaw thinks.

Brad. Cast your eye backward then, and let us vie
E'en the beginning of this Charles's reign:
In the first year a raging plague destroy'd us,
And was prophetic of our woes to come:
Did it not sweep whole multitudes away

is the sword, which Charles has since unsheath'd?
d he not follow still his father's steps,
tain his ministry, pursue his aims?
uld he, tho' pray'd and threaten'd by the parliament,
e up those men whose counsels had misled him?
d is not that prince weak—to say no more——
o from a general outcry guards the man
ose bold ambition strikes at liberty,
native freedom, and the subjects' right?"
. You but this moment blam'd my warmth,
rt thyself transported.
l. Grant I be:
the cause that liberty approves,
very honest Englishman must own it:
proceed—Those men he still held fast,
ted with them, as the heart drops blood:
ness the Earl of Strafford:" tax'd the land
evous impositions; levy'd war
st the commons, and the kingdom's peace.
forget me that I speak to Fairfax,
as so often fought against his arms,
ught success to know the cause of right.
. I fought for reparation of our wrongs——
nnot think that it consists in murder.
d not have him die.
l. By the good cause,
portend some more than common change,
generals plead for mercy! Shame it hence,
your visage wear the glow of rage;



It roots my purpose firmer: in thy spe
I read design, tho' oratory's flowers
Strive to conceal the rancour of the he
O eloquence! thou violated fair,
How art thou woo'd, and won to eithe
Of right or wrong! O, when injustice
Dost thou not curse thy charms for pl
And blush at conquest? But the jun
Nor will I leave one moment unemplo
Till the king's safety be confirm'd.

Brad. 'Tis well.

I must to other folk, here time is lost.
This man has stepp'd into the stream
Just like the boy, who tries the wa'er'
And shrinking pulls his foot to land:
Plunge boldly in, and weather to thei

SCENE II.

set this visage on. I'll tell thee, Juxon———
ling my spirits faint, I laid me down,
l courted sleep to ease me; to my wish
uickly seiz'd my eye-lids, and methought
fancy painted) former times return'd,
ndeur encircled me, and regal state;
people's love flew round about my throne,
cclamation's wing; 't was glory all,
l such a reign as Charles has pray'd for. Homage,
: bond of friendship, and the oath of trust,
re all before me: straight the pleasing scene,
ck as the fearful eye can wink, was chang'd;
l in its room, a vast and dreary plain,
nfortless, wild, without inhabitant,
:tch'd out a dismal length that tir'd the eye;
as about to go—when kind adversity
l'd me behind, and, as I turn'd around,
w'd me where innocence stood weeping by;
whisper'd in my ear, that she alone
all my boasting friends had staid with me.
e thought struck deep; I wak'd, and, good my lord,
ound my weeping queen within my arms.

Enter CROMWELL.

Crom. If I disturb you, sir, I ask your pardon:
cessity will sometimes be importunate,
id outgo compliment.

King. Your business, sir?

Crom. Know then, whatever may be thought of *Cromwell*,

He pays this visit to approve his love,
His fair design and honesty of heart
To Charles—Solicitous to bring you good,
Behold two bills, in tenor much the same
With those before presented; I presume,
The eye in danger more distinctly sees,
Freed from security's thick film: these sign'd,
Rigour may break her sword, and concord join us.

King. Can the low peasant mount his thoughts wi
kings?
The servile judge of all men by themselves.
But know, mistaken man, the noble mind
Rises above distress; and terms, perhaps,
Which in the day of power I might accept,
Must be refus'd in this: but these can never.
There is no good that equals the exchange
Of peaceful thoughts and an untainted mind.

Crom. Where were those thoughts in Charles's f
mer days,
When to despotic sway you stretch'd your view,
And would have pull'd up laws? when to that en
You so caress'd your fav'rite Buckingham,
The tool of your designs? What were your thou
When, from the fair impeachment of the public,
You shelter'd up that monster minister,
And hid him in the bosom of your fondness?

Juxon. Insolent Cromwell! know to whom
speak'st;
Think what a distance Heaven has set between yo
And be your words as humble as your state.

m. Distance! good bishop! but I cry you mercy;
r thus the clergy will still argue on,
:ny from pique, assert from prejudice;
ow us the lesson, seldom the example,
d preach up laws which they will ne'er obey."
hou art trash below the note of Cromwell:
ee I speak, protector of black Buckingham!
iat must that monarch be, who lets one man
ross the offices of place and power,
io, with the purloin'd money of the state,
's popularity, and whose careless eye
i our fair trade destroy'd by corsair force,
l pirate violence; who merchandises trusts,
l highest posts—and whose unbounded power
s on his worthless kindred lavish titles?"
ɡ. Were I the person that thy malice speaks,
ld deserve this treatment. Thy base charge
s at my honesty as king and man,
orces me to answer. Well I know
'or my actions here, to Heaven alone
l accountable: yet stooping thus,
as to thee) I thus avow my justice;
[not still maintain'd the subjects' rights,
v'd religion pure; nay, struggled for it,
) this hour, the witness of thy insolence?
would your faction have? If monarchy,
[not govern by the acts of state?
monarch else without a council.
you reduce the state to anarchy?
a council then without a power.

Crom. You feel our power (as slightly as you term it).

King. Such as a robber's, by surprise and force:
Where is your right from Heaven?

Crom. Power!
The right of nature and the free-born man.

King. Leave me.

Crom. You speak as if you still were king.

King. If not, what am I then?

Crom. Charles Stuart, nothing more.

King. Well may the servile herd insult and threaten,
When they behold the lion in the toils.

Crom. You may complain as much as suits your will,
You 've still that comfort left—So fare you well.

[*Exit.*

Juxon. Thus is good fortune treated by the base:
O, did she know how much they shame her favours,
She would confer them only on the great!
Be cheerful, sir; he is not worth a thought.

King. O Juxon! think what majesty must feel,
Who bears an insult from a subject tongue!
But let him hence—I am compos'd again,
And for the worst prepar'd. All-gracious Heaven!
You gave me power, and you may take it back;
You gave me life, and may reclaim the gift;
That as you please—But spare this luckless land,
And save it from misfortune's rugged hand!
My every wish is for its joys' increase,
And my last prayer shall be my people's peace.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter King CHARLES, *the* QUEEN, *and* Lady FAIRFAX.

Queen.

Is it like love thus to persuade me hence?
Is it like love, alas! in me to go?
Can she be faithful to her luckless lord,
Who will be absent in affliction's hour?
Is it not then the lenient hand of love
Proves its best office? Then the virtuous wife
Shines in the full meridian of her truth,
And claims her part of sorrow: O, my lord,
Have I been so unthrifty of thy joy,
That you deny me to partake your woe?

King. No, my best queen—you wrong my heart's design.
'Tis not my wish advises—but my fear,
My fears for thee, the tenderest part of Charles:
When thou art safe beyond their barbarous power,
I cannot feel misfortune.

Queen. But I shall,
More than to share e'en death with thee:——
My sorrows will be doubled if I go:——
The pangs of separation must be great,
And my conceit of what my Charles may feel
Exceed reality.——O let me stay——
I was prepar'd to suffer all things with you,

But not the shock of parting.

Lady Fair. Welcome, tears!
Who that have virtue can behold this scene,
And not be actors in it?

King. Now 'tis past.
I would have sooner spoke, but powerful nature
First claim'd my tears, ere she would lend me words:
It must not be, my love; thy prayer to stay
(The growing proof of thy eternal love)
Argues against thee to my tender heart,
And forces thee away: this worthy lady
Has found the means, and made the generous offer,
Her care prepares your flight: the present hour,
That forces me before their black tribunal,
Will hold all eyes regardless of your steps,
And make security thy guide:——farewell!
Till we shall meet again, thy dear idea
Shall in my waking fancy still revive,
And fill up every dream.

Queen. My dearest lord,
Can you so easily pronounce——farewell,
When that farewell may be perhaps—for ever?
O can you leave me thus?———
Methinks our parting should affect the world,
And nature sympathise with griefs like ours——
O let me stay, at least, till this black day
Be past, that I may know the worst!
To be in doubt is worse than to be certain;
My apprehension will increase my woe,
And bring the blackest scenes of death before me.

No more, my queen! that were to risk thy safety,
.e me more unhappy in thy danger:

O, yet a little longer!
nent now is worth an age before.
'er-resting time! 'tis only now
hy value. O, my dearest lord!
ld believe, when first we met in love,
should know a parting worse than death?
o yet.
Heaven knows I would not go——
necessity must be obey'd:
where he appears in his worst form.
hy tears, my love, lest he suspect——
h thy heart to say farewell at once.

Enter Colonel TOMLINSON.

Ay lord, I have orders to attend your
to Westminster.
A moment spent in private,
ı ready. [*Exit* Toml.
roop, my queen!
: strongest vigour of thy soul,
hy piety, thy awful virtue,
lution, and thy sex's pride,
their friendly counsel; they will soon
ıe you to think of Charles, as one
he power of faction in this world,
r for another—Fare thee well;

I have this compliment to pay thy worth,
That now I leave thee with more tender thoughts
Than first I met thy love—this tear—adieu!
Now, sir, lead on. [*To* Col. Toml. *entering.*

Queen. O stay, my dearest lord!

[*Exeunt* King *and* Col. Toml.

Let me assure thee of my faith and love——
Witness thou awful Ruler of the world,
How much I feel in parting—how my heart
Labours to break to prove its constancy;
How my affection still has call'd thee dear;
Never unkind, till in this parting moment.
What do I say? Alas! my Charles is gone——
Fancy presented him before my eyes,
And my tears wrong'd my sight—he 's gone for ever.

Lady Fair. Good madam, think your safety calls upon you;
Your very sorrows are not here secure;
Though you neglect your own, yet think his ease,
The ease of Charles, depends upon your flight;
I have provided every proper means,
They wait your will.——

Queen. Kind lady, I will go——
But oh, be just to nature, and to pity,
And own 'tis hard—I thank your friendly tears,
They speak my meaning—but I weary you.——
The wretch who feels misfortunes will complain,
And I have wondrous reason—O, my Charles!
Since I must go, may every adverse star
art on my wand'ring head, and leave thy sky

'd with propitious planets only!—May thy life,
as thy innocence, adorn the world,
be the theme of wonder!—O my heart! [*Exeunt.*

r Marquis of LINDSEY, *meeting the* Duke of RICHMOND.

d. Saw you the king pass by?
h. I did, my lord:
) his coronation, not his trial:
was his look—such awful majesty
i'd out on every side, and struck the gazer.
iark of sorrow furrow'd up his face,
topp'd his smiles to his saluting friends;
as his conscience was his visage seen,
emblem of his heart. As I approach'd,
mond, said he, commend me to my friends;
though my power is gone, my wishes reach them,
every prayer that rises, breathes their welfare.
not in faction to subdue the spirit,
reak the noble mind: his speaking eyes
ated his commands, and pierc'd my heart:
the base rabble——licens'd to insult,
k with the dignity of kingly awe,
ot their hire, and rose from praise to wonder.
d. Will you not follow, sir? 't were worth remark,
he deports himself.
h. O fear not Charles:
im encounter with a host of kings,
he *shall stand the* shock without a terror;
he then shrink beneath a subject-brow,

Though wrinkled with rebellion?—No, good Lindsey,
The lion cannot lose his kingly nature,
The sun its heat, nor Charles his noble firmness;
Perhaps, indeed, his generous heart may feel,
Not for himself, but for his tyrant judges;
He may lament deprav'd humanity,
And blush to be mistaken in his people.
See, what a mournful visage Fairfax wears,
The sun of pleasantry eclips'd by thought:
Now judgment combats inadvertency,
And makes him curse success—but thus 'tis ever
When courage wildly starts out by itself,
Nor asks consideration's friendly aid;
Confusion joins him; then he wanders through
The thicket doubt, the maze perplexity,
And finds at last repentance.

Enter FAIRFAX.

Fair. Now the scene
Of bloodiest purpose is on foot, and acting;
Now murder mounts the bench, array'd like justice,
And points the sword at Charles——ill-fated man!
Ha! who are those? the friends of Cromwell's faction?
No, they are with their huntsmen on the scent
Of royal blood, uncoupled for destruction.——
If sorrow blinds me not——the duke of Richmond.

Rich. Good sir, how fare you?

Fair. Wondrous ill, my lord.
Id I but tell you what I feel——yet live,
ould conclude me danger-proof——O, sir!

ction shows me the vast tract I 've pass'd,
stern impossibility denies
step return—yet (be my witness Heav'n)
dreadful day was never in my wish.

k. We do not think it was. But, gentle lord,
t of some means to ward this fatal blow,
save the king. Would you but go, my lord,
struggle might——

r. Alas! what can I do?
ever army routed by one man?
e an army there to combat with.
d I go there in order for prevention,
g, my presence would be made consent,
I still more unhappy. O the change!
is the curse of independent power,
resbytery never meant it. Yet, my lords,
shall not say, that Fairfax only talks;
ll approve his honesty by deeds;
what he will attempt to save his honour,
clear it to the view of future times.

k. We do not doubt your will, nor yet your power.

ord, farewell. [*Exeunt* Rich. *and* Lind.

r. My power!——say, what is power?
vain extent of title and of land;
barbarous impulse to the insulting wretch,
se his fellow-creature like a slave;
woman's idol, and the man's misfortune,
too often robs him of humanity.
's *the worst degree*——behold the beast,

And now 'tis lovely; the redress of wrongs,
Hunger's repast, and the large draught of thir
The poor man's riches, and the rich man's we
When thus apply'd—The means to stop the d
The death of Charles——This is my wish for

SCENE II.

Draws, and discovers the High-Court. KING, SHAW, CROMWELL, IRETON, *&c.*

King. Sir, were my person all the danger he
I should not think it worth the pain of speech
Your charge 'gainst me is of the smallest forc
But 'tis my people's liberties I prize,
At which through me you strike: impeachme
In the king's name, and therefore cannot lie
Against the king himself; what earthly power
Can justly call me to account? By what law
Have you erected this pretended court?——
The house of commons?—Say, is that alone
A court of judicature? Where are the lords
To lend their aid? the king to sit supreme,
And pass the nation's laws? Are these your
To bring the king to meet his parliament?
To force him hither like a criminal?
lately did require, and press'd it warmly,
op'd almost to entreaty, to be heard
re both houses in the Painted-chamber

told you what I had to offer there
Concern'd the kingdom's safety more than mine:
was refus'd——Is this your boasted justice?
Consider of it yet—and hear your king:
If you do not, remember where it lies,
The weight of this day's guilt; if you refuse—
Do as you please——I have no more to say.

Brad. The court has something then to say to you,
Which, though it may not please you, must be spoke:
You have been charg'd with tyranny and murder,
With levying arms against the commonwealth,
And joining in rebellion 'gainst the people.

King. Sir, give me leave to speak, ere sentence passes,
Against those imputations——

Brad. By your favour,
Your time is past, and sentence now approaching.

King. Am I not to be heard?

Brad. 'Tis now too late;
You have disown'd us for a court of justice;
We have too long been trifled with already,
And must proceed—Attend your sentence, sir:
The commons, in behalf of the whole people,
Have constituted this high-court of justice,
To try Charles Stuart, lately king of England.
He has thrice heard his charge, and thrice deny'd
The power and jurisdiction of the court;
For which contempt, and proof of his high crimes,
does pronounce him tyrant, traitor, murderer,

Adjudging him to death, by severing
His head and body——This is the joint act,
The sentence, judgment, and the resolution
Of the whole court.

[*The whole Court rises in token of their ass*

King. Will you hear me, sir?

Brad. Not after sentence.

King. No, sir?

Brad. It is too late. Withdraw your prisoner.

"*King.* May I not speak?—I may, sir, after s
tence.

"Your favour, sir, I may, sir, after sentence.

"*Brad.* Adiourn the court."

[*The* King *is brought forward; the Scene cl*

King. Deny'd to speak!—Why have I lived to t
When I had power, the meanest of my subjects,
Not heard by me, would straight arraign my justic
And brand me with the hated name of tyrant.
Will future ages, looking back to this,
Credit the record? They will rather deem it
The black invective of a partial pen,
And curse his memory that libell'd England.
Sir, I am ready to attend your will,
Do your worst office; if 'tis your commission,
Then lead me down this instant to the block;
'Twill be a joyful hearing; for, believe me,
I would not live in longer fellowship
With men, whom my best thoughts must call ungr
ful.

Tom. Sir, my commands are to attend you back;
have no more in charge.

King. I follow you.

[*As he goes out,* Fairfax *enters.*

Fair. Sir, let me trespass for a word or two,
're you remove your prisoner. [*To* Tomlinson.

Tom. I obey, sir.

King. Your pleasure, sir? If you come here t'insult,
pare not the taunt, nor the opprobrious smile:
have to-day already borne so much,
'hat an addition will be scarcely felt.

Fair. Wrong me not so; I bear a fairer purpose:
ly heart, detesting this accursed day,
omes to approve its honesty to Charles:
I have often fought against thy arms,
ly conscience dictated, and not my hate:
cquit me to thyself of this last act,
nd judge the former as you please.

King. Good Fairfax,
he present times are liable to error,
am a fatal instance; then forgive me.
had forgot how lately I had cause
o think you now no enemy to Charles;
it sorrow forc'd down her lethargic draught,
'hich had clos'd up the eye of memory.

Fair. Ill-fated prince! how does thy firmness shine,
nd make affliction glorious! Oh, 'tis thus
he truly great exert their resolution,

And make calamity a virtue. Cromwell now
Loses the barb'rous joy of his design,
To see misfortune's arrow fail to pierce thee.

King. Believe me, Fairfax, 'tis not innate firmness,
The dame morality, the Stoic patience,
That furnish true serenity of mind:
I had try'd all these helps, but prov'd them weak,
And found the best philosophy in virtue.
Can the fond teacher's lesson, conn'd by rote,
Change the dark lodging of the murderer's breast
To the sun-lighted rooms of innocence? Oh, no!
As to the agents of my present fate,
I look upon them with the eye of thanks;
Who from this life of sorrow wing my parting,
And send me sooner to an happier throne.

Fair. Such resignation wears the noble mind,
And triumphs over death: but, gentle Charles!
Think not of death so soon, live long and happy.
Fairfax will try his utmost stretch of power,
But you shall live, though this black day has happen'd
Persuasion, prayer, and force, shall all be us'd,
To make my promise good.

King. Good Fairfax, hear me;
Nor indiscreetly throw thyself away,
To save the man whose wishes are to die.
I had remov'd my thoughts from earth, and now
'T will be such pain to call them back again——
fe is not worth the trouble: yet I thank thee.

'air. This was but half my purpose: hear me on-

If, in the hurry of intemp'rate zeal,
I have outgone the justice of the cause,
And, erring in judgment, fought in wrong,
Let this entreaty win thee to a pardon.

King. If to have my forgiveness makes thee clear,
Thou art as white as virtue.

Fair. Glorious Charles!
But I will hasten to preserve his life,
And make my gratitude my thanks; farewell!
It is the common interest of mankind
To let him live, to shine out an example.

King. Who dresses in good fortune's gorgeous ermine,
Looks not so comely to a virtuous eye,
As he who clothes him in repentant black.
I tire your patience. Come, sir, lead the way;
Lighter than fancy does my bosom feel,
My thoughts are mercy, and my quiet conscience
Tranquillity's still calm: no anxious fear
Beats in my pulse, or ruffles me with care:
If the bare hope of immortality
Knows peace like this, what must the full enjoyments be? [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter FAIRFAX.

Fairfax.

WHY did I conquer—to repent of conquest?
Who, though I fought for liberty alone,
Will yet acquit me of the guilt that follows?
Will future ages, when they read my page,
(Though Charles himself absolves me of the deed)
Spare me the name of regicide? Oh, no!
I shall be blacken'd with my party's crimes,
And damn'd with my full share, though innocent.
In vain then 'gainst oppression have I warr'd,
In vain for liberty uprear'd the sword;
Posterity's black curse shall brand my name,
And make me live in infamy for ever.
Now, valour, break thy sword! thy standard, victory!
Furl up thy ensigns, bold hostility,
And sink into inaction; since, alas!
One tainted heart, or one ambitious brain,
Can turn the current of the noblest purpose,
And spoil the trophies of an age's war.
But see where, to my wish, stern Cromwell comes;
Now urge him strongly for the life of Charles,
And, if entreaty fails, avow thy purpose.

Enter CROMWELL.

m. Fairfax in thought! My noble lord, good day.

r. To make it good, let Cromwell grant my prayer,
ercy and the sun shall shine together.

m. Still on this paltry subject! Fairfax, why,
will you wrong entreaty by this cause?
ax is wise, and should not ask of Cromwell
rant what justice stops; yours are not years
childhood prattles, or when dotage mopes:—
on the expression.

r. I forgive you all,
ou can think, but rigour to the king.

m. Pr'ythee no more: this mercy that you pray for,
becomes the tongue, as my severity;
worse. Would you obstruct the law
due office; nor permit the axe
ll upon offenders, such as Charles?
d you see tyranny again arise,
spread in its foundation? Let us then
on our general, liberty, who still
the front of battle fought our cause,
ed us on to conquest; let us bind him
e strong chains of rough prerogative,
hrow him helpless at the feet of Charles:
ll absolve us then, and praise our folly.

Fair. This is a sophistry too weak for reason:
You would excuse the guilt of Charles's death,
By showing me the opposite extreme;
But can you find no mean, no middle course,
Steering between the danger of the last,
And horror of the first? I know you can.

Crom. It is not to be done: would Fairfax now,
When he has labour'd up the steep ascent,
And wasted time and spirits; would he now,
When but one step exalts him to the summit,
Where to his eye the fair horizon stretches,
And every prospect greatness can command;
Would he now stop, let go his fearful hold,
And tumble from the height?

Fair. I aim at none;
Damn'd be all greatness that depraves the heart,
Or calls one blush from honesty!—No more——
I shall grow warm to be thus trifled with:
Think better, Cromwell——I have given my pron
That Charles shall live.

Crom. A promise may be broke;
Nay, start not at it——'Tis an hourly practice;
The trader breaks it—yet is counted honest:
The courtier keeps it not—yet keeps his honour;
Husband and wife in marriage promise much,
Yet follow sep'rate pleasures, and are—virtuous.
The churchmen promise too, but wisely, they
To a long payment stretch the crafty bill,
And draw upon futurity. A promise!

ıe wise man's freedom, and the fool's restraint;
the ship in which the knave embarks,
o rigs it with the tackle of his conscience,
l sails with every wind: regard it not."
·. Can Cromwell think so basely as he speaks?
npossible; he does but try
vell fair speech becomes a vicious cause,
hope, scorns it in the richest dress.
ear me on—it is our interest speaks,
ids us spare his life: while that continues,
ıer title can annoy our cause,
im we have secure; but grant him dead,
ıer claim starts up, another king,
f our reach——This bloody deed perhaps
ouse the princes of the continent
think their persons struck at in this blow)
ake the very safety of our cause.
ı. When you consult our int'rest speak with freedom;
ıe turn and point of all design.
.ke this answer, Fairfax, in return;
ı, the queen of isles, our fair possession,
d by nature, laughs at foreign force;
ıips her bulwark, and the sea her dike,
lenty in her lap, and braves the world.
:refore satisfy'd; for Charles must die.
·. Wilt thou be heard, though at thy utmost need,
now art deaf to mercy and to prayer?

Oh, curs'd ambition, thou devouring bird,
How dost thou from the field of honesty
Pick every grain of profit and delight,
And mock the reaper, virtue! Bloody man!
Know that I still have power, have still the means
To make that certain which I stoop to ask;
And fix myself against thy black design,
And tell thee, dauntless, that he shall not die.

Crom. Will Fairfax turn a rebel to the cause,
And shame his glories?

Fair. I abjure the name;
I know no rebel on the side of virtue.
This I am sure of, he that acts unjustly,
Is the worst rebel to himself; and though now
Ambition's trumpet and the drum of power
May drown the sound, yet conscience will, one day,
Speak loudly to him, and repeat that name.

Crom. You talk as 't were a murder, not a justice.
Have we not brought him to an open trial?
Does not the general cry pronounce his death?
Come, Fairfax dares not——

Fair. By yon heaven, I will——
I know thee resolute; but so is Fairfax.
You see my purpose, and shall find I dare. [*Going.*

Crom. Fairfax, yet stay. I would extend my power
To its full stretch, to satisfy your wish;
Yet would not have you think that I should grant
That to your threats, which I deny'd your prayer—
Judge not so meanly of yourself and me.

m, and hear me——What is human nature,
the intemperate heat of passion blinds
e of reason, and commits her guidance
ıdlong rashness? He directs her steps
ıf success to error's pathless way,
sappointments wild; yet such we are,
our being, that our judgment reaches
farther than our sight——Let us retire,
ı this great affair, entreat his aid,
nly can direct to certainty.
is I know not what of good presage,
ıwns within, and lights to happy issue.
If Heaven and you consider it alike,
be happy.
An hour or two of pray'r
ıll down favour upon Charles and us.
I am contented; but am still resolv'd
harles shall live——I shall expect your answer
ıe impatience of desiring lovers,
vell a moment's absence to an age. [*Exit.*
This was a danger quite beyond my view,
only this expedient could prevent.
is weak in judgment; but so brave,
ɛt determination by his side,
ascends the mountain top of peril.
ne is gain'd to ward against his power,
must be quickly thought on—To my wish—

Enter IRETON.

but this instant met the general, Fairfax,

Who told me his entreaty had prevail'd
To save the life of Charles——'Tis more than wonder——

Crom. Ireton, thy presence never was more timely.
I would disclose; but now each moment's loss
Is more than the neglect of future years.
Hie thee in person to St. James's, Ireton,
And warn the officer, whose charge leads forth
The king to execution, to be sudden:
Let him be more than punctual to the time;
If his respect to us forerun his warrant,
It shall win greatness for him; so inform him——
That done, repair o' th' instant to the army,
And see a chosen party march directly,
(Such as can well be trusted) post them, Ireton,
Around the scaffold——My best kinsman, fly.

[*Exit* Ireton.

Why, now, I think I have secur'd my point;
I set out in the current of the tide,
And not one wind that blows around the compass,
But drives me to success. Ambition, now,
Soars to its darling height, and, eagle-like,
Looks at the sun of power, enjoys its blaze,
And grows familiar with the brightness; now I see
Dominion nigh; superiority
Beckons and points me to the chair of state;
There grandeur robes me. Now let Cromwell boast
That he has reft the crown from Charles's brow,
To make it blaze more awful on his own. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The KING *discovered on a Couch.*

g. Kind sleep, farewell!
hast been loyal in the nightly care,
lways smooth'd my pillow: at our parting,
a faithful friend, I say, farewell,
thank thee for thy service. Here 's another,

Enter Bishop JUXON.

e better care gives quiet to the mind;
gives us the rich opiate of content,
makes us sleep in hope, and wake to mercy;
oo, the bankrupt Charles can only pay
has done the former; no return,
e poor gratitude of thanks, warm from the heart.
ny good lord, have you so soften'd rigour,
I may see my children ere I die?
on. It is permitted, sir; they wait without;
ld not let them enter, till I knew
were prepar'd, and ready for the interview.

[*Exit* Juxon.

g. Good Juxon, lead them hither. Now the father,
of my firmness, steals into my eye,
melts my manhood. Heart, thou hast no temper
against nature, speaking in a child!

Enter Bishop JUXON, JAMES, GLO'STER, *and* ELIZABETH.

James. My royal father!

King. Good Juxon, make them rise;
For if I look that way I shall kneel too,
And join with them in tears. A chair, good Juxon.

[Juxon *brings a chair forward, and raises the children.*

Come hither, James; nay, do not weep, my boy;
Keep thy eyes bright to look on better times.

James. I will command my nature if I can,
And stop these tears of sorrow; for, indeed,
They drown my sight; and I would view thee well,
Copy my royal father in his death,
And be the son of his heroic virtues.

King. Thou art the child of duty: hear me, James,
And lay up this last lesson in thy heart:
When I am dead, look on thy brother Charles
Not as thy brother only, but thy king;
Pay him fraternal love, and subject duty;
Nor let ambition, or the thirst to reign,
Poison thy firm allegiance. When thou seest him,
Bear him my blessing, and this last advice:
If Heaven restores him to his lawful crown,
Let him wreak no revenge upon his foes,
But think it his best conquest to forgive;
With kindness let him treat success, so shall she be
A constant guest; his promise, when once given,
Let no advantage break; nor any view

Make him give up his honesty to reach it:
Let him maintain his power, but not increase it;
The string, prerogative, when strain'd too high,
Cracks like the tortur'd chord of harmony,
And spoils the concert between king and subject:
"Let him regard his people more than ministers,
"Whose interest or ambition may mislead him."
These rules observ'd, may make him a good prince,
And happier than his father——Wilt thou, James,
Remember this?

James. Oh, doubt not, royal sir!
Can what my father says escape my memory;
And at a time when he shall speak no more?

King. Come to my arms, my boy.

James. Would I could weep the blood that warms my heart!
For water wrongs my sorrow.

King. My dear Elizabeth,
Draw near, and take thy dying father's blessing.
Say to thy mother (if thou e'er shalt see her),
That my thoughts never wander'd from her; that my heart
Holds her as dear, even in this hour of death,
As when my eyes first languish'd on her beauties;
Tell her that Charles is only gone before
T'inherit an immortal crown, and share it with her.
Farewell, Elizabeth! and let thy love
And thy obedience wait thy brother Charles.

Eliz. Alas, my father, I but now have found

A passage for my words, and yet you say,
Farewell, already!

King. Come, my little Glo'ster,
Come to my arms, and let me kiss thy cheek.

Glo'ster. Alas, my lord, 'tis cold and wet with tears!
I 'll wipe it dry, and warm it with my hand,
That it may meet your kindness as it ought.

King. Glo'ster, when I am dead, your brother Charles
Is then your king and master—— Love and obey him.
These men who shall cut off thy father's head,
When I am dead, perhaps, may make thee king;
But do not thou, I charge thee, on my blessing,
Accept the crown while thy two brothers live;
Consider, Glo'ster, they were born before thee,
And have an elder title——Wilt thou, Glo'ster?

Glo'ster. A king! No, they shall tear me first in pieces.

King. Oh, nature, nature, do not strike so deeply!
This scene is worse than death———I am ready, sir.

[Tomlinson *at the door.*

James. Oh, sir!

Eliz. My lord!

Glo'ster. My father!

King. Oh!

Glo'ster. I cannot part from you, my dearest father.
Would not those bloody men that cut your head off,
Should beg it, cut off mine?
Heart, thou art marble, not to break at this—

t I must go; for dire necessity
s struggled long with my paternal fondness,
d has at length prevail'd. Farewell, at once.
[*Going, returns.*
ought I had taken my last leave of them;
: find that nature calls me back again,
d asks another look, another parting kiss.
virtuous, and be happy. [*Embrace.*
lo'ster. Oh, my poor father!—— [*They are led off.*
ing. So, now 'tis over——Let thy friendly aid,
od Juxon, bear me company to death——
v, sir, lead on; ere long I hope to see
/orld more glorious; where no discord lives,
error rises, and no faction thrives:
:re the unfettered mind perfection knows,
l looks with pity upon human woes. [*Exeunt.*

nter Duke of RICHMOND *and* Marquis of LINDSEY.

ich. Oh, fatal day! now horror is on foot
ier worst garb, and stern calamity
do no more to England: Charles's sun
in his blood, and blushes for his people.
nd. What awful majesty his visage bears,
deigns the tribute of one sorrowing look,
grace misfortune!
ch. Look where Fairfax comes;
motion wild, and his distemper'd eye
ts fire around, and speaks some strange emotion.

Enter FAIRFAX.

Fair. Curs'd be the villain's arts, and every wile
That wrought me to believe him! Oh, credulity,
Thou hast as many ears as fame has tongues,
Open to every sound of truth and falsehood!
'Tis now too late, impossible to save him:
Fool that I was, I knew him for a villain,
Yet trusted to him, to the monster Cromwell.

Rich. Fairfax, the world acquits thee of the deed;
Thy power has labour'd strongly for his safety:
Behold where Juxon, the good bishop, comes,
Return'd from his last service to his master.

Fair. I will not stay to hear the sad relation,
But think on my revenge on Cromwell;
May the mercy which he deny'd to Charles's mortal part
Ne'er light upon his soul, though at his last entreaty!

Enter JUXON.

Rich. Charles is at peace.

Juxon. He is, my gentle lord;
And may we all meet death with equal firmness!
Patience sat by him in an angel's garb,
And held out a full bowl of rich content,
Of which he largely quaff'd: then came charity,
And in behalf of Charles, with hasty hand,
Dealt round forgiveness to the world: his prayer
Was for his foes more earnest than himself,

Because their wants were greater. Thus fell Charles—
A monument of shame to the present age,
A warning to the future. His example
May prove this maxim's truth to all mankind:
The subject's reverence, and the prince's love,
Grasping and grasp'd, walk hand in hand together,
Strengthen'd by union: then the king's command
Is lost in the obedience of the subject:
The king, unask'd, confirms the people's rights,
And by the willing gift prevents the claim.
These are the virtues that endear a king,
Adorn a people, and true greatness bring.

[*Exeunt.*

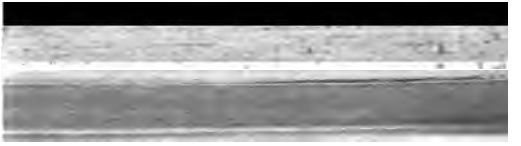
THE END.

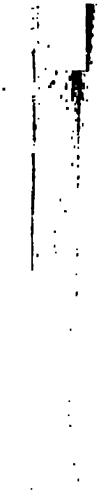
EPILOGUE.

WRITTEN BY A FRIEND.

AT length our bard has told his dismal story—
He thinks,—without offence to Whig or Tory.
He writes not from a spirit of contention;
And only on third night expects—his pension.
Ladies, when civil dudgeon first grew high,
And the good folks fell out—they knew not why —
A stubborn race, no doubt on't, were those Round-heads,
Rebels at once to female power, and crown'd-heads:
But now, bless'd change! our heroes give their votes
For government of kings, and petticoats.
Had we then liv'd—what crowds of volunteers!
Down with the Rump, and hey for Cavaliers!
In those prim times, our grandmothers of yore
Preferr'd a pray'r-book to a matadore:
At court, each turtle only lov'd her mate,
And no intrigues went on—but those of state.
What odious Salique law ('t was none of nature)
Excludes us women from the legislature?
Could we assemble once in convocation,
How purely would we settle all the nation!

Lovers and op'ras should employ our cares,
Cards, masquerades, and such-like state affairs:
Debates, like a male senate, we could handle;
And move, as well as they, to—snuff a candle:
Our ayes and noes with one shrill voice declare,
And none be mutes, but all, all speakers there.
Now, on our stage, while Charles once more is try'd,
He hopes none here can prove a regicide:
A milder sentence to receive, his trust is,
Tremendous pit, in your high court of justice.
If bravely you 'd support the good old cause,
Atone your fathers' crimes by your applause;
Lay not a barb'rous tax on your good-nature,
Nor raise in spleen the funds of wit, by satire.





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